





JOHN A. LEIGH.



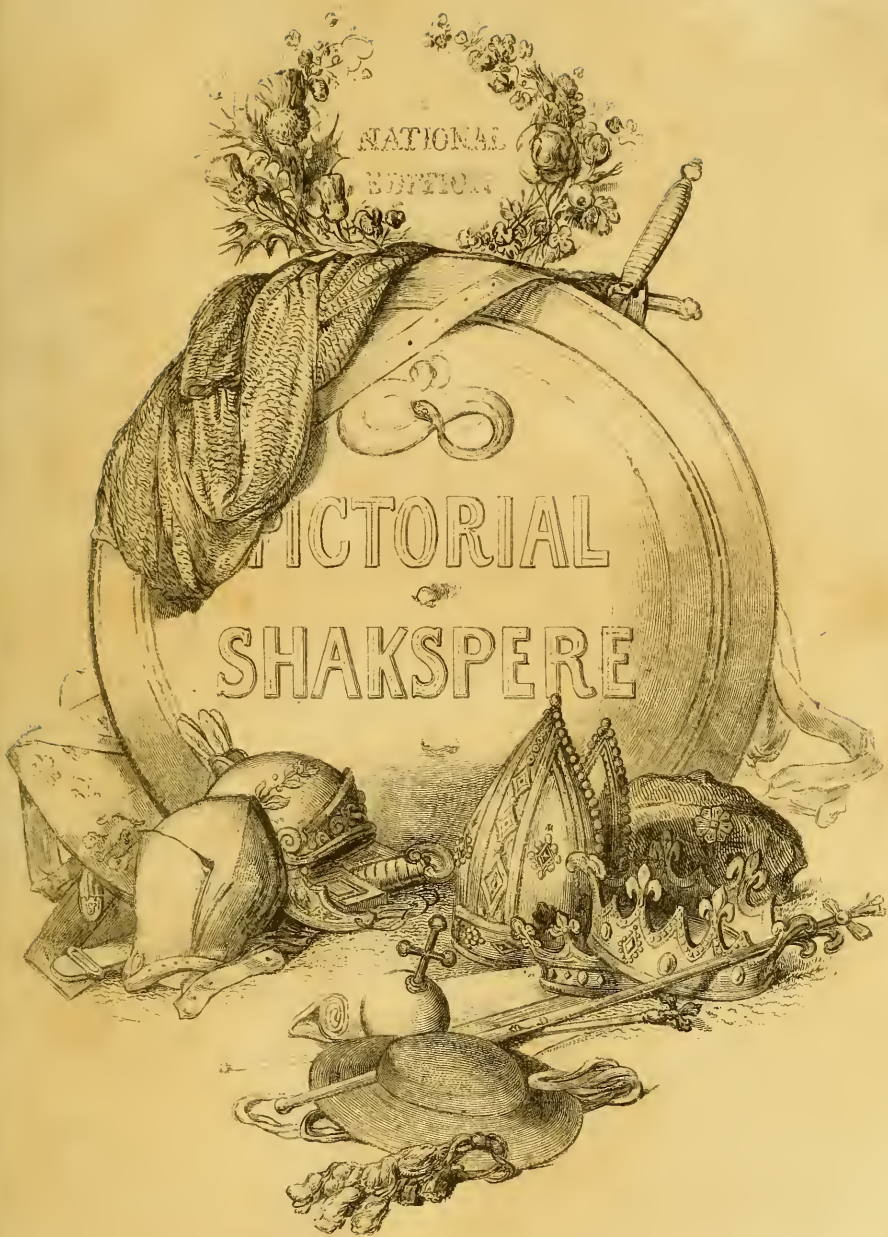












NATIONAL  
EDITION

PICTORIAL  
SHAKSPERE

EDITED BY CHARLES KNIGHT

HISTORIES.



THE  
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES,  
AND  
POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY  
CHARLES KNIGHT.

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THE NATIONAL EDITION.

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# CONTENTS.

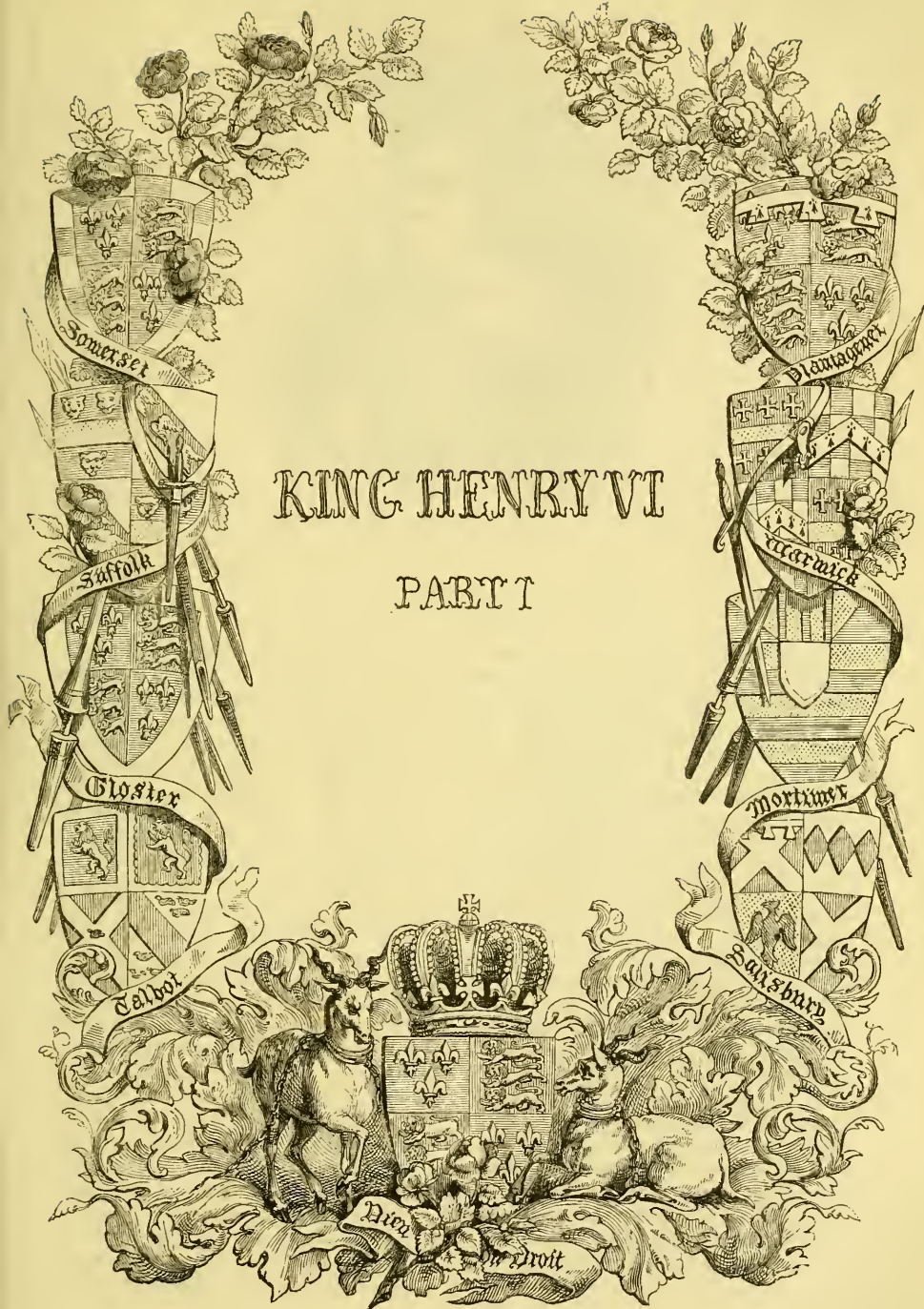
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	Page
KING HENRY VI. PART I. . . . .	1
———— PART II. . . . .	97
———— PART III. . . . .	201
KING RICHARD III. . . . .	297
KING HENRY VIII. . . . .	429



KING HENRY VI  
PART I





[*Henry VI. in his Youth.*]

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

'THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.' was originally printed, under that title, in the folio collection of 1623. Upon the authority, then, of the editors of that edition of 'Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true original Copies,' this drama properly finds a place in every modern edition of our poet's works. But since the time of Malone most English critics have agreed that this play is spurious; and Drake, without hesitation, refers to what Shakspeare's friends and editors denominated the Second and Third Parts of 'Henry VI.' as the First and Second Parts; and recommends all future editors, if they print this first play at all, to give it only in an Appendix. If we were in the habit, then, of taking upon trust what the previous editors of Shakspeare have authoritatively held, we should either reject this play altogether, or, if we printed it, we should inform our readers that "the hand of Shakspeare is nowhere visible throughout." We cannot consent to follow either of these courses. We print the play, and we do not tell the reader that Shakspeare never touched it. The question of the authenticity of the three parts of 'Henry VI.' is a very large one, em-

bracing many details. That portion of the question which is founded upon an expression of Robert Greene, that Shakspeare pilfered these plays from some unknown author, is fully discussed in the 'Biography,' book iii., c. 3. We there state that a full 'Illustration' of the *unity* of the three Parts of 'Henry VI.,' and of 'Richard III.' will be found in a subsequent Volume. It will be more convenient to give that 'Illustration' with the play of 'Richard III.,' when the entire text will be before the reader.

In the humble house of Shakspeare's boyhood, there was, in all probability, to be found a thick squat folio volume, then some thirty years printed, in which might be read, "what misery, what murder, and what execrable plagues this famous region hath suffered by the division and dissension of the renowned houses of Lancaster and York." This book was 'Hall's Chronicle.' With the local and family associations that must have belonged to his early years, the subject of the four dramas that relate to the dissension of the houses of Lancaster and York, or rather the subject of this one great drama in four parts, must have irresistibly presented itself to the mind of Shakspeare, as one



which he was especially qualified to throw into the form of a chronicle history. It was a task peculiarly fitted for the young poet during the first five years of his connection with the theatre. Historical dramas, in the rudest form, presented unequalled attractions to the audiences who flocked to the rising stage. He had not here to invent a plot; or to aim at the unity of action, of time, and of place, which the more refined critics of his day held to be essential to tragedy. The form of a chronicle history might appear to require little beyond a poetical exposition of the most attractive facts of the real Chronicles. It is in this spirit, we think, that Shakspeare approached the execution of the First Part of 'Henry VI.' It appears to us, also, that in that very early performance he in some degree held his genius in subordination to the necessity of executing his task, rather with reference to the character of his audience and the general nature of his subject, than for the fulfilment of his own aspirations as a poet. There was before him one of two courses. He might have chosen, as the greater number of his contemporaries chose, to consider the dominions of poetry and of common sense to be far sundered; and, unconscious or doubtful of the force of simplicity, he might have resolved, with them, to substitute what would more unquestionably gratify a rude popular taste—the force of extravagance. On the other hand, it was open to him to transfer to the dramatic shape the spirit-stirring recitals of the old chronicle writers; in whose narratives, and especially in that portion of them in which they make their characters speak, there is a manly and straightforward earnestness which in itself not seldom becomes poetical. Shakspeare chose this latter course. When we begin to study the 'Henry VI.,' we find in the First Part that the action does not appear to progress to a catastrophe; that the author lingers about the details, as one who was called upon to exhibit an entire series of events rather than the most dramatic portions of them;—there are the alternations of success and loss, and loss and success, till we somewhat doubt to which side to assign the victory. The characters are firmly drawn, but without any very subtle distinctions,—and their sentiments and actions appear

occasionally inconsistent, or at any rate not guided by a determined purpose in the writer. But although the effect may be, to a certain extent, undramatic, there is impressed upon the whole performance a wonderful air of truth. Much of this must have resulted from the extraordinary quality of the poet's mind, which could tear off all the flimsy conventional disguises of individual character, and penetrate the real moving principle of events with a rare acuteness, and a rarer impartiality. In our view, that whole portion of the First Part of 'Henry VI.' which deals with the character and actions of Joan of Arc is a remarkable example of this power in Shakspeare. He knew that, with all the influence of her supernatural pretension, this extraordinary woman could not have swayed the destinies of kingdoms, and moulded princes and warriors to her will, unless she had been a person of very rare natural endowments. She was represented by the Chroniclers as a mere virago, a bold and shameless trull, a monster, a witch;—because they adopted the vulgar view of her character,—the view, in truth, of those to whom she was opposed. *They* were rough soldiers, with all the virtues and all the vices of their age; the creatures of brute force; the champions, indeed, of chivalry, but with the brand upon them of all the selfish passions with which the highest deeds of chivalry were too invariably associated. The English Chroniclers, in all that regards the delineation of characters and manners, give us abundant *materials* upon which we may form an estimate of actions, and motives, and instruments; but they do not show us the instruments moving in their own forms of vitality; they do not lay bare their motives; and hence we have no real key to their actions. Froissart is, perhaps, the only contemporary writer who gives us real portraits of the men of mail. But Shakspeare marshalled them upon his stage, in all their rude might, their coarse ambition, their low jealousies, their factious hatreds,—mixed up with their thirst for glory, their indomitable courage, their warm friendships, their tender natural affections, their love of country. This is the *truth* which Shakspeare substituted for the vague delineations of the old stage.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

## KING HENRY VI.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

## DUKE OF GLOSTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.  
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

## DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act III. sc. 2.

## THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great uncle to the King.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

## HENRY BEAUFORT, *great uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

## JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.

## RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *eldest son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

## EARL OF WARWICK.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 4.

## EARL OF SALISBURY.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4.

## EARL OF SUFFOLK.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.  
Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

## LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7.

## JOHN TALBOT, *son to Lord Talbot.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7.

## EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 5.

## Mortimer's Keeper.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 5.

## A Lawyer.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4.

## SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

## SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 7.

## SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4.

## SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4.

## Mayor of London.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

## WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3.

## VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York, faction.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.

## BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster, faction.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.

## CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1.  
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

## REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1.  
Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

## DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2.

## DUKE OF ALENÇON.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4.

## Governor of Paris.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1.

## BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act IV. sc. 7. Act V. sc. 4.

## Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 4.

## General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

## A French Sergeant.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.

## A Porter.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3.

## An old Shepherd, *father to Joan la Pucelle.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 4.

## MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

## COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3.

## JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called*

## Joan of Arc.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 7.

Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

*Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.*



[SCENE I. Westminster Abbey.]

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

*Dead march. Corpse of KING HENRY V. discovered, lying in state; attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.*

BED. Hung be the heavens with black<sup>1</sup>, yield day to night!  
Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal<sup>a</sup> tresses in the sky;

<sup>a</sup> *Crystal*. This epithet is applied to comets, in a sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604:—  
“When as those *crystal* comets whiles appear.”

And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,  
That have consented<sup>a</sup> unto Henry's death!

King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!  
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLO. England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command;  
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;  
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings:  
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,  
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,  
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces  
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:  
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

EXE. We mourn in black: Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:  
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;  
And death's dishonourable victory  
We with our stately presence glorify,  
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.  
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,  
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?  
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French  
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,  
By magic verses have contriv'd his end<sup>b</sup>?

WIN. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day  
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.  
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:  
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

GLO. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,  
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd;

<sup>a</sup> *Consented*. Malone is of opinion that *consented* is here used only in the ordinary sense of that word, and that it is used also in the ordinary sense in the 5th scene of this Act:—

“You all *consented* unto Salisbury's death.”

Steevens, on the other hand, believes that the word should be spelt *concented*.—Steevens appears to us to be right. To *concent* is to be in harmony—to act together. See the passage in ‘Henry V.,’ Act I, Scene 2, and the notes on that passage:—

“For government, through high, and low, and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one *concent*;  
Congreecing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.”

<sup>b</sup> A passage in Scot's ‘Discoverie of Witchcraft,’ 1584, explains this:—“The Irishmen . . . will not stick to affirm that they can *rime* either man or beast to death.” This is an old northern superstition. In Gray's spirited ‘Descent of Odin’ we find—

“Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;  
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,  
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead.”



None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

WIN. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;  
And lookest to command the prince and realm.  
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,  
More than God or religious churchmen may.

GLO. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;  
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,  
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

BED. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!  
Let 's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—  
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;  
Since arms avail not, now that Henry 's dead.  
Posterity, await for wretched years,  
When at their mothers' moisten'd<sup>a</sup> eyes babes shall suck;  
Our isle be made a nourish<sup>b</sup> of salt tears,  
And none but women left to wail the dead.  
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,  
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——<sup>c</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My honourable lords, health to you all!  
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:

<sup>a</sup> *Moisten'd*. So the folio of 1623. The second folio, in which some verbal alterations of the original text are found, and which, for the most part, are made with judgment, reads *moist*. We adhere to the original in all those cases where the alterations of the second folio are somewhat doubtful.

<sup>b</sup> *Nourish*. Nourice, nourish, nursh, are the same words. We have an example in Lydgate:—

“Athenes whan it was in his floures  
Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise.”

Pope substituted *marish*, for the *nourish* of the folios. Mr. Dyce thinks that Pope was right. Ritson, he observes, quotes a line from Kyd's ‘Spanish Tragedy:’—

“Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears.”

<sup>c</sup> Malone says, “This blank undoubtedly arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name.” We greatly doubt this. In the original the line is terminated with four hyphens, thus (---), a point which is several times used in the same play to mark an interruption. For example, in the 4th scene of this Act,—

“Thou shalt not die whiles- - -”

Pope suggested (the notion looks like a joke) to fill up the line thus:—

“Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Francis Drake*,”

and Monk Mason gravely upholds the reading. Johnson would read,—

“Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Berenice*.”

Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,

Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

BED. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns

Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

GLO. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,

These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

EXE. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

MESS. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—

That here you maintain several factions;

And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals.

One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;

A third man<sup>a</sup> thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:

Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

EXE. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,

These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

BED. Me they concern; regent I am of France:

Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

*Enter another Messenger.*

2 MESS. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance:

France is revolted from the English quite;

Except some petty towns of no import:

The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;

The duke of Alençon fieth to his side.

EXE. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

GLO. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

<sup>a</sup> Man is omitted in the original.

BED. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?  
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,  
Wherewith already France is overrun.

*Enter a third Messenger.*

3 MESS. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,  
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—  
I must inform you of a dismal fight

Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

WIN. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?

3 MESS. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:

The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,

Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,

By three-and-twenty thousand of the French

Was round encompassed and set upon:

No leisure had he to enrank his men;

He wanted pikes to set before his archers;

Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly,

To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

More than three hours the fight continued;

Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,

Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.

Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;

Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he slew:

The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;

All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:

His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,

A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,

And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,

If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;

He, being in the vaward<sup>a</sup>, (placed behind,

With purpose to relieve and follow them,)

Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;

Enclosed were they with their enemies:

<sup>a</sup> *Vaward*—the van. This is considered by some editors as a misprint for *rearward*. Steevens and M. Mason explain the passage to be correct, and the explanation, such as it is, we give: "When an army is attacked in the *rear*, the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn, and of course the *reserve*."

A base Walloon, to win the dauphin's grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;  
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,  
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

BED. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,  
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,  
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foemen is betrayed.

3 MESS. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,  
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:  
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

BED. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:  
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,—  
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;  
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.  
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;  
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,  
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:  
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,  
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 MESS. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;  
The English army is grown weak and faint:  
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,  
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXE. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,  
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,  
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BED. I do remember it; and here take my leave,  
To go about my preparation.

[Exit.]

GLO. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,  
To view the artillery and munition;  
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[Exit.]

EXE. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,  
Being ordain'd his special governor;  
And for his safety there I'll best devise.

[Exit.]

WIN. Each hath his place and function to attend:  
I am left out; for me nothing remains.  
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;  
The king from Eltham I intend to send,  
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[Exit. Scene closes.]

SCENE II.—France. *Before Orleans.*

*Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.*

CHAR. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,  
So in the earth, to this day is not known :  
Late did he shine upon the English side ;  
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.  
What towns of any moment but we have ?  
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans ;  
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,  
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALEN. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves :  
Either they must be dieted like mules,  
And have their provender tied to their mouths,  
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

REIG. Let 's raise the siege : Why live we idly here ?  
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :  
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury ;  
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,  
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

CHAR. Sound, sound alarum ; we will rush on them.  
Now for the honour of the forlorn French :—  
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,  
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. They are beaten back by the English, with great loss. Re-enter  
CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.*

CHAR. Whoever saw the like ? what men have I ?—  
Dogs ! cowards ! dastards !—I would ne'er have fled,  
But that they left me midst my enemies.

REIG. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;  
He fighteth as one weary of his life.  
The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

ALEN. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,  
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred  
During the time Edward the third did reign.  
More truly now may this be verified ;  
For none but Samsons and Goliasses,  
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !  
Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose  
They had such courage and audacity ?



CHAR. Let 's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,  
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:  
 Of old I know them; rather with their teeth  
 The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.

REIG. I think, by some odd gimmers<sup>a</sup> or device,  
 Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;  
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.  
 By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.

ALEN. Be it so.

*Enter the BASTARD of ORLEANS.*

BAST. Where 's the prince dauphin? I have news for him.

CHAR. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

BAST. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer<sup>b</sup> appall'd;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?  
 Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:  
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,  
 Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,  
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,  
 And drive the English forth the bounds of France.  
 The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;  
 What 's past, and what 's to come, she can descry.  
 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,  
 For they are certain and unfallible.

CHAR. Go, call her in [*Exit Bastard*]: But, first, to try her skill,  
 Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place:  
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—  
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

[*Retires.*]

*Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD of ORLEANS, and others.*

REIG. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

PUC. Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?

Where is the dauphin?—come, come from behind;  
 I know thee well, though never seen before.  
 Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:

<sup>a</sup> *Gimmers*. This word is thus given in the original, but is ordinarily printed *gimmals*, a word of the same meaning. Bishop Hall uses *gimmer* in a like sense: "When I saw my precious watch (now through an unhappy fall grown irregular) taken asunder, and lying scattered upon the workman's shopboard; so as here lay a wheel, there the balance, here one *gimmer*, there another; straight my ignorance was ready to think, when and how will all these ever piece together again in their former order?"

<sup>b</sup> *Cheer*—countenance.

In private will I talk with thee apart ;—  
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIG. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUC. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd  
To shine on my contemptible estate :

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me ;

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Will'd me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity :

Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success :

In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,

With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,

And I will answer unpremeditated :

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve<sup>a</sup> on this : Thou shalt be fortunate

If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

CHAR. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms :

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me :

And if thou vanquishest thy words are true ;

Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

PUC. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,

Deck'd with fine<sup>b</sup> flower-de-luces on each side ;

The which, at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

CHAR. Then come, o' God's name, I fear no woman.

PUC. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight, and LA PUCELLE overcomes.*]

CHAR. Stay, stay thy hands ; thou art an Amazon,

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

PUC. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

CHAR. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me :

Impatiently I burn with thy desire :

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

<sup>a</sup> *Resolve*—be firmly persuaded.

<sup>b</sup> *Fine*. The original has *five*.

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be ;  
'T is the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.

PUC. I must not yield to any rites of love,  
For my profession 's sacred from above :  
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompense.

CHAR. Meantime, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

REIG. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

ALEN. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock ;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

REIG. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

ALEN. He may mean more than we poor men do know :

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues

REIG. My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

PUC. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !

Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

CHAR. What she says I 'll confirm ; we 'll fight it out.

PUC. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise :

Expect saint Martin's summer<sup>a</sup>, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends ;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once<sup>2</sup>

CHAR. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove<sup>3</sup> ?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

ALEN. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

REIG. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours ;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

CHAR. Presently we 'll try :—Come, let 's away about it :

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Saint Martin's summer*—fine weather in November—prosperity after misfortune.

SCENE III.—London. *Hill before the Tower.*

*Enter, at the gates, the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his Serving-men in blue coats.*

GLO. I am come to survey the Tower this day :

Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance<sup>a</sup>.

Where be these warders, that they wait not here ?

Open the gates ; 't is Gloster that calls.

[*Servants knock.*

1 WARD. [*Within.*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously ?

1 SERV. It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 WARD. [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 SERV. Villains, answer you so the lord protector ?

1 WARD. [*Within.*] The Lord protect him ! so we answer him :

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

GLO. Who willed you ? or whose will stands but mine ?

There 's none protector of the realm but I.

Break up<sup>b</sup> the gates, I 'll be your warrantize :

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms ?

*Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter to the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.*

WOOD. [*Within.*] What noise is this ? what traitors have we here ?

GLO. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear ?

Open the gates ; here 's Gloster that would enter.

WOOD. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke ; I may not open ;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids :

From him I have express commandment,

That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

GLO. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me ?

Arrogant Winchester ? that haughty prelate,

Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook ?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king :

Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee out shortly.

1 SERV. Open the gates unto the lord protector ;

Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.*

WIN. How now, ambitious Humphrey ? what means this ?

GLO. Peel'd<sup>c</sup> priest, dost thou command me to be shut out ?

WIN. I do, thou most usurping proditor,

<sup>a</sup> *Conveyance*—theft.

<sup>b</sup> *Break up.* So in Hall's Chronicle:—"The lusty Kentish-men, hoping on more friends, *brake* up the gates of the King's Bench and Marshalsea."

<sup>c</sup> *Peel'd*—an allusion to the shaven crown of the priest.

And not protector of the king or realm.

GLO. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;  
 Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;  
 Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:  
 I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,  
 If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

WIN. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;  
 This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,  
 To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt<sup>a</sup>.

GLO. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:  
 Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth  
 I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

WIN. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

GLO. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—  
 Draw, men, for all this privileged place;  
 Blue-coats to tawny-coats<sup>4</sup>. Priest, beware your beard;

[GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:  
 Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;  
 In spite of pope, or dignities of church,  
 Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

WIN. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

GLO. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope!  
 Now beat them hence: Why do you let them stay?—  
 Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—  
 Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

*Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.*

MAY. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,  
 Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLO. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs.  
 Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,  
 Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

WIN. Here's Gloster, too<sup>b</sup>, a foe to citizens;  
 One that still motions war, and never peace,  
 O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;  
 That seeks to overthrow religion,  
 Because he is protector of the realm;  
 And would have armour here out of the Tower,  
 To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

<sup>a</sup> The old travellers believed that Damascus was the scene of the first murder. Maundevile says, "And in that place where Damascus was founded Kaym slew Abel his brother."

<sup>b</sup> So the second folio; the first omits *too*.



GLO. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

MAY. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation :—

Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst cry.

OFF. "All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places ; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death."

GLO. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law :

But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

WIN. Gloster, we'll meet ; to thy dear cost<sup>a</sup>, be sure :

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAY. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away :—

This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

GLO. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what thou mayst.

WIN. Abominable Gloster ! guard thy head ;

For I intend to have it, ere long.

[*Exeunt.*]

MAY. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—

Good God ! that nobles should such stomachs bear !

I myself fight not once in forty year.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

*Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.*

M. GUN. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

SON. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,

Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. GUN. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;

Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials<sup>b</sup> have informed me,

How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,

Wont<sup>c</sup>, through a secret grate of iron bars

In yonder tower, to overpeer the city ;

And thence discover how, with most advantage,

They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;

<sup>a</sup> The first folio omits *dear*, which is in the second.

<sup>b</sup> *Espials*—spies.

<sup>c</sup> *Wont*. The old copies read *went*. The correction, which is a very judicious one, was made by Tyrwhitt. *Wont*—are accustomed—accords with the construction of the remainder of the sentence.

And fully even these three days have I watch'd  
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch<sup>a</sup>,  
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;  
And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[Exit

SON. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care ;  
I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

*Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT,  
Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.*

SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd !

How wert thou handled, being prisoner ?

Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd ?

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

TAL. The duke<sup>b</sup> of Bedford had a prisoner,  
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles ;

For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far,

Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me ;

Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd ; and craved death,

Rather than I would be so pil'd-esteem'd<sup>c</sup>.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O ! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart !

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,

If I now had him brought into my power.

SAL. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

TAL. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a public spectacle to all :

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scarecrow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me ;

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly ;

None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,

<sup>a</sup> We follow the reading of the second folio. In the first the passage stands thus:—

“ And even these three days have I watch'd  
If I could see them. Now do thou watch.”

<sup>b</sup> Duke. The original has *earl*.

<sup>c</sup> *Pil'd esteem'd* in the original. Malone's correction to *vile-esteem'd* is natural and unforced. It has been suggested to us that *pil'd* is from *pili*—“ Flocci, nauci, nihili, pili.”

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :  
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,  
That walk'd about me every minute-while ;  
And if I did but stir out of my bed,  
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

SAL. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd ;  
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.  
Now it is supper-time in Orleans :  
Here, thorough this grate, I count each one<sup>a</sup>,  
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;  
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.  
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,  
Let me have your express opinions,  
Where is best place to make our battery next.

GAR. I think, at the north gate ; for there stand lords.

GLAN. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

TAL. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,  
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town. SALISBURY and GARGRAVE fall.*]

SAL. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners !

GAR. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man !

TAL. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us ?—

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak ;  
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?  
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side, struck off !—  
Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand,  
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy !  
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;  
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars ;  
Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,  
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.  
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury ? though thy speech doth fail,  
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace :  
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.  
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand !  
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.  
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life ?  
Speak unto Talbot ; nay, look up to him.  
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort ;  
Thou shalt not die, whiles——  
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me ;  
As who should say, " When I am dead and gone,

<sup>a</sup> The second folio, which is generally followed, reads,—

" Here, through this grate, I can count every one."

Remember to avenge me on the French.”—

Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero<sup>a</sup>,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*]

What stir is this? What tumult 's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:

The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—

A holy prophetess, new risen up,—

Is come with a great power to raise the siege. [SALISBURY *groans.*]

TAL. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—

Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you:—

Pucelle or puzzel<sup>b</sup>, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey me Salisbury into his tent,

And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Before one of the Gates.*

*Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in; then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.*

TAL. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;

A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

*Enter LA PUCELLE.*

Here, here she comes:—I 'll have a bout with thee;

Devil, or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch<sup>c</sup>,

And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

<sup>a</sup> The original folio reads,

“Plantagenet, I will; and like thee.”

The second folio has,

“Plantagenet, I will, and Nero-like, will.”

We prefer to add Nero to the end of the line, according to Malone's suggestion, for nothing is more common, in printing with moveable types, than for a letter or a word at the end of a line of poetry to drop out, from the careless filling up of the space by the compositor.

<sup>b</sup> *Puzzel*—a dirty drab.

<sup>c</sup> The superstitious belief was, that to draw blood from a witch was to destroy her power.

PUC. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[*They fight.*

TAL. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,  
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,  
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

PUC. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;

Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.

TAL. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do:

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal<sup>a</sup>,

Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away.

They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,

Or tear the lions out of England's coat;

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:

Sheep run not half so timorous<sup>b</sup> from the wolf,

Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:

You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—

Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

In spite of us, or aught that we could do.

O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head!

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TALBOT and his forces, &c.*

# SCENE VI.—*The same.*

*Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

PUC. Advance our waving colours on the walls;

Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves<sup>c</sup>:—

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to Hannibal's stratagem, recorded in Livy, of fixing lighted twigs on the horns of oxen.

<sup>b</sup> *Timorous.* The original has *treacherous*. Perhaps the line was,  
"Sheep run not half so, from the treacherous wolf."

<sup>c</sup> So the second folio; the first omits *wolves*.



Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

CHAR. Divinest creature, bright<sup>a</sup> Astræa's daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success?  
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—  
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—  
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:  
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

REIG. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?  
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALEN. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,  
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

CHAR. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;  
For which, I will divide my crown with her:  
And all the priests and friars in my realm  
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.  
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear,  
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis'<sup>b</sup>, ever was:  
In memory of her, when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius<sup>c</sup>,  
Transported shall be at high festivals  
Before the kings and queens of France.  
'No longer on saint Dennis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
Come in: and let us banquet royally,  
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

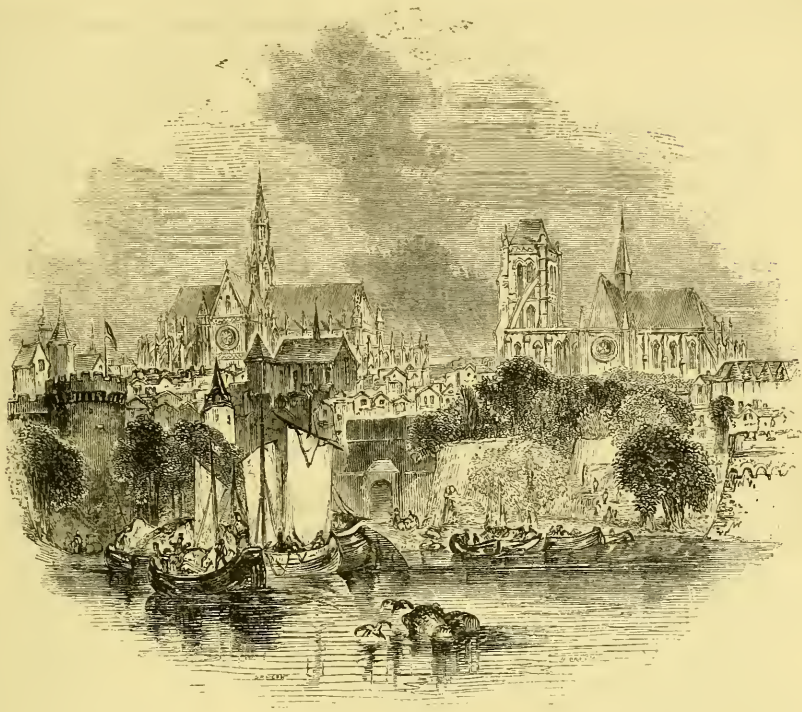
<sup>a</sup> *Bright* is omitted in the first folio, but is in the second.

<sup>b</sup> We should probably read:

"Than Rhodope's, *of* Memphis."

The pyramid of Rhodope, near Memphis, is mentioned by Pliny:—"The fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of one Rhodope, a very strumpet." Herodotus (ii. 134) maintains that the pyramid was not built by Rhodope (Rhodopis).

<sup>c</sup> The expression of the text, and the explanation, are found in a passage of Puttenham's '*Arte of English Poesie*,' 1589:—"In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch that every night they were laid under his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich jewel-coffer of Darius, lately before vanquished by him in battle."



[Orleans.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Orleans.

*Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.*

SERG. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant :

If any noise, or soldier, you perceive

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign

Let us have knowledge at the court of guard<sup>a</sup>.

1 SENT. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors  
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)

Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

<sup>a</sup> *Court of guard.* Steevens says this is equivalent to the modern term "guard-room." This is rather a forced interpretation; for the word *court* indicates with sufficient precision the general place of guard—the enclosed space where a guard is held—in which the guard-room is situated.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

TAL. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—

By whose approach, the regions of Artois,  
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—  
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:

Embrace we then this opportunity;  
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,  
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

BED. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,  
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,  
To join with witches, and the help of hell!

BUR. Traitors have never other company.

But what 's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

TAL. A maid, they say.

BED. A maid! and be so martial!

BUR. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;  
If underneath the standard of the French,  
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

TAL. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:  
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name  
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

BED. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

TAL. Not all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several ways;  
That if it chance the one of us do fail,  
The other yet may rise against their force.

BED. Agreed; I 'll to yon corner.

BUR. And I to this.

TAL. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.

Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear  
How much in duty I am bound to both.

*[The English scale the walls, crying St. George! A Talbot!  
and all enter by the Town.]*

SENT. *[Within.]* Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, BASTARD,  
ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.*

ALEN. How now, my lords? what, all unready<sup>a</sup> so?

<sup>a</sup> *Unready*—undressed. So in Beaumont and Fletcher ('Island Princess')—

"——— Make me *unready*;

I slept but ill last night."

BAST. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

REIG. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

ALEN. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturous or desperate than this.

BAST. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIG. If not of hell, the heavens sure favour him.

ALEN. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

*Enter CHARLES and LA PUGELLE.*

BAST. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

CHAR. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

PUG. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHAR. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

ALEN. Had all your quarters been as safely kept

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

BAST. Mine was secure.

REIG. And so was mine, my lord.

CHAR. And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

PUG. Question, my lords, no further of the case,

How, or which way; 't is sure they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

And now there rests no other shift but this,—

To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new platforms<sup>a</sup> to endamage them.

<sup>a</sup> *Platforms*—plans. A *platform* is a delineation of a *form* on a *plain* surface; and hence, a plan generally. In North's 'Plutarch,' *platform* is used in the sense of a plan, chart, or map:—"They were every one occupied about drawing the *platform* of Sicilia."

*Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying A Talbot! A Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

SOLD. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.  
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;  
For I have loaden me with many spoils,  
Using no other weapon but his name.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others.*

BED. The day begins to break, and night is fled,  
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.  
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*]

TAL. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;  
And here advance it in the market-place,  
The middle centre of this cursed town.  
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;  
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,  
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.  
And, that hereafter ages may behold  
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,  
Within their chiefest temple I 'll erect  
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:  
Upon the which, that every one may read,  
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;  
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,  
And what a terror he had been to France.  
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,  
I muse we met not with the dauphin's grace,  
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,  
Nor any of his false confederates.

BED. 'T is thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,  
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,  
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,  
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BUR. Myself (as far as I could well discern,  
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night)  
Am sure I scar'd the dauphin, and his trull;  
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,  
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,  
That could not live asunder day or night.  
After that things are set in order here,  
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.



*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts

So much applauded through the realm of France?

TAL. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

MESS. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,

By me entreats, great lord<sup>a</sup>, thou wouldst vouchsafe

To visit her poor castle where she lies<sup>b</sup>;

That she may boast she hath beheld the man

Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BUR. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars

Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,

When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TAL. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,

Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:

And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;

And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company?

BED. No, truly; it is more than manners will:

And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TAL. Well, then, alone (since there 's no remedy)

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*—You perceive my mind.

CAPT. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

*Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.*

COUNT. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;

And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

PORT. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

COUNT. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit

As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,

And his achievements of no less account:

<sup>a</sup> *Great lord.* So in the original copy, and in all subsequent editions, till those which are called *variorum*. The word *great* is then changed to *good*, probably by an error of the press.

<sup>b</sup> *Lies—dwells.*

Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,  
To give their censure<sup>a</sup> of these rare reports.

*Enter Messenger and TALBOT.*

MESS. Madam,

According as your ladyship desir'd,

By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

COUNT. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

MESS. Madam, it is.

COUNT. Is this the scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,

That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see report is fabulous and false:

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:

It cannot be this weak and writhled<sup>b</sup> shrimp

Should strike such terror to his enemies.

TAL. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,

I'll sort some other time to visit you.

COUNT. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes.

MESS. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

TAL. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,

I go to certify her Talbot's here.

*Re-enter Porter, with keys.*

COUNT. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

TAL. Prisoner! to whom?

COUNT. To me, bloodthirsty lord;

And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:

But now thy substance shall endure the like;

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,

That hast by tyranny, these many years,

Wasted our country, slain our citizens,

And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

TAL. Ha, ha, ha!

<sup>a</sup> *Censure*—opinion.

<sup>b</sup> *Writhled*—wrinkled. So in Spenser:—

“Her *writhled* skin, as rough as maple-rind.”

COUNT. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

TAL. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,

To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,

Whereon to practise your severity.

COUNT. Why, art not thou the man?

TAL. I am, indeed.

COUNT. Then have I substance too.

TAL. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see is but the smallest part

And least proportion of humanity:

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

COUNT. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

TAL. That will I show you presently.

*He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded

That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;

Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,

And in a moment makes them desolate.

COUNT. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:

I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;

For I am sorry, that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

TAL. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster<sup>a</sup>

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake

The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me:

Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But only (with your patience) that we may

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

<sup>a</sup> *Misconster*. So the original: it is ordinarily printed *misconstrue*. In the *quarto* edition of 'Othello' we find the word:—

"And his unbookish jealousy must *conster*."

See Note on 'Othello,' Act IV., Scene 1.

COUNT. With all my heart ; and think me honoured  
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK ; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.*

PLAN. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

SUF. Within the Temple hall we were too loud ;

The garden here is more convenient.

PLAN. Then say at once, If I maintain the truth ;

Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error ?

SUF. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law ;

And never yet could frame my will to it ;

And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

SOM. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

WAR. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him best,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment :

But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLAN. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance :

The truth appears so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOM. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,

So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PLAN. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :

Let him that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

SOM. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WAR. I love no colours<sup>a</sup> ; and, without all colour

<sup>a</sup> *Colours*—here used ambiguously for *deceits*: as in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' "I do fear colour-able colours."

Of base insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

SUF. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;  
And say withal, I think he held the right.

VER. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,  
Till you conclude—that he upon whose side  
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOM. Good master Vernon, it is well objected<sup>a</sup>;  
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

PLAN. And I.

VER. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,  
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOM. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;  
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,  
And fall on my side so against your will.

VER. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

SOM. Well, well, come on; Who else?

LAW. Unless my study and my books be false,  
The argument you held was wrong in you;  
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

[To SOMERSET.

PLAN. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

SOM. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that  
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

PLAN. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;  
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing  
The truth on our side.

SOM. No, Plantagenet,  
'T is not for fear, but anger,—that thy cheeks  
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;  
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLAN. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

SOM. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLAN. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;  
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

SOM. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,  
That shall maintain what I have said is true,  
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

PLAN. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

<sup>a</sup> *Objected*. The word is not here used in the ordinary sense of *opposed*, but in its less common meaning of *proposed*—*suggested*.



I scorn thee and thy fashion<sup>a</sup>, peevish boy.

SUF. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

PLAN. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

SUF. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

SOM. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

WAR. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,

Third son to the third Edward king of England;

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

PLAN. He bears him on the place's privilege,

Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

SOM. By Him that made me, I 'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom:

Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt<sup>b</sup> from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

PLAN. My father was attached, not attainted;

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker<sup>c</sup> Poole, and you yourself,

I 'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension<sup>d</sup>:

Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

SOM. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;

For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

PLAN. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance<sup>e</sup> of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;

Until it wither with me to my grave,

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

SUF. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!

And so farewell, until I meet thee next.

[Exit.

SOM. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard.

[Exit.

PLAN. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

WAR. This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,

<sup>a</sup> *Fashion*. So the original. Malone reads *faction*, which was a correction by Theobald.

<sup>b</sup> *Exempt*—excluded.

<sup>c</sup> *Partaker*—confederate.

<sup>d</sup> *Apprehension*—opinion.

<sup>e</sup> *Cognizance*—badge.

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster :  
And, if thou be not then created York,  
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.  
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,  
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,  
Will I upon thy party wear this rose :  
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,  
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLAN. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,  
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VER. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

LAW. And so will I.

PLAN. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say  
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by Two Keepers.*

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,  
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.  
Even like a man new haled from the rack,  
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :  
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,  
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,  
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.  
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent<sup>a</sup> :  
Weak shoulders, overborne with burth'ning grief ;  
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine  
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :  
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,  
Unable to support this lump of clay,  
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,  
As witting I no other comfort have.  
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

1 KEEP. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :  
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber ;  
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

MOR. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.  
Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.

<sup>a</sup> *Exigent*—end.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,  
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms,)  
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;  
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,  
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:  
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,  
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;  
 I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,  
 That so he might recover what was lost.

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.*

I KEEP. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MOR. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

PLAN. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,

Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:

O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

PLAN. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease<sup>a</sup>.

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:

Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,

And did upbraid me with my father's death;

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him:

Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,

In honour of a true Plantagenet;

And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause

My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MOR. That cause, fair nephew<sup>b</sup>, that imprison'd me,

And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,

Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,

Was cursed instrument of his decease.

PLAN. Discover more at large what cause that was;

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

MOR. I will; if that my fading breath permit,

And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,

<sup>a</sup> *Disease*—uneasiness—unease.

<sup>b</sup> *Nephew*—put generally for a relative—the Latin *nepos*. See Note on 'Othello,' Act I., Scene I.

Depos'd his nephew Richard,—Edward's son,  
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir  
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :  
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne :  
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,  
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,  
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)  
I was the next by birth and parentage ;  
For by my mother I derived am  
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son  
To king Edward the third, whereas he  
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark ; as, in this haughty great attempt,  
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,  
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,  
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,  
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd  
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,  
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,  
Again, in pity of my hard distress,  
Levied an army ; weening to redeem,  
And have install'd me in the diadem :  
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

PLAN. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

MOR. True ; and thou seest that I no issue have ;  
And that my fainting words do warrant death :  
Thou art my heir ; the rest, I wish thee gather ;  
And yet be wary in thy studious care.

PLAN. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me :  
But yet, methinks, my father's execution  
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

MOR. With silence, nephew, be thou politic ;  
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,  
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.  
But now thy uncle is removing hence ;  
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a settled place.

PLAN. O, uncle, would some part of my young years  
Might but redeem the passage of your age !

MOR. Thou dost then wrong me ; as the slaught'rer doth,  
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.  
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;  
Only, give order for my funeral ;  
And so farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes !  
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war !

[Dies.]

PLAN. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul !

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.  
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;  
And what I do imagine, let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence : and I myself  
Will see his burial better than his life.

[Exeunt Keepers, bearing out  
MORTIMER.]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :  
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,  
I doubt not but with honour to redress :

And therefore haste I to the parliament ;

Either to be restored to my blood,

Or make my ill<sup>a</sup> the advantage of my good.

[Exit.]

<sup>a</sup> *Ill*—ill-usage.



[SCENE IV. The Temple Garden.]





[SCENE I. *The Parliament-House.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.*

WIN. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,  
 With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,  
 Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,  
 Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
 Do it without invention suddenly;  
 As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

GLO. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,  
 Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd  
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able  
 Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen :  
 No, prelate ; such is thy audacious wickedness,  
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,  
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer ;  
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace ;  
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
 A man of thy profession and degree ;  
 And for thy treachery, what 's more manifest ?  
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
 As well at London bridge, as at the Tower ?  
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,  
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

WIN. Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe  
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.  
 If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,  
 As he will have me, how am I so poor ?  
 Or how haps it I seek not to advance  
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling ?  
 And for dissension, who preferreth peace  
 More than I do,—except I be provok'd ?  
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends ;  
 It is not that that hath incens'd the duke :  
 It is, because no one should sway but he ;  
 No one but he should be about the king ;  
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,  
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.  
 But he shall know, I am as good——

GLO. As good ?

Thou bastard of my grandfather !—

WIN. Ay, lordly sir : For what are you, I pray,  
 But one imperious in another's throne ?

GLO. Am I not protector, saucy priest ?

WIN. And am I not a prelate of the church ?

GLO. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
 And useth it to patronage his theft.

WIN. Unreverent Gloster !

GLO. Thou art reverent,

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WIN. Rome shall remedy this.

WAR. Roam thither then.

SOM. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

WAR. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

SOM. Methinks, my lord should be religious,

And know the office that belongs to such.

WAR. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

SOM. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

WAR. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his grace protector to the king?

PLAN. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;

Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

*[Aside.]*

K. HEN. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,

The special watchmen of our English weal,

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye should jar!

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,

Civil dissension is a viperous worm

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

*[A noise within; "Down with the tawny-coats!"*

What tumult 's this?

WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

*[A noise again; "Stones! Stones!"*

*Enter the Mayor of London, attended.*

MAY. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—

Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have filled their pockets full of pebble-stones;

And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,

That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,

And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

K. HEN. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,

To hold your slaughter'ring hands, and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 SERV. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 SERV. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [Skirmish again.]

GLO. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,  
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 SERV. My lord, we know your grace to be a man  
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,  
Inferior to none but to his majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
So kind a father of the commonweal,  
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate<sup>a</sup>,  
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,  
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 SERV. Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [Skirmish again.]

GLO. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,  
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. HEN. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!  
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold  
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?  
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?  
Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

WAR. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;—  
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,  
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.  
You see what mischief, and what murder too,  
Hath been enacted through your enmity;  
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

WIN. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

GLO. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;  
Or I would see his heart out ere the priest  
Should ever get that privilege of me.

WAR. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke  
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:  
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

GLO. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. HEN. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach  
That malice was a great and grievous sin:  
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,  
But prove a chief offender in the same?

<sup>a</sup> *An inkhorn mate.* Wilson, in his 'Art of Rhetoric,' 1553, describes a pedant as using "*inkhorn terms*."

WAR. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird<sup>a</sup>.—

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;

What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

WIN. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

GLO. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;

This token serveth for a flag of truce

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not!

WIN. So help me God, as I intend it not!

[*Aside.*

K. HEN. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,

How joyful am I made by this contract!

Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 SERV. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 SERV. And so will I.

3 SERV. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*

WAR. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet

We do exhibit to your majesty.

GLO. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick,—for, sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,

You have great reason to do Richard right:

Especially, for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. HEN. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is

That Richard be restored to his blood.

WAR. Let Richard be restored to his blood;

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

WIN. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. HEN. If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give

That doth belong unto the house of York,

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

PLAN. Thy humble servant vows obedience,

And humble service, till the point of death.

K. HEN. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot:

And, in requerdon<sup>b</sup> of that duty done,

I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:

<sup>a</sup> A kindly gird—a reproof meant in kindness. Falstaff says,—

“Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me.”

<sup>b</sup> *Requerdon*—recompense.



Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;  
And rise created princely duke of York.

PLAN. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!  
And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

ALL. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

SOM. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!

[*Aside.*]

GLO. Now will it best avail your majesty,  
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:  
The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;  
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. HEN. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

GLO. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

EXE. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:  
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,  
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,  
And will at last break out into a flame:  
As fester'd members rot but by degree,  
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,  
So will this base and envious discord breed.  
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,  
Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the fifth,  
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—  
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;  
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all<sup>a</sup>:  
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish  
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

PUC. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,  
Through which our policy must make a breach:  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;  
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men  
That come to gather money for their corn.  
If we have entrance (as I hope we shall),  
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,  
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,

<sup>a</sup> The line, as we print it, is found in the second folio. The original copy omits *should*.

That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

I SOLD. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen ;

Therefore we 'll knock.

[Knocks.

GUARD. [Within.] *Qui est là ?*

PUC. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France :*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

GUARD. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

[Opens the gates.

PUC. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[PUCELLE, &c., enter the city.

*Enter CHARLES, BASTARD of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and Forces.*

CHAR. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem !

And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.

BAST. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants ;

Now she is there, how will she specify

Where is the best and safest passage in ?

ALEN. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;

Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—

No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.*

PUC. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,

That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen ;

But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

BAST. See, noble Charles ! the beacon of our friend,

The burning torch, in yonder turret stands.

CHAR. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

ALEN. Defer no time : Delays have dangerous ends ;

Enter, and cry—" The dauphin !"—presently,

And then do execution on the watch.

[They enter.

*Alarums. Enter TALBOT and certain English.*

TAL. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,

Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,

That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[Exeunt to the town.

*Alarum : Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD, brought in sick, in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and others.*

PUC. Good morrow, gallants ! want ye corn for bread ?

I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,

Before he 'll buy again at such a rate :

'T was full of darnel : Do you like the taste ?

BUR. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan !

I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,

And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

CHAR. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

BED. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason !

PUC. What will you do, good gray-beard ? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

TAL. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,

And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?

Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

PUC. Are you so hot, sir ? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace ;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.]

God speed the parliament ! who shall be the speaker ?

TAL. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field ?

PUC. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours, or no.

TAL. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest ;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

ALEN. Signior, no.

TAL. Signior, hang !—base muleteers of France !

Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

PUC. Away, captains : let 's get us from the walls ;

For Talbot means no gooduess by his looks.

God be wi' you, my lord ! we came but to tell you

That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c., from the walls.*]

TAL. And there will we be too, ere it be long,

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame !

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,

(Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,)

Either to get the town again, or die :

And I, as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror ;

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried ;

So sure I swear to get the town or die.

BUR. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

TAL. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,

The valiant duke of Bedford :—Come, my lord,  
We will bestow you in some better place,  
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

BED. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me :

Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,  
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

BUR. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

BED. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I read,  
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes :  
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,  
Because I ever found them as myself.

TAL. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast !—

Then be it so :—Heavens keep old Bedford safe !—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand,

And set upon our boasting enemy. [*Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces,*  
*leaving BEDFORD and others.*]

*Alarum : Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.*

CAP. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste ?

FAST. Whither away ? to save myself by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAP. What ! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot ?

FAST. Ay. All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

[*Exit.*]

CAP. Cowardly knight ! ill fortune follow thee !

[*Exit.*]

*Retreat : Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON,*  
*CHARLES, &c., and exeunt flying.*

BED. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please ;

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man ?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*]

*Alarum : Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.*

TAL. Lost, and recover'd in a day again !

This is a double honour, Burgundy :

Yet, Heavens have glory for this victory !

BUR. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart ; and there erects

Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.

TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now ?

I think her old familiar is asleep :  
 Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks ?  
 What, all a-mort<sup>a</sup> ? Rouen hangs her head for grief  
 That such a valiant company are fled.  
 Now will we take some order in the town,  
 Placing therein some expert officers ;  
 And then depart to Paris, to the king ;  
 For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

BUR. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

TAL. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget  
 The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,  
 But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen ;  
 A braver soldier never couched lance,  
 A gentler heart did never sway in court :  
 But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die ;  
 For that 's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near the City.*

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

PUC. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,  
 Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered :  
 Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
 For things that are not to be remedied.  
 Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,  
 And like a peacock sweep along his tail ;  
 We 'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,  
 If dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

CHAR. We have been guided by thee hitherto,  
 And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;  
 One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

BAST. Search out thy wit for secret policies,  
 And we will make thee famous through the world.

ALEN. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,  
 And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint ;  
 Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

PUC. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :  
 By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,  
 We will entice the duke of Burgundy  
 To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

CHAR. Ay, marry, sweetening, if we could do that,  
 France were no place for Henry's warriors ;

<sup>a</sup> *All a-mort*—dispirited.



Nor should that nation boast it so with us,  
But be extirped from our provinces.

ALEN. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,  
And not have title of an earldom here.

PUC. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,  
To bring this matter to the wished end.  
Hark ! by the sound of drum you may perceive  
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[Drums heard.

*An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread ;  
And all the troops of English after him.

*A French March. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his ;  
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.

Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[A parley sounded.

CHAR. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

BUR. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

PUC. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BUR. What say'st thou, Charles ? for I am marching hence.

CHAR. Speak, Pucelle ; and enchant him with thy words.

PUC. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France !

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BUR. Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

PUC. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,  
And see the cities and the towns defac'd  
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe !  
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
See, see, the pining malady of France ;  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast !  
O, turn thy edged sword another way ;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !  
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;  
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots !  
BUR. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,  
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.  
PUC. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,  
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.  
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,  
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake ?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,  
 And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,  
 Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,  
 And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?  
 Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—  
 Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?  
 And was he not in England prisoner?  
 But, when they heard he was thine enemy,  
 They set him free, without his ransom paid,  
 In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.  
 See, then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,  
 And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.  
 Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;  
 Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

BUR. I am vanquished; these haughty<sup>a</sup> words of hers  
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.  
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!  
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:  
 My forces and my power of men are yours;  
 So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

PUC. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

CHAR. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

BAST. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALEN. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,  
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHAR. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;  
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c.

*To them* TALBOT, and some of his Officers.

TAL. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,  
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,  
 I have awhile given truce unto my wars,  
 To do my duty to my sovereign:  
 In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd  
 To your obedience fifty fortresses,  
 Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,  
 Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—  
 Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;  
 And, with submissive loyalty of heart,

<sup>a</sup> *Haughty*—lofty—spirited. So, in the next Act,—

“Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage.”

Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,  
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. HEN. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,  
That hath so long been resident in France?

GLO. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. HEN. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!

When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)

I do remember how my father said

A stouter champion never handled sword.

Long since we were resolved of your truth,

Your faithful service, and your toil in war;

Yet never have you tasted our reward,

Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,

Because till now we never saw your face:

Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,

We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;

And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, and Nobles.

VER. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

Disgracing of these colours that I wear

In honour of my noble lord of York,—

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

BAS. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage

The envious barking of your saucy tongue

Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BAS. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

VER. Hark ye; not so: in witness take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*

BAS. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,

That whoso draws a sword 't is present death,

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong;

When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

VER. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*



[SCENE V. *Camp near Bourdeaux.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room of State.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER,  
WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of Paris, and others.*

GLO. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

WIN. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

GLO. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governor kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him :

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends ;

And none your foes but such as shall pretend<sup>a</sup>

Malicious practices against his state :

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt Governor and his Train.*]

*Enter* SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

FAST. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,  
To haste unto your coronation,

<sup>a</sup> *Pretend*—intend.

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,  
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

TAL. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,

(Which I have done,) because unworthily

Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

Like to a trusty squire, did run away;

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;

Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,

Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear

This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

GLO. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill-beseeming any common man;

Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

TAL. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth;

Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort

Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,

Profaning this most honourable order;

And should (if I were worthy to be judge)

Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain

That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. HEN. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom!

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;

Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

And now, lord protector, view the letter

Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

GLO. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?

[*Viewing the superscription.*]

No more but, plain and bluntly,—“To the king?”

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

[*Plucking it off.*]

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]



What 's here?—" I have, upon especial cause,—  
 Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,  
 Together with the pitiful complaints  
 Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—  
 Forsaken your pernicious faction,  
 And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France."  
 O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;  
 That in alliance, amity, and oaths,  
 There should be found such false dissembling guile?

[Reads.

K. HEN. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

GLO. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. HEN. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

GLO. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. HEN. Why, then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse;

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

TAL. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented<sup>a</sup>,  
 I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. HEN. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

TAL. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes.

[Exit.

*Enter VERNON and BASSET.*

VER. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

BAS. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

YORK. This is my servant: Hear him, noble prince!

SOM. And this is mine: Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. HEN. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

VER. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

BAS. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. HEN. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

BAS. Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did repugn<sup>b</sup> the truth,

About a certain question in the law,

<sup>a</sup> *Prevented*—gone before—anticipated.

<sup>b</sup> *Repugn*—resist.

Argued betwixt the duke of York and him ;  
With other vile and ignominious terms :  
In confutation of which rude reproach,  
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

VER. And that is my petition, noble lord :  
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,  
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ;  
And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower  
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

YORK. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

SOM. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,  
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. HEN. Good Lord ! what madness rules in brain-sick men ;  
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,  
Such factious emulations shall arise :  
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,  
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,  
And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOM. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;  
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

YORK. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset.

VER. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BAS. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

GLO. Confirm it so ? Confounded be your strife !

And perish ye, with your audacious prate !  
Presumptuous vassals ! are you not asham'd,  
With this immodest clamorous outrage  
To trouble and disturb the king and us ?  
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,  
To bear with their perverse objections ;  
Much less to take occasion from their mouths  
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves ;  
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

EXE. It grieves his highness :—Good my lords, be friends.

K. HEN. Come hither, you that would be combatants :

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,  
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.  
And you, my lords, remember where we are ;  
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation :  
If they perceive dissension in our looks,  
And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd  
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel !  
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,  
 When foreign princes shall be certified  
 That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,  
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility  
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France  
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,  
 My tender years ; and let us not forego  
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood !  
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

[Putting on a red rose.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,  
 That any one should therefore be suspicious  
 I more incline to Somerset than York :  
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :  
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,  
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.  
 But your discretions better can persuade  
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :  
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,  
 So let us still continue peace and love.  
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
 To be our regent in these parts of France :  
 And, good my lord of Somerset, unite  
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;  
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,  
 Go cheerfully together, and digest  
 Your angry choler on your enemies.  
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,  
 After some respite, will return to Calais ;  
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long  
 To be presented, by your victories,  
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. *Exeunt* KING HEN., GLO., SOM., WIN., SUF., and BASSET.

WAR. My lord of York, I promise you, the king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

YORK. And so he did ; but yet I like it not,

In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

WAR. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

YORK. And, if I wist he did,—But let it rest ;

Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

EXE. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice :

For had the passions of thy heart burst out,

I fear we should have seen decipher'd there  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.  
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees  
This jarring discord of nobility,  
This should'ring of each other in the court,  
This factious bandying of their favourites,  
But that it doth presage some ill event.  
'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands :  
But more, when envy breeds unkind division ;  
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.*

TAL. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter :  
Summon their general unto the wall.

[*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General  
of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry king of England,  
And thus he would,—Open your city gates ;  
Be humble to us ; call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects ;  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power :  
But, if you frown upon this proffered peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,  
If you forsake the offer of their love.

GEN. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge !  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
On us thou canst not enter, but by death :  
For, I protest, we are well fortified,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight :  
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :  
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,  
To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;  
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,

But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,  
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,  
 To rive their dangerous artillery  
 Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.  
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,  
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:  
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
 That I, thy enemy, due<sup>a</sup> thee withal;  
 For ere the glass that now begins to run  
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.  
 Hark! hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,  
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Drum afar off.*]

[*Exeunt General, &c., from the walls.*]

TAL. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—  
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—  
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!  
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;  
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,  
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!  
 If we be English deer, be then in blood<sup>b</sup>:  
 Not rascal-like<sup>c</sup>, to fall down with a pinch;  
 But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,  
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,  
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:  
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,  
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.  
 God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's right!  
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter YORK, with Forces; to him a Messenger.*

YORK. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,  
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the dauphin?

<sup>a</sup> *Due*—pay as due.

<sup>b</sup> *In blood*—a term of the forest. So in 'Love's Labour's Lost':—

"The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*, blood."

<sup>c</sup> *Rascal-like*. Rascal was also a term of wood-craft for a lean deer.



MESS. They are return'd, my lord : and give it out  
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,  
To fight with Talbot : As he march'd along,  
By your espials were discovered  
Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led ;  
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

YORK. A plague upon that villain Somerset,  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid ;  
And I am lowted<sup>a</sup> by a traitor villain,  
And cannot help the noble chevalier :  
God comfort him in this necessity !  
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.*

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English strength,  
Never so needful on the earth of France,  
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot ;  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction :  
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! to Bourdeaux, York !  
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

YORK. O God ! that Somerset, who in proud heart  
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place !  
So should we save a valiant gentleman,  
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,  
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord !

YORK. He dies, we lose ; I break my warlike word :  
We mourn, France smiles ; we lose, they daily get ;  
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

LUCY. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul !  
And on his son, young John ; whom, two hours since,  
I met in travel toward his warlike father ;  
This seven years did not Talbot see his son ;  
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

YORK. Alas ! what joy shall noble Talbot have,  
To bid his young son welcome to his grave ?  
Away ! vexation almost stops my breath,  
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.

<sup>a</sup> *Lowted*. Malone explains this, " I am treated with contempt like a lowt."

Lucy, farewell : no more my fortune can,  
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.  
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,  
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[Exit.]

LUCY. Thus while the vulture of sedition  
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss  
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,  
That ever-living man of memory,  
Henry the fifth :—Whiles they each other cross,  
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Other plains of Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces ; an Officer of TALBOT's with him.*

SOM. It is too late ; I cannot send them now :  
This expedition was by York and Talbot  
Too rashly plotted ; all our general force  
Might with a sally of the very town  
Be buckled with : the over-daring Talbot  
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,  
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure :  
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

OFF. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me  
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.*

SOM. How now ? sir William, whither were you sent ?

LUCY. Whither, my lord ? from bought and sold lord Talbot ;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,  
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,  
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.  
And whiles the honourable captain there  
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,  
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,  
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.  
Let not your private discord keep away  
The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
While he, renowned noble gentleman,

Yields up his life unto a world of odds :  
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,  
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,  
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

SOM. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

LUCY. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims ;  
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,  
Collected for this expedition.

SOM. York lies ; he might have sent and had the horse ;  
I owe him little duty and less love ;  
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

LUCY. The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot :  
Never to England shall he bear his life ;  
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

SOM. Come, go ; I will despatch the horsemen straight :  
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY. Too late comes rescue ; he is ta'en, or slain :  
For fly he could not, if he would have fled ;  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

SOM. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu !

LUCY. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.*

TAL. O young John Talbot ! I did send for thee,  
To tutor thee in stratagems of war ;  
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,  
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars !—  
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,  
A terrible and unavoided<sup>a</sup> danger :  
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;  
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sudden flight : come, dally not, begone.

JOHN. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son ?  
And shall I fly ? O, if you love my mother,  
Dishonour not her honourable name,  
To make a bastard and a slave of me :

<sup>a</sup> *Unavoided*—not to be avoided.

The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood,  
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

TAL. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

TAL. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;

My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.

Upon my death the French can little boast;

In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;

But mine it will, that no exploit have done:

You fled for vantage, every one will swear;

But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay,

If the first hour I shrink, and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,

Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

TAL. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.

TAL. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

JOHN. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

JOHN. No part of him but will be shame in me.

TAL. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

JOHN. Yes, your renowned name: Shall flight abuse it?

TAL. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

JOHN. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

TAL. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not if my father die.

TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

TAL. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,

And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;

I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

JOHN. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,

To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

TAL. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,

Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,

And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood

From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;

And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,

Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy;"—

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;

Art thou not weary, John? How didst thou fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,

Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;

The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:

By me they nothing gain an if I stay,

'T is but the short'ning of my life one day:

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:



All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;

All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart ;  
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart ;  
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die :  
And like me to the peasant boys of France ;  
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.  
Surely, by all the glory you have won,  
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son :  
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot ;  
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TAL. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,  
Thou Icarus ; thy life to me is sweet :  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side ;  
And, commendable prov'd, let 's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the same.*

*Alarun: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.*

TAL. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone ;—  
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?  
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.  
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,  
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience ;  
But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,  
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clust'ring battle of the French :  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His over-mounting spirit ; and there died  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.*

SERV. O my dear lord ! lo, where your son is borne !

TAL. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,  
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,  
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.  
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,  
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :  
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no ;  
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.  
Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks ; as who should say,  
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.  
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms ;  
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.  
Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,  
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[Dies.

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter*  
*CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.*

CHAR. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,  
We should have found a bloody day of this.  
BAST. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood<sup>a</sup>,  
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !  
PUC. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,—  
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid :"  
But, with a proud, majestical high scorn,  
He answer'd thus : "Young Talbot was not born  
To be the pillage of a giglot wench :"  
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,  
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.  
BUR. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight ;  
See, where he lies inhered in the arms  
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.  
BAST. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder ;  
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.  
CHAR. O, no ; forbear : for that which we have fled  
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended ; a French Herald preceding.*

LUCY. Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent ;  
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.  
CHAR. On what submissive message art thou sent ?  
LUCY. Submission, dauphin ! 't is a mere French word ;  
We English warriors wot not what it means.  
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,  
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

<sup>a</sup> *Raging wood*—raging mad.

CHAR. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

LUCY. But where 's<sup>a</sup> the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?  
Created, for his rare success in arms,  
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;  
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,  
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,  
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,  
The thrice-victorious lord of Falconbridge;  
Knight of the noble order of saint George,  
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;  
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,  
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

PU. Here is a silly stately style indeed!  
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a style as this.  
Him, that thou maguifiest with all these titles,  
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

LUCY. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchman's only scourge,  
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?  
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,  
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!  
O, that I could but call these dead to life!  
It were enough to fright the realm of France:  
Were but his picture left among you here,  
It would amaze the proudest of you all.  
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,  
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

PU. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,  
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.  
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,  
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

CHAR. Go, take their bodies hence.

LUCY. I 'll bear them hence:

But from their ashes shall be rear'd  
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

CHAR. So we be rid of them do with 'em what thou wilt.  
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;  
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *But where's.* So the original. The ordinary reading is, "*Where is.*" It appears to us that Lucy utters an exclamation of surprise when he does not see Talbot, supposing him to be prisoner.



[Scene V.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.*

K. HEN. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,  
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

GLO. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—  
They humbly sue unto your excellence,  
To have a godly peace concluded of  
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. HEN. How doth your grace affect their motion?

GLO. Well, my good lord; and as the only means  
To stop effusion of our christian blood,  
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. HEN. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought  
It was both impious and unnatural

That such immanity<sup>a</sup> and bloody strife  
Should reign among professors of one faith.

GLO. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,  
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—  
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,  
A man of great authority in France—  
Proffers his only daughter to your grace  
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. HEN. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young;  
And fitter is my study and my books  
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.  
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,  
So let them have their answers every one:  
I shall be well content with any choice  
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER in a  
Cardinal's habit.*

EXE. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,  
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?  
Then, I perceive that will be verified,  
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—  
“If once he come to be a cardinal,  
“He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.”

K. HEN. My lords ambassadors, your several suits  
Have been consider'd and debated on.  
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:  
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd  
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;  
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean  
Shall be transported presently to France.

GLO. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—  
I have inform'd his highness so at large,  
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,  
Her beauty and the value of her dower,—  
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. HEN. In argument and proof of which contract,  
Bear her this jewel [*to the Amb.*], pledge of my affection.  
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,  
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,  
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt K. HENRY and Train; GLOSTER, EXETER, and Ambassadors.*]

WIN. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive

<sup>a</sup> *Immanity*—barbarity.



The sum of money which I promised  
Should be deliver'd to his holiness  
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

LEG. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

WIN. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.  
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,  
That, neither in birth, or for authority,  
The bishop will be overborne by thee :  
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—France. *Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.*

CHAR. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits :

'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt,  
And turn again unto the warlike French.

ALEN. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,  
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

PUC. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us ;  
Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Success unto our valiant general,  
And happiness to his accomplices !

CHAR. What tidings send our scouts ? I prithee speak.

MESS. The English army, that divided was  
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one ;  
And means to give you battle presently.

CHAR. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;  
But we will presently provide for them.

BUR. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there ;  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

PUC. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd :—  
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;  
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

CHAR. Then on, my lords ; and France be fortunate !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* *Before Angiers.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.*

PUC. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.

Now, help, ye charming spells, and periapts<sup>a</sup>;  
 And ye choice spirits that admonish me,  
 And give me signs of future accidents!  
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes  
 Under the lordly monarch of the north<sup>b</sup>,  
 Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

[Thunder.

*Enter Fiends.*

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof  
 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.  
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd  
 Out of the powerful regions under earth,  
 Help me this once, that France may get the field.

*[They walk about and speak not.]*

O, hold me not with silence over-long!  
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,  
 I'll lop a member off, and give it you,  
 In earnest of a further benefit;

*[They hang their heads.]*

So you do condescend to help me now.—  
 No hope to have redress?—My body shall  
 Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.  
 Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,

*[They shake their heads.]*

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?  
 Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,  
 Before that England give the French the foil.  
 See! they forsake me. Now the time is come  
 That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,  
 And let her head fall into England's lap.  
 My ancient incantations are too weak,  
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with:  
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

*[They depart.]*

*[Exit.]*

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE<sup>c</sup> and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.*

YORK. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:  
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,  
 And try if they can gain your liberty.

<sup>a</sup> *Periapts*—amulets—charms. Cotgrave explains the word, "medicines *hanged about* any part of the body."

<sup>b</sup> "The *monarch of the North*," says Douce, "was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were, Amaimon king of the East, Gorson king of the South, and Goap king of the West. Under these devil kings were devil marquesses, dukes, prelates, knights, presidents, and earls. They are all enumerated, from Wier, '*De Præstigiis Dæmonum*,' in Scot's '*Discoverie of Witchcraft*,' Book xv. c. 2, 3."

<sup>c</sup> The old stage-direction is, "*Burgundy and York fight hand to hand.*"

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,

As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

YORK. O, Charles the dauphin is a proper man ;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee !

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

YORK. Fell, banning hag ! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

YORK. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in LADY MARGARET.*

SUF. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands<sup>a</sup>.

I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

MAR. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,

The king of Naples ; whosoe'er thou art.

SUF. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou are allotted to be ta'en by me :

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.

Yet if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*]

O, stay !—I have no power to let her pass ;

My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

<sup>a</sup> We print these lines as they stand in the original. Modern editors, however, give them thus:—

“ For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.”

Malone says that by the original reading “ Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example.” We do not see this. Suffolk says,—

“ Do not fear, nor fly ;

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.”

He then adds, kissing the lady's fingers,—

“ I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side,”—

accompanying the words by a corresponding action. He takes the lady's hand, but, instead of seizing it as the hand of a prisoner, he replaces it, having kissed it, on her tender side.

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.  
 Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :  
 I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind :  
 Fie, De la Poole ! disable not thyself ;  
 Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?  
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?  
 Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,  
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

MAR. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,

What ransom must I pay before I pass ?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

SUF. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love ?

[*Aside.*

MAR. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom must I pay ?

SUF. She 's beautiful ; and therefore to be woo'd :

She is a woman ; therefore to be won.

[*Aside.*

MAR. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no ?

SUF. Fond man ! remember that thou hast a wife ;

[*Aside.*

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ?

MAR. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

SUF. There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card.

MAR. He talks at random ; sure, the man is mad.

SUF. And yet a dispensation may be had.

MAR. And yet I would that you would answer me.

SUF. I 'll win this lady Margaret. For whom ?

Why, for my king : Tush ! that 's a wooden thing.

MAR. He talks of wood : it is some carpenter.

SUF. Yet so my fancy<sup>a</sup> may be satisfied,

And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too :

For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match.

[*Aside.*

MAR. Hear ye, captain ? Are you not at leisure ?

SUF. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much :

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

MAR. What though I be enthralld ? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

[*Aside.*

SUF. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MAR. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French ;

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

[*Aside.*

SUF. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause——

MAR. Tush ! women have been captivate ere now.

[*Aside.*

<sup>a</sup> *Fancy*—love.

SUF. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

MAR. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.

SUF. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose  
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

MAR. To be a queen in bondage is more vile  
Than is a slave in base servility;  
For princes should be free.

SUF. And so shall you,  
If happy England's royal king be free.

MAR. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

SUF. I 'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;  
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,  
And set a precious crown upon thy head,  
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

MAR. What?

SUF. His love.

MAR. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUF. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,  
And have no portion in the choice myself.  
How say you, madam; are you so content?

MAR. An if my father please, I am content.

SUF. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:  
And, madam, at your father's castle walls  
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*]

*A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.*

SUF. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

REIG. To whom?

SUF. To me.

REIG. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,  
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

SUF. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:  
Consent (and for thy honour, give consent),  
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;  
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;  
And this her easy-held imprisonment  
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

REIG. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

SUF. Fair Margaret knows  
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

REIG. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,  
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

SUF. And here I will expect thy coming.



*Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.*

REIG. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories ;

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

SUF. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king :

What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

REIG. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,

To be the princely bride of such a lord ;

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,

Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

SUF. That is her ransom, I deliver her ;

And those two counties, I will undertake,

Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

REIG. And I again, in Henry's royal name,

As deputy unto that gracious king,

Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

SUF. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king :

And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*

I'll over then to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemnis'd ;

So, farewell, Reignier ! set this diamond safe

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

REIG. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

MAR. Farewell, my lord ! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

[*Going.*

SUF. Farewell, sweet madam ! But hark you, Margaret ;

No princely commendations to my king ?

MAR. Such commendations as become a maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

SUF. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—

No loving token to his majesty ?

MAR. Yes, my good lord ; a pure unspotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

SUF. And this withal.

[*Kisses her.*

MAR. That for thyself ; I will not so presume,

To send such peevish tokens to a king. [*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*

SUF. O, wert thou for myself !—But, Suffolk, stay ;

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth ;

There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.  
 Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise :  
 Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount :  
 Mad<sup>a</sup>, natural graces that extinguish art ;  
 Repeat their semblance often on the seas,  
 That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,  
 Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exit.*SCENE IV.—*Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.**Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.*

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

*Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.*

SHEP. Ah, Joan ! this kills thy father's heart outright !

Have I sought every country far and near,

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,

Must I behold thy timeless cruel death ?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I 'll die with thee !

PUC. Decrepit miser<sup>b</sup> ; base ignoble wretch ;

I am descended of a gentler blood ;

Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

SHEP. Out, out !—My lords, an please you, 't is not so ;

I did beget her all the parish knows :

Her mother liveth yet, can testify

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

WAR. Graceless ! wilt thou deny thy parentage ?

YORK. This argues what her kind of life hath been ;

Wicked and vile ; and so her death concludes.

SHEP. Fie, Joan ! that thou wilt be so obstacle<sup>c</sup> !

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh ;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear :

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

PUC. Peasant, avaunt !—You have suborn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEP. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest,

The morn that I was wedded to her mother.

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop ? Now cursed be the time

<sup>a</sup> *Mad.* Steevens thinks this epithet is used in the sense of *wild*.<sup>b</sup> *Miser*—wretch, miserable creature.<sup>c</sup> *Obstacle*—obstinate. In Chapman's 'May Day' we have—"An *obstacle* young thing it is."

Of thy nativity! I would, the milk  
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,  
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!  
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,  
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!  
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?  
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.

[Exit.]

YORK. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,  
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

PUC. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issued from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits:  
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.  
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been  
A virgin from her tender infancy,  
Chaste and immaculate in every thought;  
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,  
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

WAR. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,  
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow;  
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,  
That so her torture may be shortened.

PUC. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;  
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.  
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:  
Murther not then the fruit within my womb,  
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YORK. Now Heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

WAR. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:  
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

YORK. She and the dauphin have been juggling:  
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WAR. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;  
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd ; my child is none of his ;

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

YORK. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel !

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you ;

'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

WAR. A married man ! that 's most intolerable.

YORK. Why, here 's a girl ! I think she knows not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WAR. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.

YORK. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee :

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence ;—with whom I leave my curse :

May never glorious sun reflex his beams

Upon the country where you make abode !

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you : till mischief, and despair,

Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !

[*Exit, guarded.*]

YORK. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,

Thou foul accursed minister of hell !

*Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.*

CAR. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence

With letters of commission from the king.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace

Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;

And here at hand the dauphin, and his train,

Approacheth to confer about some matter.

YORK. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?

After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,

That in this quarrel have been overthrown,

And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,

Our great progenitors had conquered ?

O, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief

The utter loss of all the realm of France.

WAR. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,  
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants  
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, and others.*

CHAR. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed  
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,  
We come to be informed by yourselves  
What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes  
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,  
By sight of these our baleful<sup>a</sup> enemies.

WIN. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:  
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,  
Of mere compassion and of lenity,  
To ease your country of distressful war,  
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,  
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:  
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear  
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,  
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,  
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALEN. Must he be then as shadow of himself?  
Adorn his temples with a coronet;  
And yet, in substance and authority,  
Retain but privilege of a private man?  
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHAR. 'T is known already that I am possess'd  
With more than half the Gallian territories,  
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:  
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,  
Detract so much from that prerogative,  
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?  
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep  
That which I have, than, coveting for more,  
Be cast from possibility of all.

YORK. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means  
Used intercession to obtain a league;  
And, now the matter grows to compromise,  
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?  
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,

<sup>a</sup> *Baleful*—baneful.



Of benefit proceeding from our king,  
And not of any challenge of desert,  
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIG. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy  
To cavil in the course of this contract:  
If once it be neglected, ten to one,  
We shall not find like opportunity.

ALEN. To say the truth, it is your policy,  
To save your subjects from such massacre,  
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen  
By our proceeding in hostility:  
And therefore take this compact of a truce,  
Although you break it when your pleasure serves. [Aside, to CHARLES.

WAR. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

CHAR. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest  
In any of our towns of garrison.

YORK. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;  
As thou art knight, never to disobey,  
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,  
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;  
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,  
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK; GLOSTER and EXETER following.*

K. HEN. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,  
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:  
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,  
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:  
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts  
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,  
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,  
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive  
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUF. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale  
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:  
The chief perfections of that lovely dame  
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)

Would make a volume of enticing lines,  
Able to ravish any dull conceit.  
And, which is more, she is not so divine,  
So full replete with choice of all delights,  
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,  
She is content to be at your command;  
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,  
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. HEN. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.  
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent  
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLO. So should I give consent to flatter sin.  
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd  
Unto another lady of esteem;  
How shall we then dispense with that contract,  
And not deface your honour with reproach?

SUF. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;  
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd  
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
By reason of his adversary's odds:  
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
And therefore may be broke without offence.

GLO. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?  
Her father is no better than an earl,  
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUF. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,  
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;  
And of such great authority in France  
As his alliance will confirm our peace,  
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLO. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,  
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

EXE. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,  
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

SUF. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,  
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.  
Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,  
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.  
Marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;  
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,  
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,  
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,  
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.  
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.  
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,  
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?  
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,  
Approves her fit for none but for a king:  
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,  
(More than in women commonly is seen,)  
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;  
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,  
Is likely to beget more conquerors,  
If with a lady of so high resolve  
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.  
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,  
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. HEN. Whether it be through force of your report,  
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that  
My tender youth was never yet attain'd  
With any passion of inflaming love,  
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,  
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,  
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;  
Agree to any covenants; and procure  
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd  
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:  
For your expenses and sufficient charge,  
Among the people gather up a tenth.  
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,  
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.  
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:  
If you do censure<sup>a</sup> me by what you were,  
Not what you are, I know it will excuse  
This sudden execution of my will.  
And so conduct me, where, from company,  
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

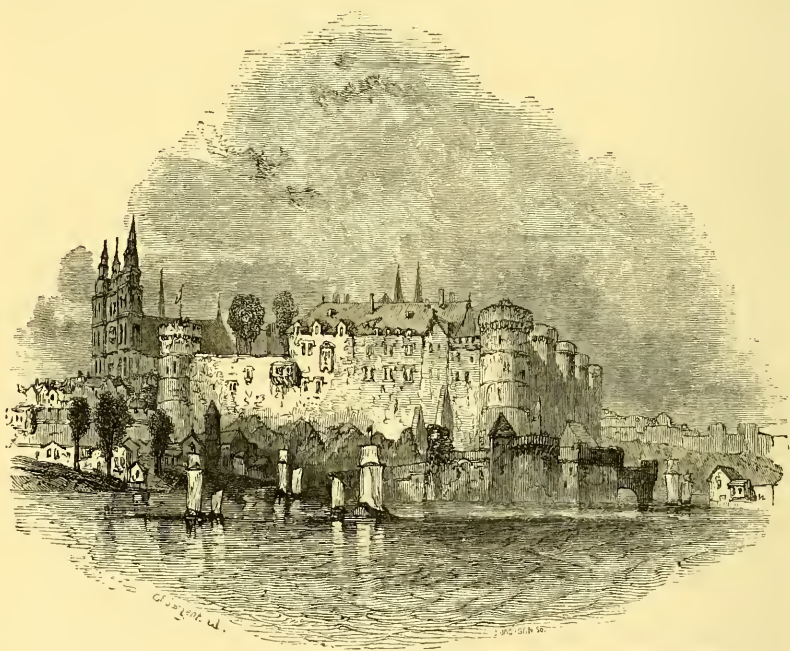
[Exit.

GLO. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last. [Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.

<sup>a</sup> Censure—judge.

SUF. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd : and thus he goes,  
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;  
With hope to find the like event in love,  
But prosper better than the Trojan did.  
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;  
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[Exit.]



[Angiers.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

### ACT I.

#### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Hung be the heavens with black.*”

“THE covering, or internal roof, of the theatre was anciently termed the *heavens*.” Malone, in his ‘History of the Stage,’ has collected some passages from old writers to prove this. The passage before us would warrant us in believing that upon the performance of tragedy the roof, or *heavens*, underwent some gloomy transformation. There is a similar allusion in Marston’s ‘Insatiate Countess:’—

“The stage of heaven is hung with solemn black,  
A time best fitting to act tragedies.”

Mr. Whiter (‘Specimen of a Commentary,’ &c.) has a long and very ingenious passage to prove that several of the poetical images of Shakspeare are derived from this association.

#### <sup>2</sup> SCENE II.

“*Now am I like that proud insulting ship,  
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.*”

The comparison was suggested by a passage in Plutarch’s ‘Life of Cæsar,’ thus translated by North: “Cæsar, hearing that, straight disco-

vered himself unto the master of the pinnace, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, &c., said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheer, &c., and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*”

#### <sup>3</sup> SCENE II.

“*Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*”

In Prideaux’s ‘Life of Mahomet’ we read that the prophet of the Arabians had a dove, “which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet’s shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice.”

#### <sup>4</sup> SCENE III.—“*Blue-coats to tawny-coats.*”

It appears that the *tawny coat* was the livery of an apparitor, and probably of ecclesiastical officers in general. Stow describes the Bishop of London as “attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats.*”

## HISTORICAL.

It is a favourite theory with all the commentators upon Shakspeare, since the time of Dr. Farmer, that the acquired knowledge of the poet was of the most limited character. According to these critics, he was not only unable to read any language but his own, but his power even of reading in English books was limited in a degree that would indicate him to have been the most idle or the most incurious of mankind. Malone’s favourite opinion is, that Shakspeare con-

sulted but *one* historical writer for the materials of his Histories. In a note upon the passage in the first Act of ‘Henry V.’ in which the King of France is erroneously called “king Louis the tenth,” Malone says that Holinshed led Shakspeare into the mistake, and that Hall calls the King correctly Charles the ninth; and he adds, —“Here, therefore, we have a decisive proof that our author’s guide in *all* his historical plays was Holinshed, and not Hall.” In a note upon



the second Act of 'The First Part of Henry VI.,' where an English soldier enters, crying "A Talbot, a Talbot!" the same critic says, "I have quoted a passage from Hall's Chronicle, which probably furnished the author of this play with this circumstance. It is not mentioned by Holinshed (*Shakspeare's historian*), and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced me that this play was not the production of our author." Without entering into a discussion in this place as to the value of Malone's argument that Shakspeare was not the author of 'The First Part of Henry VI.,' because the author of that play had evidently consulted Hall's Chronicle, we must express a decided opinion of the worthlessness of this point, in justification of our intention to illustrate the play before us by passages taken indifferently from Hall or Holinshed. We believe that the question whether Shakspeare was the author of 'The First Part of Henry VI.' is not in the slightest degree affected by the circumstance that the author of this play appears to have been familiar with the narrative of Hall, in which the circumstances of this period of history are given more in detail than by Holinshed. It was perfectly impossible that any writer who undertook to produce four dramas upon the subject of the wars of York and Lancaster should not have gone to Hall's Chronicle as an authority; for that book is expressly on the subject of these wars. The original edition of 1548 bears this title:—"The Vnion of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, beeyng long in continual discencion for the crowne of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the fowerth, the first Authour of this deuision, and so successiely proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eight, the vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages." If it could be proved that Shakspeare had not consulted a book the entire subject of which he has dramatised, devoting to that subject nine out of his ten historical plays, we should consider it the most marvellous circumstance in literary history, and totally inexplicable upon any other theory than that of the grossest ignorance on the part of the author. The phrase of Malone, "*Shakspeare's historian*," assumes that Shakspeare could only read in one book. It was perfectly natural that he, for the most part, should follow Holinshed's account,

which is a compilation from all the English historians; but, as Holinshed constantly refers to his authorities, and in the period of the civil wars particularly to Hall, it is manifest that for some of his details he would go to the book especially devoted to the subject, in which they were treated more fully than in the abridgment which he generally consulted. For example, in Holinshed's narrative of the pathetic interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue between the father and son, but simply, "Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life." In Hall we have the very words at length which the poet has paraphrased. We repeat therefore, that we shall quote indifferently from Hall and Holinshed passages illustrating this play, without considering that the question of its authorship is in the slightest degree involved in thus tracing the footsteps of its author.

The play opens with the funeral of Henry V. In this, as it appears to us, there is great dramatic judgment. The death of that prince, who was the conqueror of France and the idol of England—who, by his extraordinary talents and energy, obliterated almost the memory of the circumstances under which his father obtained the throne—was the starting point of a long period of error and misfortune, during which France was lost, and England torn to pieces by civil war. It was the purpose of the poet to mark most strikingly the obvious cause of these events; and thus, surrounding the very bier of Henry V., the great lords, to whom were committed the management of his kingdom and the guardianship of his son, begin to dispute, and the messenger of France reproaches them for their party conflicts:—

"Among the soldiers this is muttered,—  
That here you maintain several factions."

This, indeed, was an anticipation; for it was two or three years after the accession of Henry VI. that the quarrels of Gloster and Beaufort became dangerous to the realm. In the same way, the losses of towns in France, the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims, and the defeat of Talbot at Patay, were all anticipations of events which occurred during the succeeding seven years. The poet had the chronicles before him in which these events are detailed, year by year, with the strictest regard to dates. But he was not himself a chronicler. It was his business to crowd the narrative of these events upon the scene, so as to impress upon

his audience the general truth that the death of Henry V. was succeeded by disasters which finally overthrew the empire of the English in France. In the final chorus to 'Henry V.,' written some years after this play, the dramatic connection of these disasters, with the death of this heroic prince, is clearly indicated:—

"Fortune made his sword;  
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,  
And of it left his son imperial lord.  
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king  
Of France and England, did this king succeed;  
Whose state so many had the managing,  
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:  
Which oft our stage hath shown."

This is the theme of the three Parts of 'Henry VI.,' and of 'Richard III.;' and in this, the first of these four dramas, or rather the first division of this one great drama, the poet principally shows how France was lost, whilst he slightly touches upon the growth of those factions through which England bled. Previous to the loss of France there was a period of brilliant success, during which the Regent Bedford appeared likely to ensure to Henry VI. the quiet possession of what Henry V. had won for him. But it was not the province of the dramatist to exhibit this aspect of affairs. In the first scene he prepares us, by a bold condensation of the narrative of events, connected in themselves, but occurring at distant periods, for the final loss of France. In the second scene he brings us at once into the heart of the extraordinary circumstances in which the final discomfiture of the English commences—the appearance of Joan of Arc before Orleans, and the almost miraculous success which attended that appearance. There was a real interval of nearly seven years between the events of the first scene and of the second. Henry V. died on the 31st of August, 1422; Joan of Arc entered Orleans in April, 1429. Here, then, commences the true dramatic action of this play. The preceding scene stands in the place of a prologue, and is the key-note to what is to follow.

The narrative of Holinshed, and not that of Hall, has been followed by the poet in the second scene of this Act. Malone did some injustice to Shakspeare in maintaining that he could not have been the author of 'The First Part of Henry VI.,' because the author consulted Hall; for, as it is manifest that the author consulted both chroniclers, Malone gives to his unknown author the merit of doing what he affirms Shakspeare did not do—consult two writers on

one subject. To have been consistent in his argument, he ought to have shown that the unknown author did not consult Holinshed. The narrative of Holinshed, then, who has been consulted in this case, of the first interview of Joan of Arc with Charles VII., is as follows:—



[Joan of Arc.]

"In time of this siege at Orleans, unto Charles the Dauphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and study how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, captain of Vacouleur (made after marshal of France by the Dauphin's creation), was carried a young wench of an eighteen years old, called Joan Arc, by name of her father (a sorry shepherd), James of Arc, and Isabella her mother, brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle, born at Domprin (therefore reported by Bale, Joan Domprin), upon Meuse in Lorraine, within the diocese of Thoule. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person strongly made and manly, of courage great, hardy, and stout withal, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastity both of body and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week. A person (as their books make her) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French estate, then deeply in distress, in whom, for planting a credit the rather, first the company that towards the Dauphin did conduct her, through places all dangerous, as held by the

English, where she never was afore, all the way and by nightertale<sup>a</sup> safely did she lead: then at the Dauphin's sending by her assignment, from Saint Katherine's church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there, among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five fleur-de-lis was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did many slaughters by her own hands. In warfare rode she in armour, cap-à-pie, and mustered as a man, before her an ensign all white, wherein was Jesus Christ painted with a fleur-de-lis in his hand.

"Unto the Dauphin into his gallery when first she was brought, and he shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him to try her cunning from all the company, with a salutation (that indeed was all the matter) she picked him out alone, who thereupon had her to, the end of the gallery, where she held him an hour in secret and private talk, that of his privy chamber was thought very long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let her say on. In which (among other), as likely it was, she set out unto him the singular feats (forsooth) given her to understand by revelation divine, that in virtue of that sword she should achieve, which were, how with honour and victory she would raise the siege at Orleans, set him in state of the crown of France, and drive the English out of the country, thereby he to enjoy the kingdom alone. Hereupon he hearkened at full, appointed her a sufficient army with absolute power to lead them, and they obediently to do as she bade them."

Our quotation is from the second and enlarged edition of Holinshed published in 1586-7; and by this quotation the fact is established, which has not before been noticed, that the author of 'The First Part of Henry VI.' must have consulted that very edition. In the original edition of Holinshed, the first appearance of Joan of Arc at Orleans is treated in a very different manner:—

"While this treaty was in hand, the Dauphin studied daily how to provide remedy, by the delivery of his friends in Orleans out of their present danger. And even at the same time

<sup>a</sup> Night-time. The word is in Chaucer:—

"So hote he loved, that by nightertale

He slept no more than doth the nightingale."

Tyrwhitt explains it as derived from the Saxon nightern dæl,—*nocturna portio*.

that monstrous woman, named Joan la Pucell de Dieu, was presented to him at Chinon, where as then he sojourned, of which woman ye may find more written in the French history, touching her birth, estate, and quality. But, briefly to speak of her doings, so much credit was given to her, that she was honoured as a saint, and so she handled the matter that she was thought to be sent from God to the aid of the Dauphin, otherwise called the French King, Charles, the seventh of that name, as an instrument to deliver France out of the Englishmen's hands, and to establish him in the kingdom."

In this passage the term "monstrous woman" is taken from Hall, who says, "She as a monster was sent to the Dolphin." Hall says she was "a great space a chamberlain in a common hostery, and was a ramp of such boldness that she would course horses and ride them to water, and do things that other young maidens both abhorred and were ashamed to do." The description of Joan of Arc by herself—

"Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter"—

is suggested by Holinshed:—"Brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle." Of the choice of her sword "out of a deal of old iron," we have nothing in Hall, nor in the first edition of Holinshed, nor have we the selection of the Dauphin from amongst his courtiers in these earlier authorities.

The third scene of this Act hurries us back to London. The poet will not lose sight of the events which made England bleed, whilst he delineates those by which France was lost. The narrative of Holinshed, upon which this scene is founded, is almost a literal transcript from Hall. Both chroniclers give the complaint before the Parliament at Leicester of Gloster against Beaufort; of which the first article alleges that the Bishop incited Woodville, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to refuse admission to Gloster, "he being protector and defender of this land."

The fourth scene is a dramatic amplification of a dramatic scene which the poet found both in Hall and Holinshed. We give the passage from the latter chronicler, as it differs very slightly from that of his predecessor:—

"In the tower that was taken at the bridge end (as before you have heard) there was an high chamber, having a grate full of bars of iron, by the which a man might look all the length of the bridge into the city; at which



grate many of the chief captains stood many times, viewing the city, and devising in what place it was best to give the assault. They within the city well perceived this tooting-hole, and laid a piece of ordinance directly against the window. It so chanced, that, the nine-and-fiftieth day after the siege was laid, the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and William Glansdale, with divers other, went into the said tower, and so into the high chamber, and looked out at the grate, and, within a short space, the son of the master-gunner, perceiving men looking out at the window, took his match (as his father had taught him, who was gone down to dinner) and fired the gun; the shot whereof broke and shivered the iron bars of the grate, so that one of the same bars struck the Earl so violently on the head, that it struck away one of his eyes and the side of his cheek. Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise stricken, and died within two days. The Earl was conveyed to Meun on Loire, where, after eight days, he likewise departed this world."

The fifth scene, the subject of which is the

entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, follows the course of narration in both chroniclers; but it was in Hall that the poet found a suggestion for this passage:—

"Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?  
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us."

The old historian is quaintly picturesque in his notice of the joy which this great event produced amongst the French:—

"After this siege thus broken up, to tell you what triumphs were made in the city of Orleans, what wood was spent in fires, what wine was drunk in houses, what songs were sung in the streets, what melody was made in taverns, what rounds were danced in large and broad places, what lights were set up in the churches, what anthems were sung in chapels, and what joy was showed in every place, it were a long work, and yet no necessary cause. For they did as we in like case would have done: and we, being in like estate, would have done as they did."



[Charles VII. of France.]



[Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.]

## ACT II.

## HISTORICAL.

"THIS is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin<sup>a</sup> upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in so much that the bare fame of his approach frightened the French from the siege of Burdeaux."

Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' gives of Talbot. He is the hero of the play before us; and it is easy to see how his bold chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditionary household word up to the time of Shakspere; and other writers, besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser's 'Pastorals,' thus speaks of him in 1579:—"His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oftentimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh." By a poetical licence, Talbot, in this Act, is made to retake Orleans; whereas, in truth, his defeat at the battle of

Patay soon followed upon the raising of the siege after the appearance of Joan of Arc. The loss of this battle is attributed, in the description of the messenger in the first Act, solely to the cowardice of Sir John Fastolfe; and in the fourth Act we are witnesses to the degradation of this knight upon the same imputation of cowardice. There is scarcely enough in the chroniclers to have warranted the poet in making this charge against Fastolfe so prominent. The account of Holinshed, which we subjoin, is nearly a transcript from Hall:—"From this battle departed, without any strokes stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same year for his valiantness elected into the Order of the Garter; for which cause the Duke of Bedford took from him the image of St. George, and his garter, though afterward by mean of friends and apparent causes of good excuse, the same were to him again delivered, against the mind of the Lord Talbot." It is highly probable that Fastolfe, of whose private character we have an intimate knowledge from those most curious records of social life in the days of Henry VI., the 'Paston Letters,' was a commander whose discretion was habitually opposed to the fiery temperament of Talbot; and that, Talbot being the especial favourite of his soldiers, the memory of Fastolfe

<sup>a</sup> Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos meos.



was handed down to Shakspeare's day as that of one who had contributed to lose France by his timidity, he dying in prosperity and ease in England, whilst the great Talbot perished in the field, leaving in the popular mouth the sentiment which Fuller has preserved, "Henceforward we may say good night to the English in France."

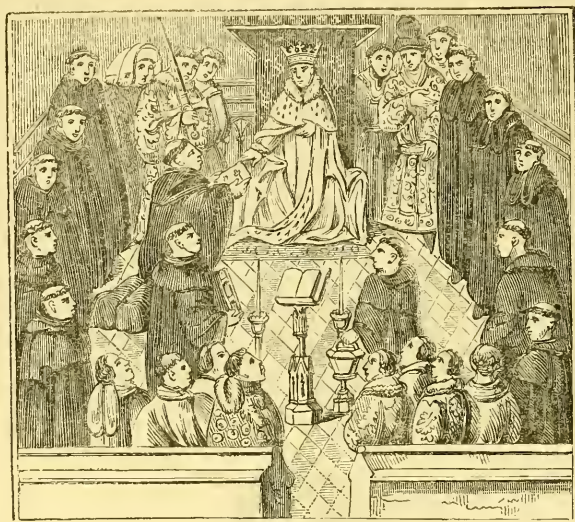
The Bastard of Orleans, who appears in this Act, gave the first serious blow to the power of the English in France at the battle of Montargis.

The scene in the Temple gardens is of purely dramatic creation. It is introduced, we think, with singular judgment, with reference to the purpose of connecting the 'First Part of Henry VI.' with the Second and Third Parts. The scene of the death of Mortimer is introduced with the same object. Edmund Mortimer did

not die in confinement, nor was he an old man at the time of his death; but the accounts of the chroniclers are so confused, that the poet has not committed any violation of historical truth, such as it presented itself to him, in dramatising the following passage of Hall (the third year of Henry VI.):—"During which season Edmund Mortimer, the last Earl of March of that name (which long time had been restrained from his liberty, and finally waxed lame), deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet, son and heir to Richard Earl of Cambridge, beheaded, as you have heard before, at the town of Southampton. Which Richard, within less than thirty years, as heir to this Earl Edmund, in open Parliament claimed the crown and sceptre of this realm."



[Bastard of Orleans.]



[Parliament of Henry]

## ACT III.

## HISTORICAL.

It is here that Henry is first introduced on the scene. The poet has represented him as very young :—

“What, shall a child instruct you what to do?”

He was, in truth, only in his fifth year when the contest between Gloster and Beaufort was solemnly arbitrated before the parliament at Leicester. But the poor child was made to go through the ceremonies of royalty even before this. Hall, writing of the third year of his reign, says, “About Easter, this year, the king called his high court of parliament at his town of Westminster; and coming to the parliament house, he was conveyed through the city upon a great courser with great triumph; which child was judged of all men not only to have the very image, the lively portraiture, and lovely countenance of his noble parent and famous father, but also like to succeed and be his heir in all moral virtues, martial policies, and princely feats.”

At the parliament of Leicester Bedford presided, and “openly rebuked the lords in general because that they, in the time of war, through

their privy malice and inward grudge, had almost moved the people to war and commotion.” This rebuke the poet has put into the mouth of Henry :—

“Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,  
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.”

The creation of Richard Plantagenet as Duke of York has been dramatically introduced by the poet into the same scene. The honours bestowed upon Plantagenet immediately followed the hollow reconciliation between Gloster and Beaufort.

The second scene brings us again to France. The stratagem by which Joan of Arc is here represented to have taken Rouen is found in Holinshed, as a narrative of the mode in which Evreux was taken in 1442. The scene of Bedford dying in the field is purely imaginary. The chronicler simply records his death in 1435, and that his “body was with all funeral solemnity buried in the cathedral church of our Lady in Rone, on the north side of the high altar, under a sumptuous and costly monument.”

The defection of the Duke of Burgundy from the English cause did not take place till 1434, and it was in that year that he wrote the letter to Henry to which Gloster alludes in the first scene of the fourth Act. The English chroniclers are totally silent as to any influence exercised, or attempted to be exercised, by Joan of Arc, in the separation of Burgundy from the interests of England. The actual event, of course, took place after Joan's death; yet it is most remarkable that the spirited dialogue between La Pucelle and Burgundy, in this Act, is wholly

borne out by the circumstance that the Maid, on the very day of the coronation of Charles at Rheims, in 1429, addressed a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, in which she uses arguments not at all unlike those of this scene of the play. The letter is published by Barante. ('*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*,' tome iv., page 259.) The original is in the archives of Lille; and Barante says it was first published in 1780. We can scarcely avoid thinking that the author of this play had access to some French chronicler, by whom the substance of the letter was given.



[Duke of Bedford.]

## ACT IV.

### HISTORICAL.

THE coronation of Henry VI. in Paris took place as early as 1431. In the scene of the play where this event is represented, Talbot receives a commission to proceed against Burgundy; and the remainder of the fourth Act is occupied with the events of the campaign in which Talbot fell. Twenty years, or more, are leapt over by the poet, for the purpose of showing, amidst the disasters of our countrymen in France, the heroism by which the struggle for empire was so long maintained. We have already alluded to the detailed narrative which Hall gives of Talbot's death, and

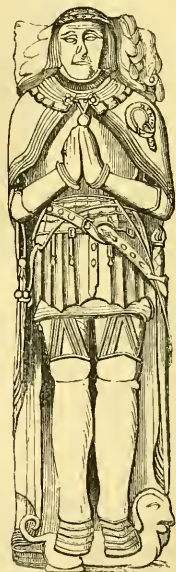
the brief notice of Holinshed. The account of the elder historian is very graphic, and no doubt furnished the materials for the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of this Act:—

“This conflict continued in doubtful judgment of victory two long hours; during which fight the lords of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great company of Frenchmen, entered the battle, and began a new field; and suddenly the gunners, perceiving the Englishmen to approach near, discharged their ordinance, and slew three hundred persons near to the Earl, who, perceiving the imminent jeopardy and

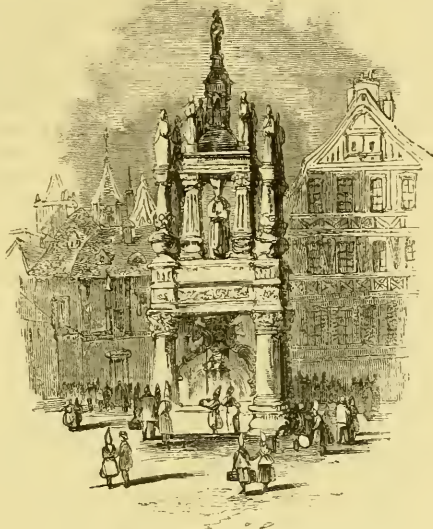


subtile labyrinth 'in the which he and his people were enclosed and illaqueate, despising his own safeguard, and desiring the life of his entirely and well-beloved son the Lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counselled him to depart out of the field, and to save himself. But when the son had answered that it was neither honest nor natural for him to leave his father in the extreme jeopardy of his life, and that he would taste of that draught which his father and parent should assay and begin, the noble earl and comfortable captain said to him, Oh, son, son ! I, thy father, which only hath been the terror and scourge of the French people so many years,—which hath subverted so many towns, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battle and martial conflict,—neither can here die, for the honour of my country, without great laud and perpetual fame, nor fly or depart without perpetual shame and continual infamy. But because this is thy first journey and enterprise, neither thy flying shall redound to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth as a temerarious person foolishly abideth, therefore the fleeing of me shall be the dishonour, not only of me and my progeny, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall save thy life, and make thee able another time, if I be slain, to revenge my death, and to do honour to thy prince and profit to his realm. But nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life, nor thought of security, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father; who, considering the constancy of his child, and the great danger that they stood in, comforted his soldiers, cheered his captains, and valiantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies, having a greater company of men, and more abundance of ordinance, than before had been seen in a battle, first shot him through the thigh with a hand gun, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lying on the ground, whom they never durst look in the face while he stood on his feet: and with

him there died manfully his son the Lord Lisle, his bastard son Henry Talbot, and Sir Edward Hull, elect to the noble Order of the Garter, and thirty valiant personages of the English nation; and the Lord Molyns was there taken prisoner with sixty other. The residue of the English people fled to Burdeaux and other places; whereof in the flight were slain above a thousand persons. At this battle of Chastillon, fought the 13th day of July, in this year, ended his life, Lord John Talbot, and of his progeny the first Earl of Shrewsbury, after that he with much fame, more glory, and most victory, had for his prince and country, by the space of twenty-four years and more, valiantly made war and served the king in the parts beyond the sea, whose corps was left on the ground, and after was found by his friends, and conveyed to Whitchurch in Shropshire, where it is intumulate."



[Effigy upon the Tomb of John Talbot.]



[Old Monument of Joan of Arc, Rouen.]

## ACT V.

## HISTORICAL.

THE circumstances which attended the capture of Joan of Arc are differently told by the French chroniclers. They all agree, however, that the event happened at Compeigne. The narrative which we find in the first edition of Holinshed is almost entirely taken from that of Hall. In the second edition we have an abstract of the details of the 'Chroniques de Bretagne.' The poet has departed from the literal exactness of all the accounts. We give the passage from Holinshed:—

"After this the Duke of Bourgoyne, accompanied with the Earls of Arundel and Suffolke, and the Lord John of Lutzenburg, besieged the town of Compeigne with a great puissance. This town was well walled, manned, and victualled, so that the besiegers were constrained to cast trenches and make mines, for otherwise they saw not how to compass their purpose. In the mean time it happened, in the night of the Ascension of our Lord (A. 1430), that Poyton de Saintreyles, Joan la Pucelle, and five or six

hundred men of arms, issued out by the bridge toward Mondedier, intending to set fire in the tents and lodgings of the Lord Bawdo de Noyelle. At the same very time, Sir John de Lutzenburg, with eight other gentlemen, chanced to be near unto the lodgings of the said Lord Bawdo, where they espied the Frenchmen, which began to cut down tents, overthrow pavilions, and kill men in their beds; whereupon they with all speed assembled a great number of men, as well English as Bourgoynions, and courageously set on the Frenchmen, and in the end beat them back into the town, so that they fled so fast that one letted another, as they would have entered. In the chase and pursuit was the Pucelle taken with divers other, besides those that were slain, which were no small number."

The mode in which the author of this play has chosen to delineate the character of Joan of Arc, in the last Act, has been held to be a proof that Shakspeare was not the author. It will be



our duty to treat this subject at length in another place; but we would here observe that, however the dramatist may have represented this extraordinary woman as a sorceress, and made her accuse herself of licentious conduct, he has fallen very far short of the injustice of the English chroniclers, who, no doubt, represented the traditional opinions of the English nation. Upon her first appearance at Orleans she was denounced by Bedford in his letter to the King of France as "a devilish witch and satanical enchantress." After the cruel revenge which the English took upon their captive, a letter was written in the name of Henry to the Duke of Burgundy, setting forth and defending the proceedings which had taken place at Rouen. The conclusion of this letter marks the spirit of the age; and Hall, writing more than a century afterwards, affirms that the letter is quite sufficient evidence that Joan was an organ of the devil: "And because she still was obstinate in her trespasses and villainous offences," says the letter of Henry, "she was delivered to the secular power, the which condemned her to be burnt and consumed her in the fire. And when she saw that the fatal day of her obstinacy was come, she openly confessed that the spirits which to her often did appear were evil and false, and apparent liars; and that their promise which they had made to deliver her out of captivity was false and untrue, affirming herself by those spirits to be often beguiled, blinded, and mocked. And so, being in good mind, she was by the justices carried to the old market within the city of Roan, and there by the fire consumed to ashes in the sight of all the people." The confession in the fourth scene, which is so revolting to us, is built upon an assertion which the dramatist found in Holinshed. Taken altogether, the character of Joan of Arc, as represented in this play, appears to us to be founded upon juster views than those of the chroniclers; and the poet, without any didactic expression of his opinion, has dramatically made us feel that the conduct of her persecutors was atrocious. That in a popular play, written two hundred and fifty years ago, we should find those tolerant, and therefore profound, views of the character of such an enthusiast as Joan of Arc by which she is estimated in our own day, was hardly to be expected. From her own countrymen Joan of Arc had an equally scanty measure of justice. Monstrelet, the French chronicler, does not hesitate to affirm that the

whole affair was a got-up imposture. The same views prevailed in France in the next century; and it is scarcely necessary to observe, that Voltaire converted the story of the Maid into a vehicle for the most profligate ribaldry. Long after France had erected monuments to Joan of Arc, her memory was ridiculed by those who claimed to be in advance of public opinion.

The narrative of the wooing of Margaret of Anjou by Suffolk is thus given by Holinshed.—

"In the treating of this truce, the Earl of Suffolk, extending his commission to the uttermost, without the assent of his associates, imagined in his fantasy that the next way to come to a perfect peace was to move some marriage between the French King's kinswoman, the Lady Margaret, daughter to Regner Duke of Anjou, and his sovereign lord King Henry. This Regner Duke of Anjou named himself King of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem, having only the name and style of those realms, without any penny profit or foot of possession. This marriage was made strange to the Earl at first, and one thing seemed to be a great hindrance to it, which was, because the King of England occupied a great part of the duchy of Anjou, and the whole county of Maine, appertaining (as was alleged) to King Regner. The Earl of Suffolk (I cannot say) either corrupted with bribes, or too much affection to this unprofitable marriage, condescended and agreed that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine should be delivered to the King, the bride's father, demanding for her marriage neither penny nor farthing, as who would say that this new affinity passed all riches, and excelled both gold and precious stone. \* \* \* \* But although this marriage pleased the King and others of his counsel, yet Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, protector of the realm, was much against it, alleging that it should be both contrary to the laws of God and dishonourable to the prince if he should break that promise and contract of marriage made by ambassadors, sufficiently thereto instructed, with the daughter of the Earl of Arminack, upon conditions both to him and his realm as much profitable as honourable. But the Duke's words could not be heard, for the Earl's doings were only liked and allowed. \* \* \* \* The Earl of Suffolk was made Marquis of Suffolk, which marquis, with his wife and many honourable personages of men and women, sailed into France for the conveyance of the nominated queen into the realm of

England. For King Regner, her father, for all his long style, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the King her spouse."

In the fourth scene we find

"That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France."

By this was probably intended the truce of

1444, which lasted till 1449. It was in that year that Charles VII. poured his troops into Normandy, and that Rouen, "that rich city," as Holinshed calls it,—the scene of the English glory and the English shame,—was delivered to the French.



[Reigner, Duke of Anjou.]

## COSTUME.

THE number of historical personages introduced in the plays of 'Henry VI.,' 'Richard III.,' and 'Henry VIII.,' of whom we have the "lively effigies" handed down to us, will render unnecessary a long verbal description of the costumes of their respective periods, as portraits of the principal individuals in their habits as they lived will appeal immediately to the eye of the reader, and require scarcely any explanation. Henry VI. himself, in this play, is almost the only personage for whose dress we have no contemporary authority. He appears for the first time in the third Act of this Part as a young man, in his parliament robes, and in the full exercise of his kingly office, in Westminster Hall; but, in point of fact, he was at that time, a child of eight years of age at the utmost. In the fourth Act he is crowned at Paris (he was then only in his tenth year), and in the fifth Act he is in his

ordinary apparel in his palace in London. The only representations we remember of Henry in his childhood are those drawn by John Rous, the Warwickshire antiquary, in the reign of Richard III., and which are consequently no authorities for this period. As the poet, however, has thought fit to make him a young man, we shall be justified in showing him on his throne as king, presenting a sword to John Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury, and surrounded by several of his nobility in their parliamentary robes. (See the following Cut.) In a MS. life of St. Edmund, by Lydgate (Harleian Col., No. 2278), there is a representation of the king presiding in Parliament, which is very nearly of this period; and another MS. in the same collection (No. 1766), also a work of Lydgate's, was written and illuminated, by command of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, about the



[Henry VI. and Court. John Talbot receiving a Sword.]

beginning of the reign of Henry VI., and will furnish the general costume of the people. This will be given in Part II.

Of Duke Humphrey we know no contemporary portrait or effigy; but of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, there is a most authentic representation in the well-known and splendid MS. called the Bedford Missal. He is attired in a richly-embroidered robe, with the extravagantly long sleeves of the period; his hair is cut short all round his head, in accordance with the fashion of the preceding reign. The tapestry behind him is covered with his badge, the root of a tree, and his "word," or motto, "a vous entier." We give his portrait from this authority. Of Henry Beaufort, Cardinal-Bishop of Winchester, there remains a fine effigy on his tomb in Winchester Cathedral. (This will be given in Part II.) He is in his cardinal's robes. The sleeves

of the under tunic are black, edged with white; at each side of his face, which is placid and beardless, appears a little lock of black hair. On his hands are gloves fringed with gold, and having an oval-shaped jewel (an ancient mark of dignity) on the back. On the middle and third fingers of each hand are rings, worn over the gloves. Of John Beaufort, Duke and Earl of Somerset, there is a splendid effigy in Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, representing him in a richly-ornamented suit of armour of this period. He is without a jupon or surcoat, in complete plate, the borders elaborately engraved and gilt. The bascinet is surrounded by a coronet. To the *tassets*, or plates below the cuirass, are appended by straps and buckles those additional fences for the thighs, called *tuilles*, which first appear in this reign; and just above them, over the hips, he wears the



military belt, or girdle, to which are affixed on one side his sword, and on the other his dagger.



[Duke of Bedford.]

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, is represented in his civil attire in a window of St. Mary's Hall, at Coventry, engraved in Dugdale's 'Warwickshire.' He wears a richly-ornamented hood; a loose robe of some figured stuff, with large sleeves, lined with ermine, over a tight under-dress of cloth or velvet. His effigy in the Warwick Chapel exhibits another fine specimen of the armour of this reign.

Of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, there is also a fine effigy in armour, and wearing the mantle of the Garter, beautifully engraved in Mr. Stothard's valuable work of 'Sepulchral Monuments.' (See Illustrations of Act IV.) Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, is depicted in armour in a MS. copy of Lydgate's poem, 'The Pilgrim' (Harleian Col., No. 4826). The tassets have no tuilles attached to them, and the cloak with scalloped edges, worn with the armour, is a fashion of the time of Henry V. (See 'King Henry V.,' Act IV.) Of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, there is an effigy in the north wall of the chancel at Wingfield Church, Suffolk. He is in armour, with a conical bascinet and gorget of mail. Sir John Fastolfe is depicted in armour, and wearing the mantle and ensigns of the order of the Garter,

in the south window of the church at Pulham, Norfolk. (*Vide* Gough and Blomefield.)

There are numerous portraits of Charles VII. of France, engraved from various sources, in Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Française.' We have selected such as are most interesting to the reader of Shakspeare, and have only to premise that the illumination wherein Charles is represented receiving a book from a monk is of a later date than this play, and exhibits the costume of the reign of Edward IV. We give it, however, as a curious Illustration.

The portrait of Reignier (René), Duke of Anjou (Historical Illustration of Act V.), is from a painting *by himself*. It exhibits him however, as decorated with the order of St. Michael, and must therefore date considerably later than this part of 'Henry VI.,' as the order was instituted by Louis XI., in 1469. There is a portrait of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, representing him in the robes of the order of the Golden Fleece, which he himself instituted at Bruges, in 1429: but in this play both Reignier and Philip should be in armour. The same remark applies to the portrait of the famous Dunois, Bastard of Orleans (Historical Illustration of Act II.), from Montfaucon. Of the celebrated Joan of Arc the only authentic, because the only contemporary, representation known to us, is that engraved in Millin's work, from the monument erected to her memory at Orleans, by Charles VII. Charles and Joan are thereon sculptured kneeling, in complete armour. (See end of this Notice.) The painting in the Town Hall of Orleans is, as the costume proves, of the time of our Henry VII., and is believed by some not to have been originally intended to represent La Pucelle at all. It is no authority either for dress or features, but we give it as an Illustration (Act I.). Of Margaret of Anjou there are several portraits as queen, but we know of none painted previous to her marriage.

From the authorities here given, our readers will be able, as we have before observed, to perceive at once the particular alterations in costume which characterise the unquiet reign of Henry VI. A great variety of caps, hats, and hoods, were now introduced; feathers were rarely used, and seem to have gone out of fashion again with the reign of Henry V. In armour, we find the *salet* or *salade*, a steel cap something resembling the bascinet, but taking more the form of the head, and descending lower in

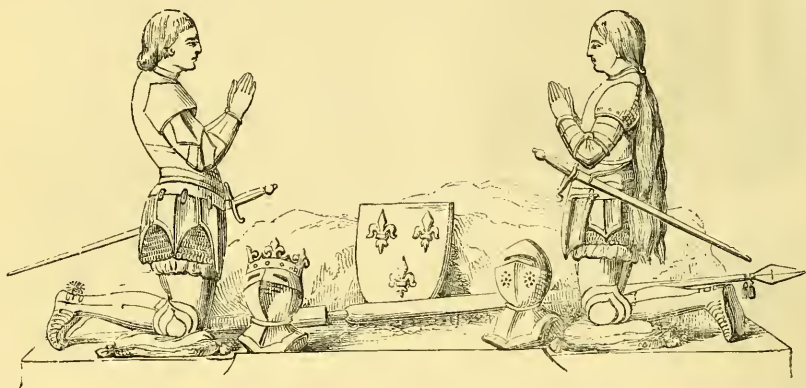
the neck, where it was sometimes furnished with jointed plates. The spurs at this time were very long-necked, had exceedingly large rowels, and were screwed into the heels of the steel sollerets, instead of being fastened by straps and buckles. The hair was still worn very short; and beards and moustaches appear but rarely.

In the female attire, the principal change is observable in the head-dress,—that which is generally called the heart-shaped or reticulated form prevailing. Turbans of a very Oriental character are also seen occasionally in the Illuminated MSS. of this period.

As the Mayor of London appears in this play,

we may as well remark that Stow relates that when Henry VI. returned from France, in 1432, the Lord Mayor of London rode to meet him at Eltham, being arrayed in crimson velvet, a great velvet hat, furred, a girdle of gold about his middle, and a baldrick of gold about his neck, trailing down behind him; his three henchmen in one suit of red, spangled with silver; the Aldermen in gowns of scarlet with purple hoods; and all the commonalty of the city in white gowns and scarlet hoods, with divers cognisances embroidered on their sleeves.

The livery colours of the house of Lancaster were white and blue; those of the house of York, murrey and blue.



[*Figures from the Monument of Charles VII. and La Pucelle, at Orleans.*]





KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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THIS drama appears in the original folio edition of Shakspeare's plays under the title of 'The Second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Good Duke Humfrey.' In the form in which it has been transmitted to us by the editors of that first collected edition of our author, it had not been previously printed. But in 1594 there appeared a separate play, in quarto, under the following title:—'The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey, and the Banishment and Death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical End of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jack Cade, and the Duke of Yorkes first Claime unto the Croune. Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington.' This play, in the entire conduct of the scenes, and in a great measure in the dialogue, is 'The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.' But the alterations and additions are so considerable in amount that it has been doubted whether the original authorship belongs to Shakspeare. The whole dramatic conception is in the original play, and we, therefore, have no doubts upon the matter.

Sir Walter Scott somewhere speaks, through one of his characters, of the "Lancastrian prejudices" of Shakspeare. The great novelist had probably in his mind the delineation of Richard. But it would be difficult, we think, to have conducted the entire chronicle history of the 'Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster' with more rigid impartiality. This just and tolerant view of human events and characters constitutes one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the mind of Shakspeare. Let us turn to the very first scenes of these dramas, and we shall find the character of the Lancastrian Margaret gradually

displaying itself in an aptitude for bold and dangerous intrigue, founded upon her pride and impatience of a rival in authority. The Duchess of Gloster is tempted by her own weak ambition to meddle with the "limetwigs" that have been set for her. But it is the passionate hatred of Margaret, lending itself to schemes of treachery and bloodshed, that drives on the murder of the "good Duke Humphrey." With the accomplices of Margaret the retribution is instant and terrible. The banished Suffolk falls, not by the hand of the law, but by some mysterious agency which appears to have armed against him a power mightier than the law, which seizes upon its victim with an obdurate ferocity, and hurries him to death in the name of a wild and irregular justice. To the second great conspirator against the Protector the retribution is even more fearful—the death, not of violence, but of mental torture, far more terrible than any bodily pain. The justice which followed the other conspirator against Humphrey had not yet unsheathed its sword. His punishment was postponed till the battle-day of Wakefield.

The scenes of the first four Acts of the Second Part of 'Henry VI.' may appear, to a superficial observation, to be very slightly linked with the after-scenes of the great contest of the Roses. But it was the object of the poet to show the beginnings of faction, continued onward in the same form from the previous drama. The Protectorship was essentially a government of weakness, through the jealousies which it engendered and the intrigues by which it was surrounded. But the removal of the Protector left the government more weak, subjected as it then was to the capricious guidance of the imbecility of Henry and the violence of Margaret. Of such a rule popular commotions are the natural fruit. The author of the 'Con-

tion,' with a depth of political wisdom which Shakspeare invariably displays, has exhibited the insurrection of Cade as a movement of the most brutal ignorance, instigated by a coarse ruffian, upon promises which could be realised in no condition of society, and for ends which proposed only such peace and security as would result from the overthrow of all rule and order. Nor are these remarkable scenes an episode only in this great dramatic history. Cade perishes, but York is in arms. The civil war is founded upon the popular tumult.

The civil war is begun. The Yorkists are in the field. The poet has delineated the character of their leader with a nice discrimination, and certainly without any of the coarseness of partisanship. He conveys to us that York is ambitious and courageous, but somewhat weak, and, to a great extent, a puppet in the hands of others. In the

early scene in the Temple-garden his ambition is rashly discovered, in a war of words, commenced in accident and terminated in fruitless passion. The full development of his ambition is the result of his estimation of the character of Henry, and his sense of the advantage which he derives from the factions which grow out of an imbecile government. But he is still only a dissembler, exciting his fancies with some shadowy visions of a crown, lending himself to the dark intrigues of his natural and avowed enemies, and calling up the terrible agency of popular violence, reckless of any consequences so that confusion be produced. The schemes of York are successful, and he is at length in arms. But he still dissembles. Passion, however, precipitates that decided movement which prudence would have avoided; and the battle of St. Albans is the result.



[Richard, Duke of York.]



# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

## KING HENRY VI.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 9.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

## HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, uncle to Henry VI.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

## CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the King.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

## RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

## EDWARD, *son to the Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.

## RICHARD, *son to the Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

## DUKE OF SOMERSET, *of the King's party.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act IV. sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

## DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *of the King's party.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.  
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

## DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *of the King's party.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1.  
Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 8; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1.

## LORD CLIFFORD, *of the King's party.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 8; sc. 9. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

## YOUNG CLIFFORD, *son to Lord Clifford, of the King's party.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

## EARL OF SALISBURY, *of the York faction.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.  
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

## EARL OF WARWICK, *of the York faction.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2.  
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

## LORD SCALES, *governor of the Tower.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 5.

## LORD SAY.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 7.

## SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

## WILLIAM STAFFORD.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

## SIR JOHN STANLEY.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4.

## A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate.

*Appear*, Act IV. sc. 1.

## WALTER WHITMORE.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1.

## Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

*Appear*, Act IV. sc. 1.

## A Herald.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4.

## VAUX.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2.

## HUME, *a priest.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

## SOUTHWELL, *a priest.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

## BOLINGBROKE, *a conjuror.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

## Spirit raised by Bolingbroke.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4.

## THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3.

## PETER, *servant to Horner.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3.

## Clerk of Chatham.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

## Mayor of St. Albans.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.

## SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.

## Two Murderers.

*Appear*, Act III. sc. 2.

## JACK CADE, *a rebel.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.

## GEORGE, *a follower of Jack Cade.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 7.

## JOHN, *a follower of Jack Cade.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 7.

## DICK, *a follower of Jack Cade.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.

## SMITH, *the weaver, a follower of Jack Cade.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 7.

## MICHAEL, *a follower of Jack Cade.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

## ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1.

## MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 9.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

## ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4.

## MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a witch.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

## Wife to Simpecox.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.*

SCENE,—IN VARIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND.



[SCENE I. *Room of State.*]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others following.*

SUF. As by your high imperial majesty  
 I had in charge at my depart for France,  
 As procurator to your excellence,  
 To marry princess Margaret for your grace;  
 So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—  
 In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
 The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,  
 Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,—  
 I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:



And humbly now upon my bended knee,  
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
 Deliver up my title in the queen  
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance  
 Of that great shadow I did represent;  
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,  
 The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. HEN. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:  
 I can express no kinder sign of love,  
 Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,  
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!  
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. MAR. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,  
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,  
 By day, by night,—waking, and in my dreams,—  
 In courtly company, or at my beads,—  
 With you mine alder-lieft<sup>a</sup> sovereign,  
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king  
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,  
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. HEN. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,  
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
 Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys<sup>b</sup>;  
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.  
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL. [*kneeling.*] Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. MAR. We thank you all.

[*Flourish.*]

SUF. My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
 Here are the articles of contracted peace,  
 Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,  
 For eighteen months concluded by consent.

GLO. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father"—

<sup>a</sup> *Alder-lieft*—dearest of all. This beautiful word is a Saxon compound. *Alder*, of all, is thus frequently joined with an adjective of the superlative degree—as *alderfirst*, *alderlast*. *Lieft*, *lovest*, is the superlative of *lefe*, *leve*, dear.

<sup>b</sup> This line is usually pointed thus:—

"Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys."

But *wondering* is an adjective agreeing with *joys* as well as *weeping*.

K. HEN. Uncle, how now?

GLO. Pardon me, gracious lord;  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. HEN. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CAR. "Item,—It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine<sup>a</sup> shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

K. HEN. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;  
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your grace from being regent  
In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;  
We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd. [*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.*]

GLO. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief;  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?  
Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?  
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,  
With all the learned council of the realm,  
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,

<sup>a</sup> Gloster reads this document thus:—"That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released," &c. In the Cardinal's hands the words are changed—"That the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released," &c. Malone says, "The words in the instrument could not thus vary whilst it was passing from the hands of the duke to those of the cardinal;" and he adds that the inaccuracy is not found in the original play. It seems to us that the variation was intentional. The Cardinal reads the document correctly; but Gloster, whose mind had seized upon the substance of the articles before he recited the conclusion of the sentence, ceases to *read* when the sudden qualm hath struck him at the heart, and delivers the import of the words which have so moved him, with substantial correctness but formal inaccuracy.

Early and late, debating to and fro  
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?  
And hath his highness in his infancy  
Been<sup>a</sup> crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?  
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?  
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?  
O peers of England, shameful is this league!  
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;  
Blotting your names from books of memory;  
Razing the characters of your renown;  
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;  
Undoing all, as all had never been!

CAR. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,—  
This peroration with such circumstance?

For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

GLO. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;  
But now it is impossible we should:  
Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,  
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine  
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

SAL. Now, by the death of him that died for all,  
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

WAR. For grief, that they are past recovery:  
For were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.  
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities that I got with wounds  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
Mort Dieu!

YORK. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:  
And our king Henry gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.

GLO. A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,

<sup>a</sup> *Been* is not in the original.

For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,  
Before——

CAR. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

GLO. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;

'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 't is my presence that doth trouble you.  
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury: if I longer stay  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings. \*  
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,  
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.

CAR. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'T is known to you he is mine enemy:  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,  
And heir apparent to the English crown;  
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words  
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.  
What, though the common people favour him,  
Calling him—"Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;"  
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—  
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"  
With—"God preserve the good duke Humphrey!"  
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous protector.

BUCK. Why should he then protect our sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself?  
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
And all together with the duke of Suffolk,  
We 'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

CAR. This weighty business will not brook delay;  
I 'll to the duke of Suffolk presently.

[Exit.

SOM. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,  
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;  
His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside;  
If Gloster be displac'd, he 'll be protector.

BUCK. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,



Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

SAL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preferment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—

More like a soldier than a man o' the church,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all—

Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline;

Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:

Join we together, for the public good;

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds

While they do tend the profit of the land.

WAR. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,

And common profit of his country!

YORK. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

SAL. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

WAR. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;

That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,

And would have kept, so long as breath did last:

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK and SALISBURY.

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

Stands on a tickle<sup>a</sup> point, now they are gone:

Suffolk concluded on the articles;

<sup>a</sup> *Tickle*—uncertain; the Saxon *tikel*. So in Chaucer, 'The Milleres Tale:—

"This world is now full tikel sikerly"—

i. e. this world is now quite uncertain, surely.

The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,  
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
I cannot blame them all: What is 't to them?  
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.  
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,  
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:  
While as the silly owner of the goods  
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,  
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;  
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.  
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,  
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.  
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,  
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood  
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,  
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon<sup>a</sup>.  
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!  
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,  
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
A day will come when York shall claim his own;  
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,  
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,  
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:  
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,  
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.  
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,  
To pry into the secrets of the state;  
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,  
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,  
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;  
And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,  
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit.

<sup>a</sup> Meleager, the prince of Calydon, died in great torments when his mother Althea threw into the flames the firebrand upon the preservation of which his life depended.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House**Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.*

DUCH. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,  
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
As frowning at the favours of the world?  
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,  
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
Until thy head be circled with the same.  
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:  
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine:  
And, having both together heav'd it up,  
We 'll both together lift our heads to heav'n;  
And never more abase our sight so low  
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

GLO. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,  
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:  
And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,  
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

DUCH. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it  
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

GLO. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;  
And, on the pieces of the broken wand  
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,  
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.  
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

DUCH. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,  
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,  
In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
And in that chair where kings and queens are<sup>a</sup> crown'd;

<sup>a</sup> *Are.* The folio has *were*.

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,  
And on my head did set the diadem.

GLO. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright :  
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd<sup>a</sup> Eleanor !  
Art thou not second woman in the realm ;  
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him ?  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,  
From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?  
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

DUCH. What, what, my lord ! are you so choleric  
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream ?  
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
And not be check'd.

GLO. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure,  
You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,  
Whereas<sup>b</sup> the king and queen do mean to hawk.

GLO. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us ?

DUCH. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

*[Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.]*

Follow I must, I cannot go before,  
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.  
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks :  
And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in fortune's pageant.  
Where are you there ? Sir John<sup>c</sup> ! nay, fear not, man,  
We are alone ; here 's none but thee and I.

<sup>a</sup> So in 'Venus and Adonis':—

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
*Ill-nurtur'd*, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice."

<sup>b</sup> *Whereas* is here used in the sense of *where*, as it frequently is by Shakspere's contemporaries. Thus, in Daniel's tragedy of 'Cleopatra,' 1594, we have—

"That I should pass *whereas* Octavia stands  
To view my misery."

<sup>c</sup> *Sir John*. Hume was a priest, and receives the title common to his order. Tyrwhitt says that, from the title being so usually given in this way, "*a Sir John* came to be a nickname for a priest."



*Enter HUME.*

HUME. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

DUCH. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

HUME. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

DUCH. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

HUME. This they have promised,—to show your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of underground,

That shall make answer to such questions

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

DUCH. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from Saint Albans we do make return,

We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit DUCHESS.*]

HUME. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?

Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

I dare not say from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,

They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess,

And buzz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack;

And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.**Enter PETER, and others, with petitions.*

1 PET. My masters, let 's stand close ; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill <sup>a</sup>.

2 PET. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man ! Jesu bless him !

*Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.*

1 PET. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him : I 'll be the first, sure.

2 PET. Come back, fool ; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

SUF. How now, fellow ? wouldst anything with me ?

1 PET. I pray, my lord, pardon me ! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. MAR. [*Reading the superscription.*] "To my lord protector !" are your supplications to his lordship ? Let me see them : What is thine ?

1 PET. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

SUF. Thy wife too ? that 's some wrong, indeed.—What 's yours ?—What 's here ! [*Reads.*] "Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave ?

2 PET. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

PETER. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. MAR. What say'st thou ? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown ?

PETER. That my master <sup>b</sup> was ? No, forsooth : my master said, That he was ; and that the king was an usurper.

SUF. Who is there ? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently :—we 'll hear more of your matter before the king. [*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

Q. MAR. And as for you that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,

Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petition.*]

Away, base cullions !—Suffolk, let them go.

ALL. Come, let 's be gone.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. MAR. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashions in the court of England ?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king ?

<sup>a</sup> *In the quill, or in quill, must mean written*—our written petitions. In the same way *in print* means *printed*.

<sup>b</sup> *Master*. In the original this is printed *mistress*. The words are similarly confounded in other passages of our poet, *M.* having been the abridged form of writing both *master* and *mistress*.

What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,  
Under the surly Gloster's governance?  
Am I a queen in title and in style,  
And must be made a subject to a duke?  
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours  
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,  
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,  
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,  
In courage, courtship, and proportion:  
But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number Ave-Maries on his beads:  
His champions are the prophets and apostles;  
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;  
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.  
I would the college of the cardinals  
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,  
And set the triple crown upon his head;  
That were a state fit for his holiness.

SUF. Madam, be patient: as I was cause  
Your highness came to England, so will I  
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. MAR. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,  
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,  
And grumbling York: and not the least of these  
But can do more in England than the king.

SUF. And he of these that can do most of all  
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:  
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. MAR. Not all these lords do vex me half so much  
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.  
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,  
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;  
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:  
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?  
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,  
The very train of her worst wearing-gown  
Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

SUF. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;  
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,  
That she will light to listen to the lays,

And never mount to trouble you again.  
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;  
For I am bold to counsel you in this:  
Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,  
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
As for the duke of York, this late complaint  
Will make but little for his benefit:  
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter KING HENRY, YORK and SOMERSET conversing with him; DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

K. HEN. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
Or Somerset, or York, all 's one to me.  
YORK. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,  
Then let him be deny'd<sup>a</sup> the regentship.  
SOM. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.  
WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,  
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.  
CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.  
WAR. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.  
BUCK. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.  
WAR. Warwick may live to be the best of all.  
SAL. Peace, son; and show some reason, Buckingham,  
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.  
Q. MAR. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.  
GLO. Madam, the king is old enough himself  
To give his censure<sup>b</sup>; these are no women's matters.  
Q. MAR. If he be old enough, what needs your grace  
To be protector of his excellence?  
GLO. Madam, I am protector of the realm;  
And at his pleasure will resign my place.  
SUF. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.  
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)  
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack:  
The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

<sup>a</sup> *Denay'd*—denied. So in 'Twelfth Night'—

"My love can give no place, bide no *denay*."

<sup>b</sup> *Censure*—opinion.

And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags  
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,  
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

BUCK. Thy cruelty in execution,  
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,  
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. MAR. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,  
If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit GLOSTER. The QUEEN drops her fan.

Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?

[Gives the DUCHESS a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

DUCH. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:  
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,  
I'd<sup>a</sup> set my ten commandments<sup>b</sup> in your face.

K. HEN. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

DUCH. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;  
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,  
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[Exit DUCHESS.

BUCK. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,  
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:  
She's tickled now: her fume needs no spurs,  
She'll gallop far<sup>c</sup> enough to her destruction.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

GLO. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,  
With walking once about the quadrangle,  
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.  
As for your spiteful false objections,  
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:  
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

<sup>a</sup> *I'd.* The folio has *I could.*

<sup>b</sup> *Ten commandments.* This phrase, which might more worthily fill the mouth of a lady of the fish-market, was common to the dramatists who wrote before the date of this play, and after. Thus, in 'The Four P's,' 1569—

"Now ten times I beseech him that he sits,  
Thy wives X com. may serche thy five wits."

And, in 'Westward Hoe,' 1607—

— "your harpy has set his *ten commandments* on my back."

<sup>c</sup> *Far.* So the original. The common altered reading is *fast.*



As I in duty love my king and country!  
 But, to the matter that we have in hand:  
 I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man  
 To be your regent in the realm of France.

SUF. Before we make election, give me leave  
 To show some reason, of no little force,  
 That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.  
 First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:  
 Next, if I be appointed for the place,  
 My lord of Somerset will keep me here,  
 Without discharge, money, or furniture,  
 Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.  
 Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,  
 Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

WAR. That can I witness; and a fouler fact  
 Did never traitor in the land commit.

SUF. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

WAR. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.*

SUF. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:

Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. HEN. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me: What are these?

SUF. Please it your majesty, this is the man

That doth accuse his master of high treason:

His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown;

And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. HEN. Say, man, were these thy words?

HOR. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such  
 matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

PET. By these ten bones<sup>a</sup>, my lords [*holding up his hands*], he did speak them  
 to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's  
 armour.

YORK. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,

I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—

<sup>a</sup> *Ten bones*. This is an ancient adjuration. In the mystery of 'Candlemas Day,' 1512, we have—

"But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue."

This form of words, like that of the *ten commandments*, was retained in the time of Shakspeare, and indeed after. In 'Monsieur Thomas,' by Fletcher, 1637, we have—

"By these *ten bones*, sir, by these eyes and tears."

I do beseech your royal majesty,  
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HOR. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. HEN. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

GLO. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,  
Because in York this breeds suspicion:  
And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat, in convenient place;  
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:  
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom<sup>a</sup>.

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HOR. And I accept the combat willingly.

PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

GLO. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. HEN. Away with them to prison: and the day  
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.*

*Enter* MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

HUME. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

BOLING. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

HUME. Ay: What else? fear you not her courage.

BOLING. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But

<sup>a</sup> In this place the following two lines are usually inserted:—

“*K. Hen.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,  
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.”

The lines were found by Theobald in ‘The First Part of the Contention,’ and he introduced them because he thought that “duke Humphrey's doom” required the confirmation of King Henry. But Henry, having given the power of deciding to Gloster, both in the case of the armourer and of the regency, might be intended by the poet, on his revision of the play, to speak by the mouth of the protector. The scene as it stands is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster immediately before his fall.

it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

*Enter DUCHESS, above.*

DUCH. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

BOLING. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night <sup>a</sup>,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,  
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle;*  
BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, *Conjuro te, &c. It thunders*  
*and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

SPIR. Adsum.

M. JOURD. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

SPIR. Ask what thou wilt: That I had said and done!

BOLING. "First of the king. What shall of him become?"

[*Reading out of a paper.*

SPIR. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.*

BOLING. "What fates await the duke of Suffolk?"

SPIR. By water shall he die, and take his end.

BOLING. "What shall befall the duke of Somerset?"

SPIR. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,  
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOLING. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:

False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

<sup>a</sup> In 'The First Part of the Contention' this line thus appears:—

"Dark night, dread night, the *silence* of the night."

The use of *silent* as a noun is wonderfully fine, and reminds us of "the *vast* of night" in 'The Tempest.'

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their Guards, and others.*

YORK. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

DUCH. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

BUCK. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—

Stafford, take her to thee.

[*Exit DUCHESS from above.*

We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;

All, away!

[*Exeunt Guards, with SOUTH., BOLING., &c.*

YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon:

Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads.*

“The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.”

Why, this is just,

*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

“Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.”

Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardily<sup>a</sup> attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress toward Saint Albans,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

BUCK. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

<sup>a</sup> *Hardily*; in the folio, *hardly*. The correction, which is ingenious, was made by Theobald.

YORK. At your pleasure, my good lord.—  
Who 's within there, ho!

*Enter a Servant.*

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick  
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

*[Exeunt.]*



*[Duke of Gloster's Garden. Incantation Scene.]*





[Saint Albans. Hawking Party.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Saint Albans.

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.*

Q. MAR. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook<sup>a</sup>,  
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;  
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out<sup>b</sup>.

K. HEN. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,  
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—

<sup>a</sup> *Flying at the brook*—flying at birds of the brook; hawking at waterfowl.

<sup>b</sup> Percy explains that "the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game."

To see how God in all his creatures works! ~

Yea, man and birds are fain<sup>a</sup> of climbing high.

SUF. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

They know their master loves to be aloft,

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLO. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CAR. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.

GLO. Ay, my lord cardinal: How think you by that?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. HEN. The treasury of everlasting joy!

CAR. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown<sup>b</sup>, the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

GLO. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

*Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

With such holiness can you do it?

SUF. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

GLO. As who, my lord?

SUF. Why, as you, my lord;

An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

GLO. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. MAR. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. HEN. I prithee, peace,

Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

CAR. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,

Against this proud protector with my sword!

GLO. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 't were come to that! [*Aside to the CARDINAL.*]

CAR. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*]

GLO. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, [*Aside.*]

In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*]

CAR. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st, [*Aside.*]

This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Fain*. Steevens says that *fain* here signifies *fond*; and he quotes Heywood's 'Epigrams on Proverbs:—

"Fayre words make fooles *faine*."

Surely, in this quotation, *fain* means *glad*,—the Saxon meaning. And this, it appears to us, is the signification in the passage before us.

<sup>b</sup> *Beat on a crown*—are intent on a crown. This fine expression may be explained by a passage in 'The Tempest:—

"Do not infest your mind with *beating on*  
The strangeness of this business."

K. HEN. How now, my lords?~

CAR. Believe me, cousin Gloster,  
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
We had had more sport.—Come, with thy two-hand sword.

[*Aside to GLOSTER.*]

GLO. True, uncle.

CAR. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

GLO. Cardinal, I am with you.

[*Aside.*]

K. HEN. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

GLO. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown for this,  
Or all my fence shall fail.

[*Aside.*]

CAR. *Medice teipsum;*

Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

[*Aside.*]

K. HEN. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter One, crying, A Miracle.*

GLO. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

ONE. A miracle! a miracle!

SUF. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

ONE. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. HEN. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair; his wife and a great multitude following.*

CAR. Here come the townsmen on procession,

To present your highness with the man.

K. HEN. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

GLO. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king;

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. HEN. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

SIMP. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

WIFE. Ay, indeed, was he.

SUF. What woman is this?

WIFE. His wife, an 't like your worship.

GLO. Hadst thou been his mother thou couldst have better told.

K. HEN. Where wert thou born?

SIMP. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

K. HEN. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. MAR. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,  
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

SIMP. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd  
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep  
By good Saint Alban; who said,—“Simpcox<sup>a</sup>, come;  
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.”

WIFE. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft  
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

CAR. What, art thou lame?

SIMP. Ay, God Almighty help me!

SUF. How cam'st thou so?

SIMP. A fall off of a tree.

WIFE. A plum-tree, master.

GLO. How long hast thou been blind?

SIMP. O, born so, master.

GLO. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

SIMP. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

WIFE. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

GLO. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

SIMP. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,  
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

GLO. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open them:—

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

SIMP. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.

GLO. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

SIMP. Red, master; red as blood.

GLO. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

SIMP. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. HEN. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

SUF. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLO. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

WIFE. Never, before this day, in all his life.

GLO. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

SIMP. Alas, master, I know not.

GLO. What's his name?

<sup>a</sup> *Simpcox*. The folio has *Simon*.



SIMP. I know not.

GLO. Nor his?

SIMP. No, indeed, master.

GLO. What's thine own name?

SIMP. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

GLO. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think that cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again<sup>a</sup>?

SIMP. O master, that you could!

GLO. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

MAY. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLO. Then send for one presently.

MAY. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. *[Exit an Attendant.]*

GLO. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. *[A stool brought out.]* Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

SIMP. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; you go about to torture me in vain.

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.*

GLO. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEAD. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

SIMP. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

*[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A Miracle!]*

K. HEN. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. MAR. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLO. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

WIFE. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

GLO. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. *[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]*

CAR. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

SUF. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

GLO. But you have done more miracles than I;

You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

<sup>a</sup> Steevens prints this speech metrically, with certain changes after his fashion of making verses. We give it as prose, as it stands in the original.



*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

K. HEN. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCK. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort<sup>a</sup> of naughty persons, lewdly<sup>b</sup> bent,—  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—  
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,  
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers :  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;  
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,  
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,  
And other of your highness' privy council,  
As more at large your grace shall understand.

CAR. And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;

'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to* GLOSTER.

GLO. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers :

And vanquish'd as I am I yield to thee,

Or to the meanest groom.

K. HEN. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones ;

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. MAR. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest ;

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLO. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal :

And for my wife, I know not how it stands ;

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard ;

Noble she is ; but if she have forgot

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed and company ;

And give her as a prey to law, and shame,

That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. HEN. Well, for this night we will repose us here :

To-morrow toward London, back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers ;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> Sort—company.

<sup>b</sup> Lewdly—wickedly.

SCENE II.—London. *The Duke of York's Garden.**Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.*

YORK. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,  
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,  
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,  
In craving your opinion of my title,  
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

SAL. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

WAR. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,  
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

YORK. Then thus—

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:  
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;  
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,  
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom  
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:  
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;  
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;  
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.  
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;  
And left behind him Richard, his only son,  
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king;  
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,  
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,  
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,  
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;  
Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,  
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,  
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

WAR. Father, the duke hath told the truth;  
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;  
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,  
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

SAL. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

YORK. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line  
I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,  
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March:  
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:  
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

SAL. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,  
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;

And but for Owen Glendower had been king,  
Who kept him in captivity till he died.  
But, to the rest.

YORK. His eldest sister, Anne,  
My mother, being heir unto the crown,  
Married Richard earl of Cambridge; who was son  
To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.  
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir  
To Roger earl of March; who was the son  
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,  
Sole daughter unto Lionel duke of Clarence;  
So if the issue of the elder son  
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

WAR. What plain proceedings are more plain than this?  
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.  
Till Lionel's issue fails his should not reign:  
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,  
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.  
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;  
And, in this private plot<sup>a</sup>, be we the first  
That shall salute our rightful sovereign,  
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

YORK. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king  
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd  
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;  
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd;  
But with advice, and silent secrecy.  
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,  
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,  
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,  
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,  
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,  
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:  
'T is that they seek; and they, in seeking that,  
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

SAL. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

WAR. My heart assures me that the earl of Warwick  
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

YORK. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—  
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick  
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> Plot—spot.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

*Trumpet sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

K. HEN. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife :

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;  
 Receive the sentence of the law, for sins  
 Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.  
 You four, from hence to prison back again ;  
 From thence, unto the place of execution :  
 The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,  
 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.  
 You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
 Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
 Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
 Live in your country here in banishment,  
 With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

[*To JOURDAIN, &c.*]

DUCH. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

GLO. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee ;

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt the DUCHESS, and the other prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
 Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground !  
 I beseech your majesty give me leave to go ;  
 Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. HEN. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go

Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself  
 Protector be: and God shall be my hope,  
 My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet ;  
 And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd  
 Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. MAR. I see no reason why a king of years  
 Should be to be protected like a child.

God and king Henry govern England's helm<sup>a</sup>:  
 Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

GLO. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:

As willingly do I the same resign,  
 As ere thy father Henry made it mine ;  
 And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,  
 As others would ambitiously receive it.

<sup>a</sup> *Helm*. In the original this is *realm*. Johnson made the correction: the repetition of *realm* being most probably a typographical error.

Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit.*

Q. MAR. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;  
And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,  
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—  
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;  
This staff of honour raught<sup>b</sup>:—There let it stand,  
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

SUF. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;  
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

YORK. Lords, let him go:—Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore  
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. HEN. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;  
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

YORK. I never saw a fellow worst bested,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.*

1 NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here 's a cup of charneco<sup>a</sup>.

3 NEIGH. And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

HOR. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 PREN. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 PREN. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

PETER. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

<sup>a</sup> *Raught*. This is used by Chaucer and Spenser in the sense of *reached*; it certainly means here *taken away*, as in Peele's 'Arraignment of Paris:—

"How Pluto *raught* queen Ceres' daughter thence."

<sup>b</sup> *Charneco*—the name of a wine.



SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

PETER. Peter, forsooth.

SAL. Peter! what more?

PETER. Thump.

SAL. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

HOR. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, [as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.<sup>a</sup>]

YORK. Despatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound trumpets alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his master.*]

HOR. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*]

YORK. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

PETER. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. HEN. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.*

GLO. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERV.

Ten, my lord.

GLO. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;

Uneath<sup>b</sup> may she endure the flinty streets,

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

The abject people, gazing on thy face,

With envious<sup>c</sup> looks still laughing at thy shame,

<sup>a</sup> The words in brackets are not in the folio, but are found in 'The First Part of the Contention.' The story of Bevis and Ascapart was a favourite legend. See Illustrations of Act II.

<sup>b</sup> *Uneath*—not easily.

<sup>c</sup> *Envious*—malicious.

That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.  
But soft! I think she comes; and I 'll prepare  
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.*

SERV. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

GLO. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

DUCH. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!

See, how the giddy multitude do point,

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks:

And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

GLO. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCH. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks I should not thus be led along,

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;

And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice

To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet<sup>a</sup> groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;

And when I start the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trowest thou that e'er I 'll look upon the world;

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

Sometime I 'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

<sup>a</sup> Deep-fet—deep-fetched.

With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—  
 And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,  
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee :  
 But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,  
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

GLO. Ah, Nell, forbear ; thou aimest all awry ;  
 I must offend before I be attained :  
 And had I twenty times so many foes,  
 And each of them had twenty times their power,  
 All these could not procure me any scath<sup>a</sup>,  
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.  
 Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach ?  
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,  
 But I in danger for the breach of law.  
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell :  
 I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ;  
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

*Enter a Herald.*

HER. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

GLO. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before !

This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My Nell, I take my leave :—and, master sheriff,

Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

SHER. An't please your grace, here my commission stays :

And sir John Stanley is appointed now

To take her with him to the isle of Man.

GLO. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here ?

STAN. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

GLO. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

You use her well :

The world may laugh again ; and I may live

To do you kindness, if you do it her.

And so, sir John, farewell.

DUCH. What, gone, my lord ; and bid me not farewell ?

GLO. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. [*Exeunt GLO. and Servants.*]

DUCH. Art thou gone too ? All comfort go with thee,

For none abides with me : my joy is—death ;

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence ;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

<sup>a</sup> *Scath*—harm.

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

STAN. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man ;

There to be used according to your state.

DUCH. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach :

And shall I then be used reproachfully ?

STAN. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,

According to that state you shall be used.

DUCH. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare ;

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame !

SHER. It is my office ; and, madam, pardon me.

DUCH. Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is discharg'd.

Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

STAN. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCH. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet ;

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Street in London ; Cheapside. Scene IV.*]





[Parliament in Abbey of Bury.]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury.*

*Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.*

K. HEN. I muse<sup>a</sup>, my lord of Gloster is not come :

'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. MAR. Can you not see ? or will you not observe  
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance ?

<sup>a</sup> *I muse*—I wonder.



With what a majesty he bears himself;  
How insolent of late he is become,  
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?  
We know the time since he was mild and affable;  
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,  
Immediately he was upon his knee,  
That all the court admir'd him for submission;  
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,  
When every one will give the time of day,  
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,  
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;  
But great men tremble when the lion roars;  
And Humphrey is no little man in England.  
First, note, that he is near you in descent;  
And should you fall he is the next will mount.  
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—  
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,  
And his advantage following your decease,—  
That he should come about your royal person,  
Or be admitted to your highness' council.  
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;  
And, when he please to make commotion,  
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him.  
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;  
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,  
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;  
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.  
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—  
Reprove my allegation, if you can;  
Or else conclude my words effectual.

SUF. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;  
And had I first been put to speak my mind,  
I think I should have told your grace's tale.  
The duchess, by his subornation,  
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:  
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,  
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,  
(As next the king he was successive heir,)  
And such high vaunts of his nobility,

Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,  
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;  
And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.  
No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man  
Unsound yet, and full of deep deceit.

CAR. Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

YORK. And did he not, in his protectorship,  
Levy great sums of money through the realm,  
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?  
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

BUCK. Tut ! These are petty faults to faults unknown,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. HEN. My lords, at once. The care you have of us,  
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
Is worthy praise : But shall I speak my conscience ?  
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent  
From meaning treason to our royal person,  
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove :  
The duke is virtuous, mild ; and too well given,  
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. MAR. Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance !  
Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven.  
Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,  
For he 's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.  
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit ?  
Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET.*

SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign !

K. HEN. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France ?

SOM. That all your interest in those territories

Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.

K. HEN. Cold news, lord Somerset : But God's will be done !

YORK. Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away :

But I will remedy this gear ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter GLOSTER.*

GLO. All happiness unto my lord the king!

Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

SUF. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLO. Well, Suffolk's duke<sup>a</sup>, thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

YORK. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

GLO. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—

Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!

That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,

Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

Be brought against me at my trial day!

No! many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I dispersed to the garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.

CAR. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

GLO. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

YORK. In your protectorship, you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,

That England was defam'd by tyranny.

GLO. Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was protector

Pity was all the fault that was in me;

For I should melt at an offender's tears,

And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

Unless it were a bloody murtherer,

Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment:

<sup>a</sup> *Well, Suffolk's duke.* The reading of the first folio is,

"Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush."

In the second folio the defect of the metre is remedied by the addition of *yet*: "Well, Suffolk, yet," &c. In 'The First Part of the Contention' we have the line,

"Why, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush."

Murther, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd  
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

SUF. My lord, these faults are easy<sup>a</sup>, quickly answer'd :

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do arrest you in his highness' name ;  
And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. HEN. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,  
That you will clear yourself from all suspects<sup>b</sup> ;  
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLO. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.  
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd your highness' land.  
I know their complot is to have my life ;  
And, if my death might make this island happy,  
And prove the period of their tyranny,  
I would expend it with all willingness :  
But mine is made the prologue to their play ;  
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,  
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;  
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue  
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,  
By false accuse doth level at my life :  
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;  
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up  
My liefest<sup>c</sup> liege to be mine enemy :  
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together.  
Myself had notice of your conventicles,  
And all to make away my guiltless life :  
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,  
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;  
The ancient proverb will be well effected<sup>d</sup>,—  
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

<sup>a</sup> *Easy*. The adjective is here probably used adverbially.

<sup>b</sup> *Suspects*. In the original, *suspence*. The correction was made by Steevens.

<sup>c</sup> *Liefest*—dearest. See note on *alder-liefest*, Act I., Scene 1.

<sup>d</sup> *Effected*—the original, *affected*. Mr. Collier made this proper change.

CAR. My liege, his railing is intolerable :

If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,  
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,  
And the offender granted scope of speech,  
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

SUF. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,  
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,  
As if she had suborned some to swear  
False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

Q. MAR. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLO. Far truer spoke than meant : I lose, indeed ;—  
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false !  
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCK. He 'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day :  
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CAR. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

GLO. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,  
Before his legs be firm to bear his body :  
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were !  
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*]

K. HEN. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,  
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. MAR. What, will your highness leave the parliament ?

K. HEN. Ay, Margaret ; my heart is drown'd with grief,  
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes ;  
My body round engirt with misery ;  
For what 's more miserable than discontent ?  
Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see  
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;  
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,  
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.  
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,  
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,  
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ?  
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong :  
And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;  
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.  
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss ;



Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,  
 With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes  
 Look after him, and cannot do him good ;  
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.  
 His fortunes I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,  
 Say—"Who 's a traitor, Gloster he is none."

[Exit.]

Q. MAR. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
 Too full of foolish pity : and Gloster's show  
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;  
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,  
 That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.  
 Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,  
 (And yet, herein I judge mine own wit good,)  
 This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,  
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CAR. That he should die is worthy policy :

But yet we want a colour for his death :

'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

SUF. But, in my mind, that were no policy :

The king will labour still to save his life ;

The commons haply rise to save his life ;

And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK. So that by this you would not have him die.

SUF. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

YORK. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—

Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector ?

Q. MAR. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUF. Madam, 't is true : and were 't not madness then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?

Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

(Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,)

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.

And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him :

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,  
Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,  
So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
Which mates<sup>a</sup> him first that first intends deceit.

Q. MAR. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

SUF. Not resolute, except so much were done;  
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:  
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—  
Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—  
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

CAR. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,  
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:  
Say, you consent, and censure well<sup>b</sup> the deed,  
And I 'll provide his executioner,  
I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUF. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. MAR. And so say I.

YORK. And I: and now we three have spoke it,  
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,  
To signify, that rebels there are up,  
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:  
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
Before the wound do grow incurable;  
For being green there is great hope of help.

CAR. A breach that craves a quick expedient<sup>c</sup> stop!  
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

YORK. That Somerset be sent as regent thither;  
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

SOM. If York, with all his far-fet policy,  
Had been the regent there instead of me,  
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

YORK. No, not to lose it all as thou hast done:  
I rather would have lost my life betimes,  
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,  
By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:  
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

<sup>a</sup> *Mates*—destroys—confounds.

<sup>b</sup> *Censure well*—approve.

<sup>c</sup> *Expedient*—expeditious. So, in 'King John:'

"His marches are *expedient* to this town."

Q. MAR. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,  
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :  
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still :  
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

YORK. What, worse than naught ? nay, then a shame take all !

SOM. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame !

CAR. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :  
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each county some,  
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

YORK. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

SUF. Why, our authority is his consent ;

And what we do establish he confirms :

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

YORK. I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

SUF. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.

But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

CAR. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

And so break off ; the day is almost spent :

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

YORK. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,

At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

SUF. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*]

YORK. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution :

Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art

Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought ;

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,

To send me packing with an host of men :

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me :

I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.  
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,  
I will stir up in England some black storm  
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell :  
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
Until the golden circuit on my head,  
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw <sup>a</sup>.  
And, for a minister of my intent,  
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,  
John Cade of Ashford,  
To make commotion, as full well he can,  
Under the title of John Mortimer.  
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade  
Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes ;  
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :  
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen  
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco <sup>b</sup>,  
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.  
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,  
Hath he conversed with the enemy ;  
And undiscover'd come to me again,  
And given me notice of their villainies.  
This devil here shall be my substitute ;  
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :  
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind ;  
How they affect the house and claim of York.  
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured ;  
I know no pain they can inflict upon him  
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.  
Say, that he thrive, (as 't is great like he will,)  
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :  
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Bury. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter certain Murtherers, hastily.*

1 MUR. Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know

<sup>a</sup> *Flaw*—a sudden gust of wind.<sup>b</sup> *Morisco*. This term probably points at the Moorish origin of the morris-dance.

We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 MUR. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?  
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter SUFFOLK.*

1 MUR. Here comes my lord.

SUF. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?

1 MUR. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUF. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand:—

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,

According as I gave directions?

1 MUR. 'T is, my good lord.

SUF. Away, be gone!

*[Exeunt Murderers.]*

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET,  
Lords, and others.*

K. HEN. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,

If he be guilty, as 't is published.

SUF. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

*[Exit.]*

K. HEN. Lords, take your places:—And, I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,

Than from true evidence, of good esteem,

He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. MAR. God forbid any malice should prevail,

That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. HEN. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.—

*Re-enter SUFFOLK.*

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?

Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

SUF. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. MAR. Marry, God forefend!

CAR. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night

The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

*[The KING swoons.]*

Q. MAR. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.

SOM. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. MAR. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

SUF. He doth revive again:—Madam, be patient.

K. HEN. O heavenly God!



Q. MAR. How fares my gracious lord?

SUF. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

K. HEN. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;  
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.  
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eyeballs murtherous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:  
Yet do not go away:—Come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:  
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;  
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. MAR. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,  
Yet he, most christianlike, laments his death:  
And for myself, foe as he was to me,  
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,  
Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,  
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,  
And all to have the noble duke alive.  
What know I how the world may deem of me?  
For it is known we were but hollow friends;  
It may be judg'd I made the duke away:  
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,  
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.  
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!  
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. HEN. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. MAR. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.  
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?  
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.  
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?  
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:  
Erect his statue then, and worship it,  
And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea ;  
And twice by awkward wind<sup>a</sup> from England's bank  
Drove back again unto my native clime ?  
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind  
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ?  
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,  
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves ;  
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,  
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ?  
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,  
But left that hateful office unto thee :  
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me ;  
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,  
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness :  
The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides ;  
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,  
Might in thy palace perish<sup>b</sup> Margaret.  
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,  
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,  
I stood upon the hatches in the storm :  
And when the dusky sky began to rob  
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,  
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—  
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—  
And threw it towards thy land ;—the sea receiv'd it ;  
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart :  
And even with this I lost fair England's view,  
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart ;  
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue  
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)  
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,  
When he to madding Dido would unfold  
His father's acts, commene'd in burning Troy !  
Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false like him ?  
Ah me, I can no more ! Die, Margaret !  
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

<sup>a</sup> *Awkward wind*. The same epithet is used by Marlowe, and by Drayton.

<sup>b</sup> *Perish* ; used actively, as *destroy*.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.*

*The Commons press to the door.*

WAR. It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd  
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.  
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,  
That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. HEN. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;  
But how he died, God knows, not Henry :  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.

WAR. That shall I do, my liege :—Stay, Salisbury,  
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner room, and SALISBURY retires.

K. HEN. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts ;  
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life !  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God ;  
For judgment only doth belong to thee !  
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears ;  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;  
And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

*The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed : WARWICK and others standing by it <sup>a</sup>.*

WAR. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. HEN. That is, to see how deep my grave is made :  
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace :  
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

<sup>a</sup> This direction is modern. There can be no doubt that, as the play was originally acted, the secondary stage (described in 'Othello,' Act V.) was employed. In 'The First Part of the Contention' the murder itself takes place before the audience, as indicated by the following singular direction :—"Then the curtains being drawn, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast, and smothering him in his bed." At the present scene the direction in the folio is, "A bed with Gloster's body put forth."

- WAR. As surely as my soul intends to live  
 With that dread King, that took our state upon him  
 To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,  
 I do believe that violent hands were laid  
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
- SUF. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!  
 What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
- WAR. See, how the blood is settled in his face!  
 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost<sup>a</sup>,  
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,  
 Being all descended to the labouring heart<sup>b</sup>;  
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth  
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
 But see, his face is black, and full of blood;  
 His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,  
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:  
 His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;  
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.  
 Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;  
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.  
 It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
 The least of all these signs were probable.
- SUF. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?  
 Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;  
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
- WAR. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;  
 And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:  
 'T is like you would not feast him like a friend;  
 And 't is well seen he found an enemy.
- Q. MAR. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
 As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.
- WAR. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,  
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
 But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?  
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,

<sup>a</sup> *Timely-parted ghost.* The word *ghost* was used somewhat vaguely by the old writers; it here undoubtedly means a *body* recently parted from the soul.

<sup>b</sup> The adjective *bloodless*, by a licence of construction, includes the substantive—the *blood* "being all descended," &c.

Although the kite soar with unblooded beak?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. MAR. Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where 's your knife?  
Is Beaufort term'd a kite; where are his talons?

SUF. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;  
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
That slanders me with murther's crimson badge:  
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, SOMERSET, and others.]

WAR. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. MAR. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

WAR. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;  
For every word you speak in his behalf  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUF. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!  
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,  
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

WAR. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
I would, false murtherous coward, on thy knee  
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say—It was thy mother that thou meant'st,  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:  
And, after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

SUF. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,  
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

WAR. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:  
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee,  
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK and WARWICK.]

K. HEN. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!  
'Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]



Q. MAR. What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.*

K. HEN. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

SUF. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

*Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.*

SAL. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

*[Speaking to those within.]*

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
 Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,  
 Or banished fair England's territories,  
 They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
 And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.  
 They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;  
 They say, in him they fear your highness' death;  
 And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—  
 Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
 As being thought to contradict your liking,—  
 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
 They say, in care of your most royal person,  
 That, if your highness should intend to sleep,  
 And charge that no man should disturb your rest,  
 In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;  
 Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
 That slily glided towards your majesty,  
 It were but necessary you were wak'd;  
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:  
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
 That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,  
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;  
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS. *[Within.]* An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

SUF. 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:

But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,

To show how quaint an orator you are :  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,  
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,  
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in.

K. HEN. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,

I thank them for their tender loving care ;  
And had I not been 'cited so by them,  
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;  
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy  
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.  
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,  
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,  
He shall not breathe infection in this air  
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Q. MAR. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk !

K. HEN. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him  
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.  
Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;  
But when I swear, it is irrevocable :  
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found  
On any ground that I am ruler of,  
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.  
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;  
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, WARWICK, LORDS, &c.*]

Q. MAR. Mischance and sorrow go along with you !

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,  
Be playfellows to keep you company !  
There's two of you ; the devil make a third !  
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps !

SUF. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,  
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. MAR. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch !

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies ?

SUF. A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,  
I would invent as bitter searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave :  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words ;  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:  
 And even now my burthen'd heart would break,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!  
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!  
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!  
 Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!  
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!  
 Their music frightful as the serpents' hiss;  
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!  
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. MAR. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;  
 And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,  
 Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,  
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUF. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?  
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. MAR. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,  
 That I may dew it with my mournful tears;  
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,  
 To wash away my woeful monuments.  
 O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
 That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,  
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!  
 So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,  
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.  
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,  
 Adventure to be banished myself:  
 And banished I am, if but from thee.  
 Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—  
 O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd  
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,  
 Lother a hundred times to part than die.  
 Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

[Kisses his hand.]

SUF. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,  
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.  
 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;  
 A wilderness is populous enough,  
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:  
 For where thou art there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world;  
And where thou art not, desolation.  
I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;  
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

*Enter VAUX.*

Q. MAR. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

VAUX. To signify unto his majesty

That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:  
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,  
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.  
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost  
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,  
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
The secrets of his overcharged soul:  
And I am sent to tell his majesty  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. MAR. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

*[Exit VAUX.]*

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?  
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,  
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;  
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?  
Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming!  
If thou be found by me thou art but dead.

SUF. If I depart from thee I cannot live:

And in thy sight to die, what were it else,  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:  
Where<sup>a</sup>, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,  
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
To die by thee were but to die in jest;  
From thee to die were torture more than death:  
O let me stay, befall what may befall.

<sup>a</sup> *Where*—for *whereas*. The words were convertible. (See Note on Act I., Scene 2.)

Q. MAR. Away! though parting be a fretful corsive<sup>a</sup>,  
 It is applied to a deathful wound.  
 To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;  
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
 I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

SUF. I go.

Q. MAR. And take my heart with thee.

SUF. A jewel, lock'd into the woefull'st cask  
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.  
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;  
 This way fall I to death.

Q. MAR. This way for me. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE III.—London. *Cardinal Beaufort's Bedchamber.*

*Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others. The CARDINAL in bed;  
 Attendants with him.*

K. HEN. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

CAR. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,  
 Enough to purchase such another island,  
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. HEN. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
 Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

WAR. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

CAR. Bring me unto my trial when you will.  
 Died he not in his bed? where should he die?  
 Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—  
 O! torture me no more, I will confess.—  
 Alive again? then show me where he is;  
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—  
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—  
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,  
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—  
 Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary  
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. HEN. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,  
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!  
 O, beat away the busy meddling fiend  
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,  
 And from his bosom purge this black despair!

WAR. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

SAL. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

<sup>a</sup> *Corsive*—corrosive. The word was often spelt and pronounced *corsive*.



K. HEN. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!  
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—  
He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!

WAR. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. HEN. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—  
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;  
And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*Bury St. Edmunds.*]



[Sea-shore near Dover.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore, near Dover.*

*Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

CAP. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day<sup>a</sup>  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night<sup>b</sup>;

<sup>a</sup> These epithets are beautifully chosen. Milton has copied one of them in 'Comus:—

"Ere the *blabbing* eastern scout,  
The nice morn, on th' Indian steep,  
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

<sup>b</sup> The *jades* with flagging *wings* are the "night's swift dragons" of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream:—

"For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast."

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings  
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;  
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,  
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,  
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—

And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—

The other [*pointing to SUFFOLK*], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 GENT. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

MAST. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

MATE. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

CAP. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains' throats,—for die you shall.—

The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum<sup>a</sup>?

1 GENT. I 'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 GENT. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

WHIT. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;

And so should these, if I might have my will.

CAP. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

SUF. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

Rate me at what thou wilt thou shalt be paid.

WHIT. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

SUF. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by *Water*<sup>b</sup> I should die.

Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;

Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

WHIT. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is I care not:

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,

[*To SUFFOLK.*]

<sup>a</sup> We follow the reading of the folio. Malone has corrected the passage as follows:—

“The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.”

It appears to us that this emendation greatly weakens the force of the passage. Upon the hesitation to pay ransom the captain exclaims, “*What*, think you much,” &c. He then, parenthetically, threatens death; and continues his half-interrogative sentence, *What*, “The lives of those which we have lost in fight be counterpois'd,” &c.

<sup>b</sup> In the Incantation Scene in Act I. we have this prophecy:—

“What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

By *water* shall he die, and take his end.”

It appears from this passage that *Walter* was commonly pronounced *Water*.

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;  
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,  
 And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

SUF. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,  
 The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

WHIT. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

SUF. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;  
 [Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?<sup>a</sup>]

CAP. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

SUF. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,  
 The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
 Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
 Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?  
 Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
 When I have feasted with queen Margaret?  
 Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;  
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:  
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,  
 And duly waited for my coming forth?  
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

WHIT. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

CAP. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

SUF. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

CAP. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side  
 Strike off his head.

SUF. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

[CAP. Yes, Poole.

SUF. Poole?<sup>b</sup>]

CAP. Poole! Sir Poole! lord!

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

<sup>a</sup> This line, which is necessary for the understanding of what follows, is not found in the folio. It is introduced from 'The First Part of the Contention,' &c.

<sup>b</sup> The passage in brackets is not found in the folio. Without it the point of the dialogue is lost. There can be no doubt that it was omitted by a typographical error, for in 'The First Part of the Contention' the reading is as follows:—

"Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Ay, Poole; puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt."



Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm :  
 Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground :  
 And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,  
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
 Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again :  
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
 For daring to affy<sup>a</sup> a mighty lord  
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.  
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd  
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.  
 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France :  
 The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,  
 Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy  
 Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,  
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.  
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,  
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,  
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms :  
 And now the house of York,—thrust from the crown,  
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,  
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—  
 Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours  
 Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,  
 Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*<sup>b</sup>.  
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms :  
 And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,  
 Is crept into the palace of our king,  
 And all by thee :—Away ! convey him hence.

SUF. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder  
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !  
 Small things make base men proud : this villain here,  
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate<sup>c</sup>.  
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.  
 It is impossible that I should die  
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.  
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :

<sup>a</sup> *To affy*—to betroth.

<sup>b</sup> This is an allusion to the device of Edward III., which was, according to Camden, "the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."

<sup>c</sup> "Bargulus, Illyrius latro." 'Ciceronis Officia,' lib. ii., cap. xi.



I go of message from the queen to France ;  
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

CAP. Walter,——

WHIT. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

SUF. *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus* :—'t is thee I fear.

WHIT. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 GENT. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

SUF. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:—

More can I bear than you dare execute.

CAP. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUF. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot!—

Great men oft die by vile bezonians<sup>a</sup>:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,

Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit SUF., with WHIT. and others.]

CAP. And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:—

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.]

*Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK's body.*

WHIT. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it.

[Exit.]

1 GENT. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king:

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit, with the body.]

<sup>a</sup> *Bezonian* was a term of contempt, of somewhat uncertain derivation. Pistol uses it insultingly in 'Henry IV., Part II.:—

"Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die."

## SCENE II.—Blackheath.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.*

GEO. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

JOHN. They have the more need to sleep now then.

GEO. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

JOHN. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

GEO. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

JOHN. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

GEO. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

JOHN. True. And yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

GEO. Thou hast hit it: for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

JOHN. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wing-ham;—

GEO. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

JOHN. And Dick the butcher,—

GEO. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

JOHN. And Smith the weaver.

GEO. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

JOHN. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

*Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, and others in great number.*

CADE. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

DICK. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings<sup>a</sup>. [*Aside.*

CADE. —for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

DICK. Silence!

CADE. My father was a Mortimer,—

DICK. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

CADE. My mother a Plantagenet,—

DICK. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

CADE. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

DICK. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

<sup>a</sup> A *cade* of herrings, according to an old monastic account, is a cask containing somewhat more than half a barrel.

SMITH. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [Aside.]

CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage. [Aside.]

CADE. Valiant I am.

SMITH. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [Aside.]

CADE. I am able to endure much.

DICK. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [Aside.]

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [Aside.]

DICK. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [Aside.]

CADE. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——

ALL. God save your majesty!

CADE. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

DICK. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who 's there?

*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

SMITH. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

CADE. O monstrous!

SMITH. We took him setting of boys' copies.

CADE. Here 's a villain!

SMITH. H' as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

CADE. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

CADE. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

CLERK. Emmanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'T will go hard with you.

CADE. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

ALL. He hath confessed: away with him; he 's a villain and a traitor.

CADE. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.  
*[Exeunt some with the Clerk.]*

*Enter MICHAEL.*

MICH. Where 's our general?

CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

MICH. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down: He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

MICH. No.

CADE. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up, sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his brother, with drum and Forces.*

STAF. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,  
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,  
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;  
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. STAF. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,  
If you go forward: Therefore yield, or die.

CADE. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;  
It is to you, good people, that I speak,  
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;  
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAF. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;  
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

CADE. And Adam was a gardener.

W. STAF. And what of that?

CADE. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,  
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter:—Did he not?

STAF. Ay, sir.

CADE. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. STAF. That 's false.

CADE. Ay, there 's the question; but, I say, 't is true:  
The elder of them, being put to nurse,  
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;  
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a bricklayer when he came to age :

His son am I ; deny it if you can.

DICK. Nay, 't is too true ; therefore he shall be king.

SMITH. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; therefore, deny it not.

STAF. And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what ?

ALL. Ay, marry, will we ; therefore get ye gone.

W. STAF. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

CADE. He lies, for I invented it myself.

[*Aside.*

—Go to, sirrah : Tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign ; but I 'll be protector over him.

DICK. And, furthermore, we 'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

CADE. And good reason, for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch : and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

STAF. O gross and miserable ignorance !

CADE. Nay, answer, if you can : The Frenchmen are our enemies : go to then.

I ask but this,—can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no ?

ALL. No, no ; and therefore we 'll have his head.

W. STAF. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.

STAF. Herald, away : and, throughout every town,

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade ;

That those which fly before the battle ends

May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors :

And you that be the king's friends follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.*

CADE. And you that love the commons follow me.

Now show yourselves men, 't is for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon ;

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

DICK. They are all in order, and march toward us.

CADE. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

*Alarum. The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.*

CADE. Where 's Dick the butcher of Ashford?

DICK. Here, sir.

CADE. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one<sup>a</sup>.

DICK. I desire no more.

CADE. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear<sup>b</sup>; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

CADE. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let 's march towards London.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, reading a supplication; the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and LORD SAY, with him: at a distance, QUEEN MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.*

Q. MAR. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,  
And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?  
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:  
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

BUCK. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. HEN. I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat:  
For God forbid, so many simple souls  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.  
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Q. MAR. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face  
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me:

<sup>a</sup> Malone reads, "for a hundred lacking one, a week." Malone's addition is warranted by the text of 'The First Part of the Contention.' The licence to kill beasts during Lent was one of the ancient modes of favouritism.

<sup>b</sup> A passage in Holinshed explains this:—"Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, appareled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails."

And could it not enforce them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. HEN. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

SAY. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. HEN. How now, madam?

Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear me, love<sup>a</sup>, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. MAR. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

K. HEN. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

MESS. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,

Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;

And calls your grace usurper, openly,

And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. HEN. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

BUCK. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth<sup>b</sup>,

Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. MAR. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. HEN. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,

Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

SAY. So might your grace's person be in danger:

The sight of me is odious in their eyes;

And therefore in this city will I stay,

And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

2 MESS. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;

The citizens fly and forsake their houses;

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear

To spoil the city and your royal court.

<sup>a</sup> *I fear me, love.* So the folio. This is usually printed, *I fear, my love.*

<sup>b</sup> *Killingworth.* This is the old orthography of *Kenilworth*, and is still the local pronunciation.

BUCK. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. HEN. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. MAR. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. HEN. Farewell, my lord [*to LORD SAY*]; trust not the Kentish rebels.

BUCK. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

SAY. The trust I have is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower.*

*Enter LORD SCALES, and others, on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

SCALES. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 CIT. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

SCALES. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;

But I am troubled here with them myself:

The rebels have essay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,

And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Cannon-street.*

*Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London stone.*

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running.*

SOLD. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE. Knock him down there.

[*They kill him.*]

SMITH. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

DICK. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.* Smithfield.

*Alarum.* Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company; on the other, Citizens, and the KING's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

CADE. So, sirs :—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

DICK. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

JOHN. Mass, 't will be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet. [Aside.]

SMITH. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [Aside.]

CADE. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

JOHN. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

[Aside.]

CADE. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.*

CADE. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CADE. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAY. You men of Kent,—

DICK. What say you of Kent?

SAY. Nothing but this: 'T is *bona terra, mala gens*.

CADE. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

SAY. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civill'st place of all this isle:  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;  
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.  
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;  
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.  
Justice with favour have I always done;  
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.  
When have I aught exacted at your hands?  
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you<sup>a</sup>,  
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,  
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,  
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven<sup>b</sup>.  
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,  
You cannot but forbear to murder me.  
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings  
For your behoof,—

CADE. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

SAY. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

GEO. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

SAY. These cheeks are pale for watching<sup>c</sup> for your good.

CADE. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

SAY. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the pap of hatchet<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> We follow the original punctuation in making Say unconditionally ask—

"When have I aught exacted at your hands?"

He then goes on to say that, for the good of all, he has encouraged learned men. Instead of "*Kent to maintain*," Johnson proposes to read "*But to maintain*."

<sup>b</sup> This is usually pointed so as to close the sentence at "*preferr'd me to the king*." He not only bestowed gifts on learned clerks because his own book had preferred him, but from a general conviction that ignorance is the curse of God, &c. This declaration has little connection with the exhortation not to murder him.

<sup>c</sup> For *watching*—in consequence of watching.

<sup>d</sup> This is "*help of hatchet*" in the original text. In Steevens's edition we first read, upon the



DICK. Why dost thou quiver, man?

SAY. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

CADE. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

SAY. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding<sup>a</sup>,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

CADE. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL. It shall be done.

SAY. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

CADE. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some, with LORD SAY.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

DICK. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills<sup>b</sup>?

CADE. Marry, presently.

ALL. O brave!

suggestion of Farmer, "the *pap* of a hatchet." There is every reason to think that the correction is right. "Candle of hemp" and "pap of hatchet" were to cure Say's "sickness and diseases," according to Cade's prescription. We have no authority for the phrase "hempen candle;" but there is no doubt that "pap of hatchet" was a common cant phrase. Lyly's pamphlet, so celebrated in the history of controversy, bears this title: 'Pap with an hatchet; alias, a fig for my godson; or, crack me this nut; or, a country cuff; that is, a sound box of the ear, et cætera.' A title such as this must have been founded upon common sayings which, in those days, the learned did not disdain to pick up.

<sup>a</sup> This inverted phrase is somewhat difficult. It means, "These hands are free from shedding guiltless blood."

<sup>b</sup> *Upon our bills.* This is an equivocal. The *bills* of Cade were not *bills of debt* (as bonds for the payment of money, executed in the simplest form, were anciently called), but the *brown bills* of the rabble soldiery.

*Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY and his Son-in-law.*

CADE. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away!

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

*Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.*

CADE. Up Fish-street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into the Thames!—*[A parley sounded, then a retreat.]* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.*

BUCK. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee;  
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king  
Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;  
And here pronounce free pardon to them all  
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

CLIFF. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,  
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you;  
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?  
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!  
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,  
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

CADE. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse light upon you all!

ALL. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

CLIF. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,  
 That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?  
 Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
 And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?  
 Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;  
 Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,  
 Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.  
 Were 't not a shame that whilst you live at jar,  
 The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,  
 Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?  
 Methinks, already, in this civil broil,  
 I see them lording it in London streets,  
 Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.  
 Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,  
 Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.  
 To France, to France, and get what you have lost;  
 Spare England, for it is your native coast:  
 Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;  
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king, and Clifford.

CADE. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake to my heels. *[Exit.]*

BUCK. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;  
 And he that brings his head unto the king  
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.— *[Exeunt some of them.]*  
 Follow me, soldiers; we 'll devise a mean  
 To reconcile you all unto the king. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IX.—Killingworth Castle.

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the Castle.*

K. HEN. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,  
 And could command no more content than I?  
 No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,  
 But I was made a king, at nine months old:  
 Was never subject long'd to be a king,  
 As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.*

BUCK. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. HEN. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?  
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter, below, a great number of CADE's Followers, with halters about their necks.*

CLIFF. He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;  
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. HEN. Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,  
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!  
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:  
Continue still in this so good a mind,  
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,  
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;  
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Please it your grace to be advertised,  
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:  
And with a puissant and a mighty power,  
Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes<sup>a</sup>,  
Is marching hitherward in proud array;  
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
His aims<sup>b</sup> are only to remove from thee  
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. HEN. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;  
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,  
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:  
But now<sup>c</sup> is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;  
And now is York in arms to second him.  
I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;  
And ask him, what 's the reason of these arms.

<sup>a</sup> The mention of these soldiery occurs again in 'Macbeth' (Act I., Scene 2). In 'The Mirror for Magistrates' they are described as giving no quarter:—

"The Gallowglas, the Kerne,  
Yield, or not yield, whom so they take they slay."

<sup>b</sup> *Aims*—the first folio has *arms*—the second, *armies*. We adopt *aims* from Mr. Dyce.

<sup>c</sup> *But now*—just now.

Tell him, I 'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;—  
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,  
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

SOM. My lord,

I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. HEN. In any case, be not too rough in terms ;  
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

BUCK. I will, my lord ; and doubt not so to deal  
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. HEN. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better ;  
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

*Enter CADE.*

CADE. Fie on ambition ! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish ! These five days have I hid me in these woods ; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me. But now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden ; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good : for, many a time, but for a sallet<sup>a</sup> my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill ; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in : And now the word sallet<sup>b</sup> must serve me to feed on.

*Enter IDEN, with Servants.*

IDEN. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?  
This small inheritance my father left me  
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.  
I seek not to wax great by others' waning ;  
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy ;  
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,  
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

CADE. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his

<sup>a</sup> *Sallet*, or *sallad*—a helmet; from the Spanish *celada*, so called, according to Du Cange, because the soldier who wears it *celetur*. Chaucer used the word.

<sup>b</sup> *Sallet*, or *salad*—a herb which is eaten salted—*salada*.



fee simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,  
I know thee not: Why then should I betray thee?  
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,  
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,  
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,  
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

CADE. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days: yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

IDEN. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,  
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.  
Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes on mine,  
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.  
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;  
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;  
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;  
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,  
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.  
As for words, whose greatness answers words,  
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

CADE. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. CADE falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

IDEN. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?  
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:  
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;  
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,  
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

CADE. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

IDEN. How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee !  
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword  
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.  
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head ;  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. *[Exit, dragging out the body.]*



*[Blackheath.]*



[Between Dartford and Blackheath.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

*The KING's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours: his Forces at some distance.*

YORK. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,  
 And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:  
 Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;  
 To entertain great England's lawful king.  
 Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?  
 Let them obey that know not how to rule;  
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold:  
 I cannot give due action to my words,  
 Except a sword or sceptre balance it.

A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul<sup>a</sup>,  
On which I 'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

BUCK. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

BUCK. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;

Or why thou, being a subject as I am,

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!

I am far better born than is the king;

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:

But I must make fair weather yet awhile,

Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

*[All the preceding is spoken aside.]*

Buckingham, I prithee pardon me,

That I have given no answer all this while;

My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

The cause why I have brought this army hither,

Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,

Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

BUCK. That is too much presumption on thy part:

But if thy arms be to no other end,

The king hath yielded unto thy demand;

The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;

Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

You shall have pay, and everything you wish.

And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

<sup>a</sup> The editors make a difficulty here, and would read—

“A sceptre shall it have, have I a sword.”

The meaning is very obvious by reading “have I a soul” parenthetically—that is, if I have a soul.



Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,  
As pledges of my fealty and love,  
I'll send them all as willing as I live;  
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have  
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

BUCK. York, I commend this kind submission:  
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

*Enter KING HENRY, attended.*

K. HEN. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,  
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

YORK. In all submission and humility,  
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. HEN. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;  
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,  
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.*

IDEN. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,  
May pass into the presence of a king,  
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. HEN. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—  
O, let me view his visage, being dead,  
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.  
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

IDEN. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. HEN. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

IDEN. Alexander Iden, that's my name;  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

BUCK. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss  
He were created knight for his good service.

K. HEN. Iden, kneel down [*He kneels*]: Rise up a knight.  
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;  
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. HEN. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;  
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.*

Q. MAR. For thousand Yorks, he shall not hide his head,  
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.



YORK. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place; by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

SOM. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:

Obeys, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

YORK. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these<sup>a</sup>,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[Exit an Attendant.

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. MAR. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.

To say, if that the bastard boys of York

Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,

Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old CLIFFORD and his Son.*

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. MAR. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

CLIF. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[Kneels.

YORK. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

<sup>a</sup> He probably points to his sons, who are waiting without; or, it may be, to his troops.

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look :  
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;  
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee.

CLIF. This is my king, York, I do not mistake ;  
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do :—  
To Bedlam with him ! is the man grown mad ?

K. HEN. Ay, Clifford ; a bedlam and ambitious humour  
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIF. He is a traitor ; let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. MAR. He is arrested, but will not obey ;  
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him

YORK. Will you not, sons ?

EDW. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

RICH. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

CLIF. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here !

YORK. Look in a glass, and call thy image so ;  
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.  
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears<sup>a</sup>,  
That, with the very shaking of their chains,  
They may astonish these fell lurking curs ;  
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.*

CLIF. Are these thy bears ? we 'll bait thy bears to death,  
And manacle the bearward in their chains,  
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

RICH. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur  
Run back and bite, because he was withheld ;  
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,  
Hath clapp'd his tail behind his legs, and cried :  
And such a piece of service will you do,  
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

CLIF. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape !

YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIF. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. HEN. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow ?  
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,  
Thou mad misleader of thy brainsick son !—  
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,  
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles ?

<sup>a</sup> *The bear and ragged staff* was the cognizance of the Nevils. See in this scene Warwick's speech.

O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?  
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—  
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
And shame thine honourable age with blood?  
Why art thou old and want'st experience?  
Or wherefore dost abuse it if thou hast it?  
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,  
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

SAL. My lord, I have consider'd with myself  
The title of this most renowned duke;  
And in my conscience do repute his grace  
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. HEN. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

SAL. I have.

K. HEN. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?

SAL. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;  
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.  
Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;  
And have no other reason for this wrong  
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. MAR. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. HEN. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

YORK. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,  
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

CLIF. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

WAR. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,  
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

CLIF. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

WAR. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,  
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,  
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,  
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.)  
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

CLIF. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,  
And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
Despite the bearward that protects the bear.

Y. CLIF. And so to arms, victorious father,

To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

RICH. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. CLIF. Foul stigmatic<sup>a</sup>, that's more than thou canst tell.

RICH. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—Saint Albans.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

WAR. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls!

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,

Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,

And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,

Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,

Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter YORK.*

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;

But match to match I have encounter'd him,

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows

Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

WAR. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit.*]

CLIF. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

YORK. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

CLIF. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

YORK. So let it help me now against thy sword,

As I in justice and true right express it!

<sup>a</sup> *Stigmatic*. This was an appellation of an offender who had been branded—upon whom a stigma had been set. Young Clifford insults Richard with the natural stigma of his deformity.

CLIF. My soul and body on the action both!—

YORK A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly. [*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.*]

CLIF. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*Dies.*]

YORK. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Young CLIFFORD.*

Y. CLIF. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry Heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,

[*Seeing his dead father.*]

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease<sup>a</sup>! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 't is mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it,

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;

[*Taking up the body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

But then Æneas bare a living load,

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> To cease—actively—to stop.



*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET, fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.*

RICH. So, lie thou there ;—

For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,

The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous in his death<sup>a</sup>.

Sword, hold thy temper : heart, be wrathful still :

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit.*]

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and others, retreating.*

Q. MAR. Away, my lord ! you are slow ; for shame, away !

K. HEN. Can we outrun the heavens ? good Margaret, stay.

Q. MAR. What are you made of ? you 'll not fight, nor fly :

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,

To give the enemy way ; and to secure us

By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes : but if we haply 'scape,

(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)

We shall to London get, where you are lov'd ;

And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,

May readily be stopp'd.

*Enter Young CLIFFORD.*

Y. CLIF. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly ;

But fly you must ; uncurable discomfit

Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts<sup>b</sup>.

Away, for your relief ! and we will live

To see their day, and them our fortune give :

Away, my lord, away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Fields near Saint Albans.*

*Alarum : Retreat. Flourish ; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

YORK. Of Salisbury, who can report of him ?—

That winter lion, who in rage forgets

Aged contusions and all brush of time ;

<sup>a</sup> See the prediction in Act I., Scene 4 :—

“ Let him shun castles.”

<sup>b</sup> *Parts—parties—party.*

And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

RICH. My noble father,  
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,  
Persuaded him from any further act:  
But still where danger was, still there I met him;  
And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.  
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

SAL. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;  
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:  
God knows how long it is I have to live;  
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day  
You have defended me from imminent death.  
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:  
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,  
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

YORK. I know our safety is to follow them;  
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
To call a present court of parliament.  
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:  
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

WAR. After them! nay, before them, if we can.  
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day:  
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.  
Sound, drum and trumpets:—and to London all:  
And more such days as these to us befall!

*[Exeunt.]*



*Marriage of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou.]*

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

### ACT I.

#### HISTORICAL.

THE connection between the last scene of the 'First Part of Henry VI.' and the first scene of the Second Part is as perfect as if they each belonged to one play. The concluding words of that last scene show us Suffolk departing for France for the accomplishment of the anxious wish of Henry—

"That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
To cross the seas to England."

In the first lines of the Second Part we find Suffolk returned from his mission, the purpose of which, as expressed in the last scene of the First Part, he here recapitulates. The passage of the poet is almost exactly copied from the historians,—Holinshed being in this case a literal transcriber from Hall:—"The Marquis of Suffolk, as procurator to King Henry, espoused the said lady in the church of Saint Martin's. At the which marriage were present the father

and mother of the bride; the French king himself, which was uncle to the husband; and the French queen also, which was aunt to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleans, of Calaber, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seven earls, twelve barons, twenty bishops, beside knights and gentlemen."

The displeasure of the Duke of Gloster at this marriage is indicated by the poet in the last scene of the First Part. There Henry says,—

—— "Agree to any covenants."

The announcement of the surrender of Anjou and Maine is reserved by the dramatist for the scene before us. This surrender is the chief cause of the Duke of Gloster's indignation, as expressed in the celebrated speech,—

"Brave peers of England, pillars of the state," &c.

The poet makes the duke intimate no dislike of

the queen's person; and Henry, indeed, expressly thanks him

“for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.”

The poet here follows Holinshed, who copies Fabian:—“On the eighteenth of May she came to London, all the lords of England in most sumptuous sort meeting and receiving her upon the way, and specially the Duke of Gloster, with such honour as stood with the dignity of his person.” Of this circumstance Hall has no mention.

Margaret of Anjou arrived in England in 1445. Her impatience under the authority of the Protector Gloster, and her intrigues to procure his disgrace, are set forth very graphically by Hall:—“This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm: lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scholar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man.” But the hatred of Queen Margaret to “duke Humphrey's wife” is purely an invention of the poet. The disgrace of Eleanor Cobham took place three years before the arrival of Margaret in England. It is insinuated, however, by the chroniclers, that the accusation of the duchess upon a charge of sorcery and treason was prompted by the enemies of the protector. The following is Hall's account of this tragedy, in which “horror and absurdity are mingled in about equal portions:”—

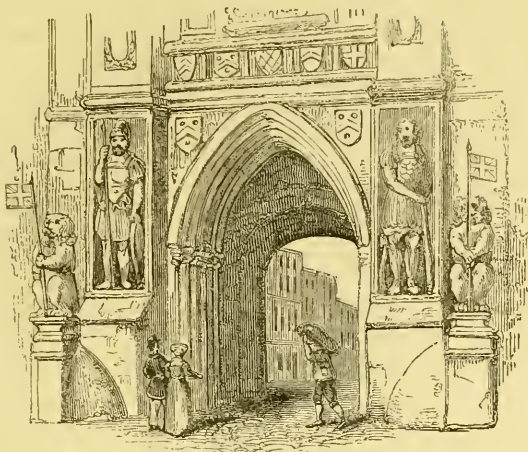
“But venom will once break out, and inward grudge will soon appear, which was this year to all men apparent: for divers secret attempts were advanced forward this season against the noble duke Humphrey of Gloster, afar off, which

in conclusion came so near that they bereft him both of life and land, as you shall hereafter more manifestly perceive. For first, this year, dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchantment, intended to destroy the king, to the intent to advance and to promote her husband to the crown: upon this she was examined in Saint Stephen's chapel, before the bishop of Canterbury, and there by examination convict and judged to do open penance in three open places within the city of London, and after that adjudged to perpetual prison in the Isle of Man, under the keeping of Sir John Stanley, knight. At the same season were arrested, as aiders and counsellors to the said duchess, Thomas Southwel, priest and canon of Saint Stephen's in Westminster; John Hum, priest; Roger Bolingbroke, a cunning necromancer; and Margery Jourdain, surnamed the witch of Eye: to whose charge it was laid, that they, at the request of the duchess, had devised an image of wax representing the king, which by their sorcery a little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person, and so to bring him death; for the which treason they were adjudged to die: and so Margery Jourdain was burnt in Smithfield, and Roger Bolingbroke was drawn and quartered at Tyburn, taking upon his death that there was never no such thing by them imagined. John Hum had his pardon, and Southwel died in the Tower before execution. The Duke of Gloster took all these things patiently, and said little.”

In the third scene, the charges which Beaufort, and Somerset, and Buckingham, insultingly heap upon the protector, are supported by this passage of Hall:—“Divers articles, both heinous and odious, were laid to his charge in open council; and in especial, one that he had caused men adjudged to die to be put to other execution than the law of the land had ordered or assigned.” This is the charge of Buckingham:—

“Thy cruelty in execution,  
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,  
And left thee to the mercy of the law.”





[The Bar-Gate, Southampton.]

## ACT II.

*"As Bevis of Southampton fell upon Asepart."*

WE have been unwilling to part with these words, although they are wanting in the text as revised by Shakspeare. The allusions in our old poets to the older romances, form a chain of traditional literature of which it is not pleasant to lose a single link. We have no doubt that our greatest poet was a diligent student of those ancient legends, upon which one who in many respects greatly resembled him chiefly formed himself. Scott has done more than any man of our own generation to send us back to these well-heads of poesy. His lines in the 'Lady of the Lake' illustrates the passage before us:—

"My sire's tall form might grace the part  
Of Ferragus, or Asebart."

Sir Bevis has had monuments of stone (as the Gate at Southampton), and more enduring monuments of literature. He earned these honours, as the legend says, by the conquest of the mightiest of giants, who yet stands by his side, in the sculptured record, as a person of very reasonable dimensions. But the romance (we give the modernised version of Ellis) tells us something different:—

"This giant was mighty and strong,  
And full thirty feet was long.  
He was bristled like a sow;  
A foot he had between each brow;  
His lips were great and hung aside;  
His eyen were hollow, his mouth was wide;  
Lothly he was to look on than,  
And liker a devil than a man:  
His staff was a young oak—  
Hard and heavy was his stroke."

## HISTORICAL.

The miracle scene at St. Albans is founded upon a real occurrence. Sir Thomas More tells the story as related to him by his father. The poet probably found it in More's works, which were printed in 1557; but this ludicrous episode in a tragic history is also thus told by Grafton in his 'Chronicle':—

"In the time of King Henry VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the town of *Saint Albans* a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, five

or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was born blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of *Berwick*, where he said that he had ever dwelled, to seek *Saint Alban*. When the king was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at *Saint Alban's* shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen: so that nothing was talked of in all the town but this miracle. So happened it then that Duke



*Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester*, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the poor man up to him, and looked well upon his eyes, and asked whether he could never see anything at all in all his life before? and when as well his wife as himself affirmed fastly, No; then he looked advisedly upon his eyes again, and said, I believe you may well, for me thinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he: I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is this gown? Then anon the beggar told him. What colour, quoth he, is this man's gown? He told him also without staying or stumbling, and told the names of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks."

The poet found the picturesque story of the trial of battle between the armourer and his servant thus briefly told in *Holinshed* :—

"In the same year also a certain armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his own. For proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain; but yet by misgoverning of himself; for, on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tyburn."

The event is dramatically connected by the poet with the main plot, by his exact description of the treason of which "a certain armourer was appeached :"—

"His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,  
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;  
And that your majesty was an usurper."

The poetical variations of the incident told by *Holinshed* greatly heighten the dramatic effect. The scene, in all probability, presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a trial of battle. In this remarkable case of the battle between the armourer and his servant, some very curious particulars, not detailed by the chroniclers, have been found in the original

precept to the sheriffs, and the return of expenses on the occasion, both of which are preserved in the Exchequer. The names of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The barriers, it appears, were brought to Smithfield from Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewn with rushes. The return of expenses contains the following item: "Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte aftyr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execucion doying, and for ye hangman's labor, xjs. *vid.*" The "hangman's labor" was subsequent to the battle. All the historians agree that the armourer was slain by his servant; but the ceremonies attending the punishment of a traitor were gone through with the dead body. (See Douce, 'Illustrations.') It is remarkable that the trial of battle was only abolished by law as recently as 1819; and that in the previous year there was every probability that a somewhat similar scene to that here dramatized would have been acted by the authority of the law, in the celebrated case of Ashford and Thornton.



[Queen Margaret.]



[Humphrey, Duke of Gloster.]

## ACT III.

## HISTORICAL.

WE have already noticed the charges which were made by his enemies against the Duke of Gloster. Hall, whom Holinshed copies, thus proceeds to describe his death :—

“ Although the duke (not without great laud and praise) sufficiently answered to all things to him objected, yet because his death was determined, his wisdom little helped, nor his truth smally availed : but of this unquietness of mind he delivered himself, because he thought neither of death, nor of condemnation to die : such affiance had he in his strong truth, and such confidence had he in indifferent justice. But his capital enemies and mortal foes, fearing that some tumult or commotion might arise if a prince so well beloved of the people should be openly executed and put to death, determined to trap and undo him, or he thereof should have knowledge or warning. So, for the furtherance of their purpose, a parliament was summoned to be kept at Bury, whither resorted all the peers of the realm, and amongst them the duke of Gloster, which, on the second day of the session, was by the Lord Beaumont, then high constable of England, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and other, arrested,

apprehended, and put in ward, and all his servants sequestered from him, and xxxii of the chief of his retinue were sent to divers prisons, to the great admiration of the common people. The duke, the night after his imprisonment, was found dead in his bed, and his body showed to the lords and commons as though he had died of a palsy or empostom ; but all indifferent persons well knew that he died of no natural death, but of some violent force.”

The conspiracy which the poet has exhibited in the first scene of this Act, of the Queen, the Cardinal, Suffolk, and York, against the life of Gloster, is not borne out by any relation of the chroniclers. Indeed, it is by no means clear that the Duke actually did die by violence. The people, no doubt, firmly believed that he came to his end by foul practices ; and they would naturally associate this belief with the suspicion of his avowed enemies. Hence, probably, the general tone of the chroniclers. The participation of the Queen in the supposed crime is distinctly stated by Hall ; and he suggests, also, the motive by which York might have been prompted to remove so able and

popular a branch of the house of Lancaster as the Duke Humphrey. The following passage bears upon both points:—

“There is an old said saw, that a man intending to avoid the smoke falleth into the fire: so here the queen, minding to preserve her husband in honour and herself in authority, procured and consented to the death of this noble man, whose only death brought to pass that thing which she would most fain have eschewed, and took from her that jewel which she most desired: for if this duke had lived, the Duke of York durst not have made title to the crown: if this duke had lived, the nobles had not conspired against the king, nor yet the commons had not rebelled: if this duke had lived, the house of Lancaster had not been defaced and destroyed; which things happened all contrary by the destruction of this good man.”

The banishment of Suffolk took place in 1450; three years after the death of Gloster. In the articles against him “proponed by the commons,” there were many accusations of “treason, misprision, and evil demeanour;” but the murder of the Duke of Gloster was not therein imputed to him. Hall, indeed, says that the commonalty affirmed him to “be the chief procurer of the death of the good Duke of Gloster.” The protection of the queen, “which entirely loved the duke,” was for some time his safeguard; but he was finally banished by the King, according to Hall, “as the abhorred toad and common nuisance of the whole realm, for the term of five years.” The poet has brought events which were separated by considerable intervals of time into a dramatic unity; and he has connected the guilt which was popularly attributed to Suffolk with the punishment which was demanded by the public hatred of him.

The death of Cardinal Beaufort is one of those scenes of the Shakspearean drama which stand in the place of real history, and almost supersede its authority. Shakspeare, however, found the meagre outline of this great scene in a passage of Hall:—

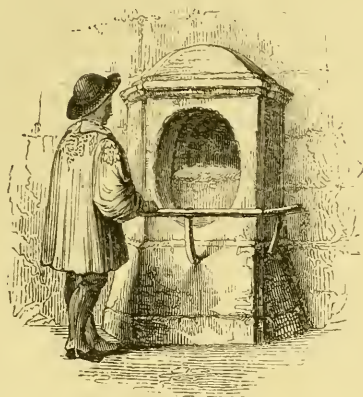
“During these doings, Henry Beauford Bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world, and was buried at Winchester. This man was son to John of

Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but born in Baste, more noble of blood than notable in learning, haut in stomach and high in countenance, rich above measure of all men, and to few liberal; disdainful to his kin and dreadful to his lovers, preferring money before friendship, many things beginning and nothing performing. His covetous insatiable, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himself, in his latter days; for Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death-bed, said these words: ‘Why should I die, having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloster deceased, then I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived: praying you all to pray for me.’”



[Cardinal Beaufort.]





[London Stone.]

## ACT IV.

## HISTORICAL.

THE extraordinary circumstances attending the execution, or more properly murder, of the Duke of Suffolk are very briefly given by the chroniclers. Holinshed, in the following passage, copies Hall with little variation :—

“ But God’s justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape ; for when he shipped in Suffolk, intending to transport himself over into France, he was encountered with a ship of war appertaining to the Duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the Nicholas of the Tower. The captain of that bark with small fight entered into the duke’s ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on one side of a cock-boat caused his head to be stricken off, and left his body with the head lying there on the sands ; which corpse, being there found by a chaplain of his, was conveyed to Wingfield College, in Suffolk, and there buried. This end had William de la Poole Duke of Suffolk, as men judge by God’s providence, for that he had procured the death of that good Duke of Gloster, as before is partly touched.”

The most circumstantial account of this event is to be found in the ‘ Paston Correspondence,’ in one of the letters in that most curious and interesting collection, dated the 5th of May, 1450, and written immediately after the occurrence :—

“ Right worshipful Sir,—I recommend me to you, and am right sorry of that I shall say, and have so washed this little bill with sorrowful tears, that scarcely ye shall read it. As on Monday next after May-day (4th May) there came tidings to London that on Thursday before (30th April) the Duke of Suffolk came unto the coasts of Kent full near Dover, with his two ships and a little spinner ; the which spinner he sent with certain letters by certain of his trusted men unto Calais-ward to know how he should be received, and with him met a ship called Nicholas of the Tower, with other ships waiting on him, and by them that were in the spinner the master of the Nicholas had knowledge of the duke’s coming. When he espied the duke’s ships he sent full his boat to weet what they were, and the duke himself spoke to them, and said he was, by the king’s commandment, sent to Calais-ward, &c. ; and

they said he must speak with their master; and so he, with two or three of his men, went forth with them in their boat to the Nicholas; and when he came the master bade him Welcome, traitor, as men say. And further, the master desired to weet if the shipmen would hold with the duke, and they sent word they would not in no wise; and so he was in the Nicholas till Saturday next following. Some say he wrote much things to be delivered to the king, but that is not verily known; some say he had his confessor with him, &c.; and some say he was arraigned in the ship in their manner, upon the impeachments, and found guilty, &c.

"Also he asked the name of the ship, and when he knew it he remembered Stacy, that said, if he might escape the danger of the Tower he would be safe; and then his heart failed him, for he thought he was deceived. And in the sight of all his men he was drawn out of the great ship into the boat, and there was an axe and a stock; and one of the lowest of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fairly ferd (*dealt*) with, and die on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover, and some say his head was set on a pole by it, and his men set on the land, by [with] great circumstance and prey. And the sheriff of Kent doth watch the body, and sent his under-sheriff to the judges to weet what to do; and also to the king, what shall be done. Further I wot not; but thus far is it, if the process be erroneous let his counsel reverse it," &c.

The other scenes of this Act are almost wholly occupied with the insurrection of Cade. In the principal events the poet has pretty exactly followed the chroniclers; but the vigorous delineation of character is entirely his own. The narrative of Holinshed is copied almost literally from that of Hall, with the introduction, however, of several state papers not given by the elder chronicler.

"A certain young man of a goodly stature and pregnant wit was enticed to take upon him the name of John Mortimer, although his name was John Cade, and not for a small policy, thinking that by that surname the line and lineage of the assistant house of the Earl of March, which were no small number, should be to him both adherent and favourable. This

captain, not only suborned by teachers, but also enforced by privy schoolmasters, assembled together a great company of tall personages; assuring them that their attempt was both honourable to God and the king, and also profitable to the commonwealth, promising them, that if either by force or policy they might once take the king, the queen, and other their counsellors, into their hands and governance, that they would honourably entreat the king, and so sharply handle his counsellors, that neither fiftens should hereafter be demanded, nor once any impositions or tax should be spoken of. \* \* \* The subtil captain, named Jack Cade, intending to bring the king farther within the compass of his net, brake up his camp, and retired backward to the town of Sevenoaks, in Kent, and there, expecting his prey, encamped himself and made his abode. The queen, which bare the rule, being of his retreat well advertised, sent Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, and William his brother, with many other gentlemen, to follow the chase of the Kentishmen, thinking that they had fled; but verily they were deceived; for at the first skirmish both the Staffords were slain, and all their company shamefully discomfited. The king's army, being at this time come to Blackheath, hearing of this discomfiture, began to grudge and murmur amongst themselves; some wishing the Duke of York at home to aid the captain his cousin; some desiring the overthrow of the king and his counsel; other openly crying out on the queen and her complices. This rumour, openly spoken and commonly published, caused the king, and certain of his counsel not led by favour nor corrupted by rewards (to the intent to appease the furious rage of the inconstant multitude), to commit the Lord Say, Treasurer of England, to the Tower of London; and if other, against whom like displeasure was borne, had been present, they had likewise been served: but it was necessary that one should suffer rather than all the nobility then should perish. When the Kentish captain, or the covetous Cade, had thus obtained victory and slain the two valiant Staffords, he apparelled himself in their rich armour, and so with pomp and glory returned again toward London; in which retreat, divers idle and vagabond persons resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other parts, to a great number. Thus this glorious captain, compassed about and environed with a multitude of evil, rude, and rustic persons, came again to the



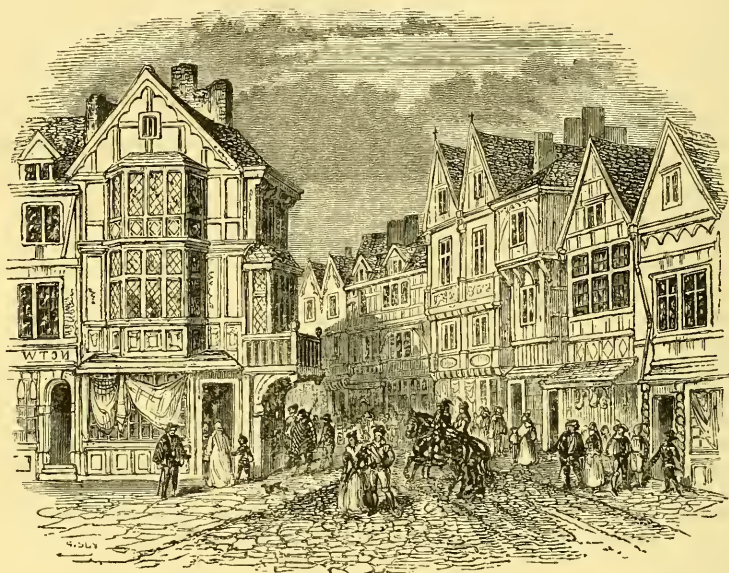
plain of Blackheath, and there strongly encamped himself: to whom were sent by the king the Archbishop of Canterbury and Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, to commune with him of his griefs and requests. These lords found him sober in communication, wise in disputing, arrogant in heart, and stiff in his opinion, and by no ways possible to be persuaded to dissolve his army, except the king in person would come to him and assent to all things which he would require. These lords, perceiving the wilful pertinacy and manifest contumacy of this rebellious Javelin, departed to the king, declaring to him his temerarious and rash words and presumptuous requests. The king, somewhat hearing and more marking the sayings of this outrageous losel, and having daily report of the concourse and access of people which continually resorted to him, doubting as much his familiar servants as his unknown subjects (which spared not to speak that the captain's cause was profitable for the commonwealth), departed in all haste to the castle of Killingworth, in Warwickshire, leaving only behind him the Lord Scales, to keep the Tower of London. The captain, being advertised of the king's absence, came first into Southwark, and there lodged at the White Hart, prohibiting to all men murder, rape, or robbery; by which colour he allured to him the hearts of the common people. But after that he entered into London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge, striking his sword on London stone, saying, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city,' and rode in every street like a lordly captain. And after a flattering declaration made to the mayor of the city of his thither coming, he departed again into Southwark. And upon the third day of July he caused Sir James Fines Lord Say, and Treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall of London, and there to be arraigned; which, being before the king's justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peers, for the longer delay of his life. The captain, perceiving his dilatory plea, by force took him from the officers and brought him to the standard in Cheap, and there, before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitched it on a high pole, which was openly borne before him through the streets. And this cruel tyrant, not content with the murder of the Lord Say, went to Mile-end, and there apprehended Sir James Cromer, then sheriff of Kent, and son-in-law to the said Lord Say, and him, without confession

or excuse heard, caused there likewise to be beheaded, and his head fixed on a pole, and with these two heads this bloody butcher entered into the city again, and in despite caused them in every street to kiss together, to the great detestation of all the beholders.

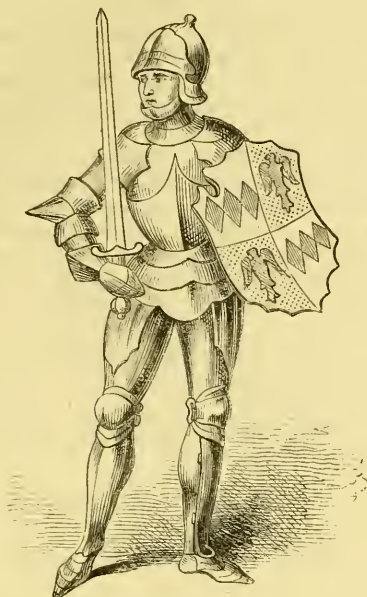
"After this shameful murder succeeded open rapine and manifest robbery in divers houses within the city, and in especial in the house of Philip Malpas, alderman of London, and divers other: over and beside ransoming and fining of divers notable merchants, for the tuition and security of their lives and goods; as Robert Horne, alderman, which paid v. C. marks, and yet neither he or no other person was either of life or substance in a surety or safeguard. He also put to execution in Southwark divers persons, some for infringing his rules and precepts, because he would be seen indifferent; other he tormented of his old acquaintance, lest they should blase and declare his base birth and low lineage, disparaging him from his usurped name of Mortimer; for the which he thought, and doubted not, both to have friends and fautors both in London, Kent, and Essex. \* \* \* \* \*

"After this abstinence of war agreed, the lusty Kentish captain, hoping on more friends, brake up the gaols of the King's Bench and Marshalsea, and set at liberty a swarm of gallants, both meet for his service and apt for his enterprise. The Archbishop of Canterbury, being then Chancellor of England, and for his surety lying in the Tower of London, called to him the Bishop of Winchester, which also for fear lurked at Halywell. These two prelates, seeing the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their beating back, to be mitigated and minished, passed the river of Thames from the Tower into Southwark, bringing with them, under the king's seal, a general pardon unto all the offenders; which they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lord! how glad the poor people were of this pardon (yea, more than of the great Jubilee of Rome), and how they accepted the same, in so much that the whole multitude, without bidding farewell to their captain, retired the same night, every man to his own home, as men amazed and stricken with fear. But John Cade, desperate of succours, which by the friends of the Duke of York were to him promised, and seeing his company thus without his knowledge suddenly depart, mistrusting the sequel of the matter, departed secretly, in habit disguised, into

Sussex; but all his metamorphosis and transfiguration little prevailed, for after a proclamation made that whosoever could apprehend the said Jack Cade should have for his pain a M marks, many sought for him, but few espied him, till one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found him in a garden, and there, in his defence, manfully slew the caitiff Cade, and brought his dead body to London, whose head was set on London Bridge."



[Ancient View of a Street in Southwark.]



[Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick.]

## ACT V.

## HISTORICAL.

THE persecution of the Duke of Gloster, the banishment and death of Suffolk, the insurrection of Cade, were events that had long distracted and agitated the people, and prepared the way for the open claim of the house of York to the crown. The return of the Duke of York from Ireland, his demand for the removal of Somerset, and the subsequent dismissal of his forces upon learning that Somerset was a prisoner, are detailed by the chroniclers. The indignation of York upon finding Somerset at liberty is also related by them. The poet leaps over the subsequent committal of York as prisoner to the Tower, and his release under the terror which was produced by the approach of his son Edward towards London with a great army. The Duke, previous to his release, solemnly submitted under oath to the King. The poet has preserved the unity of action by destroying the intervals between one event and the other, and bringing causes and consequences

into closer union. It is scarcely necessary for us to trace the real course of events, but we transcribe Hall's narrative of the first battle of St. Albans:—

“The king, being credibly informed of the great army coming toward him, assembled an host, intending to meet with the duke in the north part, because he had too many friends about the city of London; and for that cause, with great speed and small luck, he, being accompanied with the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham, the Earls of Stafford, Northumberland, and Wiltshire, with the Lord Clifford and divers other barons, departed out of Westminster, the xx day of May, toward the town of S. Albans: of whose doings the Duke of York being advertised by his espials, with all his power coasted the country, and came to the same town the third day next ensuing. The king, hearing of their approaching, sent to him messengers, straitly charging and commanding

him, as an obedient subject, to keep the peace, and not, as an enemy to his natural country, to murder and slay his own countrymen and proper nation. While King Henry, more desirous of peace than of war, was sending forth his orators at the one end of the town, the Earl of Warwick, with the Marchmen, entered at the other gate of the town, and fiercely set on the king's foreward, and them shortly discomfited. Then came the Duke of Somerset and all the other lords with the king's power, which fought a sore and cruel battle, in the which many a tall man lost his life: but the Duke of York sent ever fresh men to succour the weary, and put new men in the places of the hurt persons, by which policy the king's army was profligate and dispersed, and all the chieftains of the field almost slain and brought to confusion. For there died, under the sign of the Castle,

Edmund Duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles; and beside him lay Henry the second Earl of Northumberland, Humphrey Earl of Stafford, son to the Duke of Buckingham, John Lord Clifford, and viii M men and more<sup>a</sup>. Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, being wounded, and James Butler Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, seeing fortune's lowering chance, left the king post alone, and with a great number fled away. This was the end of the first battle at S. Albans, which was fought on the Thursday before the feast of Pentecost, being the xxiii day of May, in this xxxiii year of the king's reign; the bodies of the noble men were buried in the monastery; the mean people in other places."

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<sup>a</sup> Holinshed suggests this is an error for 800. The Paston Letters say "some six score" were slain.





[Henry VI.]

## COSTUME.

IN our Notice to the First Part of this play we mentioned that we knew of no contemporary portrait or effigy of Humphrey, Duke of Gloster. A figure, supposed to represent him, exists in a piece of tapestry belonging to St. Mary's Hall, at Coventry; but the tapestry is, in our opinion, of the date of Henry VII., although Major Hamilton Smith, in his 'Ancient Costume of England,' quotes the suggestion of an antiquarian friend that it was put up, in all probability, during the lives of Henry VI. and Queen Margaret, who both frequently visited the city, and were entertained in that hall. Our reason for doubting this circumstance is, that the costume is evidently of a later date than the accession of Edward IV., and that during the reign of that monarch, or of Richard III., not even the Lancastrian citizens of Coventry would have been likely to venture so ostentatious a display of the portraits of Henry, Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, the Duke of Bedford, Duke Humphrey, and all the principal nobility and courtiers attached to the

party of the Red Rose. We believe it to have been executed immediately after the triumph of Henry VII. at Bosworth Field; and, therefore, though we have given two or three figures from it in this Part of the play as illustrations, they must not be taken as authorities for the dress of this precise period. The plates in Major Hamilton Smith's work are incorrectly drawn and coloured; ours were taken from a careful copy of the original tapestry made many years ago, and exhibit on the dresses of the King and Queen the peculiar pine-apple pattern so much in vogue during the close of the 15th century. The attitudes alone have been altered; Henry and Margaret being represented kneeling in the original. Of Cardinal Beaufort we have given the effigy from his monument described in Part I. Of *Edmund* Beaufort, the Duke of Somerset in this Part of the play, we have no representation: he was buried in the abbey of St. Albans.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, is depicted on glass in Trinity Hall, Cambridge: the figure has been frequently but improperly

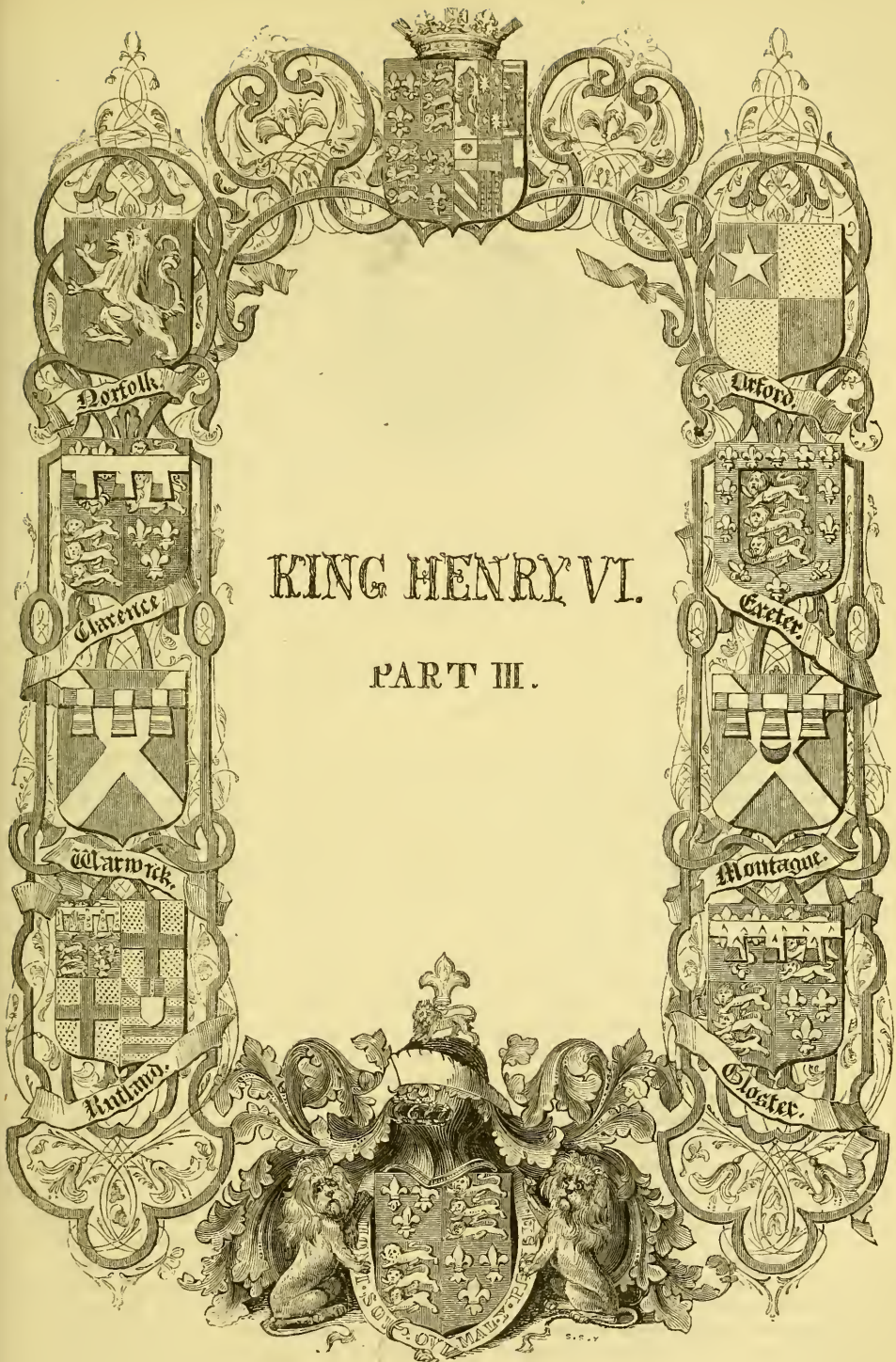


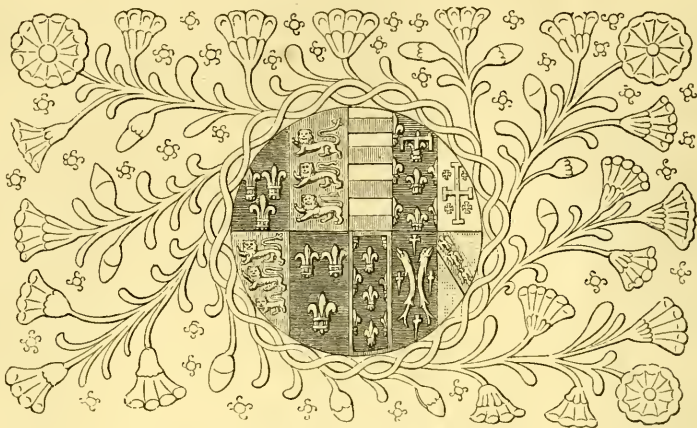
engraved as Richard Duke of Gloster. Sandford mentions another painting on glass of this Richard Plantagenet, in the east window of the north aisle of Cirencester church in Gloucestershire, "having on the pomel of his sword the arms of Mortimer Earl of March, it may be thereby to signifie that, although he was forced to use the *blade* to dispute his right to the crown, yet did he shroud himself under the *shield* or *hill* of a good title." Of Humphrey Stafford Duke of Buckingham, or of the Cliffords, father and son, we have no representation: neither know we any of Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury; but

his son Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick is depicted by Rouse, in the Warwick Roll, College of Arms, London, from which, by permission, our copy is made. The general costume of this period may be observed in our engraving from Lydgate's MS. in the Harleian Collection mentioned in Part I.; and, as a curious rather than an authentic illustration, we have given the composition supposed to represent theriage of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, from Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting in England.'



† Costume of the Commonalty of the Period.





[Arms of Henry VI. and Queen Margaret.]

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS drama appears in the original folio collection under the title of 'The Third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Duke of Yorke.' In 1595 was published 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth, with the whole Contention between the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants.' Upon this drama is founded 'The Third Part of Henry VI.,' in the form in which we have received it as Shakspere's. We believe, as in the case of the two previous dramas, and of the 'Richard III.,' which is a continuation of the History, that to Shakspere belongs the original authorship. The schemes of York are successful, and he is at length in arms; but he still dissembles.

Shakspere has given us every light and shadow of the partisanship of chivalry in his delineation of the various characters in these two wonderful dramas of the Second and Third Parts of 'Henry VI.' Apart and isolated from all active agency in the quarrel stands out the remarkable creation of Henry. The poet, with his instinctive judgment, has

given the king a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him. Their relations leave little doubt upon our minds that his imbecility was very nearly allied to utter incapacity; and that the thin partition between weakness and idiocy was sometimes wholly removed. But Shakspere has never painted Henry under this aspect: he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; with talents unfitted for the station in which he moved; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a distempered energy; peaceful under circumstances that could have no issue but in appeals to arms; just in thought, but powerless to assert even his own sense of right amidst the contests of injustice which hemmed him in. The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connection with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament-scene of 'The Third Part of Henry VI.' This scene is copied from the 'Contention,' with scarcely the addition or alteration of a word. We may boldly affirm that none but Shakspere could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred



of strife—the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour—the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority—the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of “armed men,” and proposing compromise even worse than war. It was weakness such as this which inevitably raised up the fiery partisans that the poet has so wonderfully depicted; the bloody Clifford—the “she-wolf of France”—the dissembling York—the haughty Warwick—the voluptuous Edward—and, last and most terrible of all, *he* that best explains his own character, “I am myself alone.”

One by one the partisans that are thus marshalled by the poet in the Parliament-scene of London are swept away by the steady progress of that justice which rides over their violence and their subtlety. The hollow truce is broken. Margaret is ready to assail York in his castle; York is prepared for the field, having learned from the precocious sophist Richard how an “oath is of no moment.” Now are let loose all the “dogs of war.” The savage Clifford strikes down the innocent Rutland; the more savage Margaret dips her napkin in his blood. York perishes under the prolonged retribution that awaited the ambition that dallied with murder and rebellion. Clifford, to whom nothing is so odious as “harmful pity,” falls

in the field of Towton, where the son was arrayed against the father, and the father against the son; and the king, more “woebegone” than the unwilling victims of ambition, moralises upon the “happy life” of the “homely swain.” The great actors of the tragedy are changed. Edward and Richard have become the leaders of the Yorkists, with Warwick, “the king-maker,” to rest upon. Henry has fled to Scotland; Margaret to France. Then is unfolded another leaf of that Sibylline book. Edward is on the throne, careless of everything but self-gratification; despising his supporters, offending even his brothers. Warwick takes arms against him; Clarence deserts to Warwick; Richard alone remains faithful, sneering at his brother, and laughing in the concealment of his own motives for fidelity. Edward is a fugitive, and finally a captive; but Richard redeems him, and Clarence again cleaves to him. The second revolution is accomplished. The “king-maker” yields his “body to the earth” in the field of Barnet; Margaret and her son become captives in the plains near Tewksbury. Then comes the terrible hour to the unhappy queen—that hour which she foresaw not when she gave the “bloody napkin” to the wretched York—that hour whose intensity of suffering reached its climax of expression in “You have no children.” But Richard is fled,

“To make a bloody supper in the Tower.”

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

## KING HENRY VI.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1.  
Act IV. sc. 6; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 6. ¶

## EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, *son to Henry VI.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3.  
Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

## LEWIS XI., *King of France.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 3.

## DUKE OF SOMERSET, *on King Henry's side.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.

## DUKE OF EXETER, *on King Henry's side.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 8.

## EARL OF OXFORD, *on King Henry's side.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 8.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.

## EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, *on King Henry's side.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2.

## EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *on King Henry's side.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

## LORD CLIFFORD, *on King Henry's side.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.  
Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

## RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

## EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV., son to the Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6.  
Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7.

## EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland, son to the Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3.

## GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence, son to the Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6.  
Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 8.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7.

## RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster, son to the Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.  
Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act III. sc. 2.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7.

## DUKE OF NORFOLK, *of the Duke of York's party.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 2.

## MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE, *of the Duke of York's party.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6.  
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 8. Act V. sc. 1.

## EARL OF WARWICK, *of the Duke of York's party.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6.  
Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 8.  
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

## EARL OF PEMBROKE, *of the Duke of York's party.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1.

## LORD HASTINGS, *of the Duke of York's party.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 7.

## LORD STAFFORD, *of the Duke of York's party.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 1.

## SIR JOHN MORTIMER, *uncle to the Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

## SIR HUGH MORTIMER, *uncle to the Duke of York.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

## HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 6.

## LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 4.

## SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 5.

## SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 7.

## SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.

## Tutor to Rutland.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3.

## Mayor of York.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 7.

## Lieutenant of the Tower.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 6.

## A Nobleman.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2.

## Two Keepers.

*Appear*, Act III. sc. 1.

## A Huntsman.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 5.

## A Son that has killed his Father.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 5.

## A Father that has killed his Son.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 5.

## QUEEN MARGARET.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5.  
Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 5.

## LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 7.

## BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 3.

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE,—DURING PART OF THE THIRD ACT, IN FRANCE; DURING ALL THE REST OF THE PLAY, IN ENGLAND.





[Scene I.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

*Drums. Some Soldiers of York's Party break in. Then enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white roses in their hats.*

WAR. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

YORK. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,  
 He slily stole away, and left his men:  
 Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,  
 Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,

Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,  
 Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast,  
 Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,  
 Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDW. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerous:

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*]

MONT. And, brother, here 's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,

[*To York, showing his.*]

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

RICH. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the DUKE OF SOMERSET's head.*]

YORK. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

But<sup>a</sup>, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

NORF. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

RICH. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

WAR. And so do I, victorious prince of York<sup>b</sup>.

Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps;

I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

YORK. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

NORF. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

YORK. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

WAR. And when the king comes offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*They retire.*]

YORK. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council:

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

RICH. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.

WAR. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;

And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

<sup>a</sup> *But*. So the folio. In the 'True Tragedy' we have "*what*," which is the ordinary reading. There is a contemptuous force in *but* which is hardly given by *what*. The word is similarly employed in 'Twelfth Night.' "*But* are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?"

<sup>b</sup> We follow the punctuation of all the old copies. In the modern text we invariably have—

"And so do I. Victorious prince of York," &c.

YORK. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

WAR. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself.

*Flourish.* Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND,  
EXETER, and others, with red roses in their hats.

K. HEN. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state! belike, he means

(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)

To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;

And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

NORTH. If I be not, Heaven be reveng'd on me!

CLIF. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

WEST. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. HEN. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

CLIF. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he;

He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

NORTH. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. HEN. Ah, know you not the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

EXE. But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

K. HEN. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.— [They advance to the Duke.

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;

I am thy sovereign.

YORK. I am thine<sup>a</sup>.

EXE. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

<sup>a</sup> The modern editors have adopted the reading of the 'True Tragedy':—

"Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine."

The words which are rejected in the folio assuredly weaken the passage.

YORK. It was my inheritance, as the earldom<sup>a</sup> was.

EXE. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

WAR. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown.

In following this usurping Henry.

CLIF. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

WAR. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard, duke of York.

K. HEN. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

YORK. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

WAR. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

WEST. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

WAR. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget

That we are those which chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

NORTH. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WEST. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,

Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I 'll have more lives

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

CLIF. Urge it no more: lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger

As shall revenge his death before I stir.

WAR. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

YORK. Will you, we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. HEN. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;

Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the fifth,

Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

WAR. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. HEN. The lord protector lost it, and not I;

When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

RICH. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

EDW. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

MONT. Good brother [*to YORK*], as thou lov'st and honourest arms,

Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

RICH. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

YORK. Sons, peace!

K. HEN. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.

<sup>a</sup> *Earldom*. In the 'True Tragedy' we read "*kingdom*."



WAR. Plantagenet shall speak first :—hear him, lords ;

And be you silent and attentive too,  
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. HEN. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,  
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat ?

No : first shall war unpeople this my realm ;  
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,  
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow—  
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords ?  
My title 's good, and better far than his.

WAR. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. HEN. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

YORK. 'T was by rebellion against his king.

K. HEN. I know not what to say ; my title 's weak.  
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

[*Aside.*<sup>a</sup>

YORK. What then ?

K. HEN. An if he may, then am I lawful king :

For Richard, in the view of many lords,  
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth ;  
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

YORK. He rose against him, being his sovereign,  
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WAR. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,  
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown ?

EXE. No ; for he could not so resign his crown,  
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. HEN. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter ?

EXE. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

YORK. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not ?

EXE. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. HEN. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

NORTH. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,  
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

WAR. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

NORTH. Thou art deceiv'd : 't is not thy southern power,  
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—  
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—  
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

CLIF. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence :

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,  
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father !

K. HEN. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

<sup>a</sup> We give this line *aside*, on Mr. Dyce's suggestion.

YORK. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:

What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

WAR. Do right unto this princely duke of York;

Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And over the chair of state, where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

*[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.]*

K. HEN. My lord of Warwick, hear me<sup>a</sup> but one word;—

Let me, for this my lifetime, reign as king.

YORK. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. HEN. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

CLIF. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

WAR. What good is this to England, and himself!

WEST. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

CLIF. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

WEST. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

NORTH. Nor I.

CLIF. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

WEST. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

NORTH. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

CLIF. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

*[Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and WESTMORELAND.]*

WAR. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

EXE. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. HEN. Ah, Exeter!

WAR. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. HEN. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

And neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

YORK. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. *[Coming from the throne.]*

WAR. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. HEN. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

<sup>a</sup> *Me* is not in the folio.

YORK. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

EXE. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sénet. The Lords come forward.*]

YORK. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

WAR. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

NORF. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

MONT. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

K. HEN. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES.*

EXE. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray<sup>a</sup> her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. HEN. Exeter, so will I.

[*Going.*]

Q. MAR. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. HEN. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. MAR. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,  
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,  
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!  
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?  
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;  
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;  
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;  
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,  
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,  
And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. HEN. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son;

The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Q. MAR. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!  
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;  
And given unto the house of York such head,  
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,  
And creep into it far before thy time?  
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;  
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;

<sup>a</sup> *Bewray*—discover. Douce says that *bewray* is simply to disclose, whilst *betray* is to disclose treacherously. The words are often used indifferently by the elder writers.

The duke is made protector of the realm ;  
 And yet shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds  
 The trembling lamb environed with wolves.  
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
 The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,  
 Before I would have granted to that act.  
 But thou preferrest thy life before thine honour :  
 And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,  
 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
 Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,  
 Whereby my son is disinherited.  
 The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,  
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :  
 And spread they shall be ; to thy foul disgrace,  
 And utter ruin of the house of York.  
 Thus do I leave thee :—Come, son, let's away ;  
 Our army is ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. HEN. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. MAR. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. HEN. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Q. MAR. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

PRINCE. When I return with victory from the field

I'll see your grace : till then, I'll follow her.

Q. MAR. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE.]

K. HEN. Poor queen ! how love to me, and to her son,

Hath made her break out into terms of rage !

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke ;

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will cost<sup>a</sup> my crown, and, like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !

The loss of those three lords torments my heart :

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair ;—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

EXE. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.*

*Enter* EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

RICH. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

EDW. No, I can better play the orator.

<sup>a</sup> *Cost.* Warburton, and with him Steevens, maintain that the true word is *coast*—"Will coast the crown"—will hover about the crown. It is unnecessary to turn a plain expression into a metaphor.



MONT. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

*Enter YORK.*

YORK. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

EDW. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

YORK. About what?

RICH. About that which concerns your grace, and us ;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

YORK. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

RICH. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

EDW. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

YORK. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

EDW. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken<sup>a</sup> :

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

RICH. No ; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

YORK. I shall be if I claim by open war.

RICH. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.

YORK. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

RICH. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears :

Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;

Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;

Within whose circuit is Elysium,

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Until the white rose that I wear be dyed

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

YORK. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.

Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :

In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,

<sup>a</sup> Lord Chedworth quotes Cicero as the authority for this opinion:—"Si violandum est jus, regnandi gratiâ violandum est: aliis rebus pietatem colas." ('De Officiis,' l. 3.)

Witty<sup>a</sup>, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.  
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,  
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,  
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,  
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

*Enter a Messenger.*

But, stay; What news? why com'st thou in such post?

MESS. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,  
 Intend here to besiege you in your castle:  
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;  
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

YORK. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?  
 Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;  
 My brother Montague shall post to London:  
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,  
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,  
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,  
 And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

MONT. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:  
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

*[Exit.*

*Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.*

YORK. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;  
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

SIR JOHN. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.

YORK. What, with five thousand men?

RICH. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?

*[A march afar off.*

EDW. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

YORK. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

*[Alarum. Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> *Witty*—of sound judgment—of good understanding.

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.**Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND, and his Tutor.*

RUT. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?

Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford comes!

*Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.*

CLIF. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,

Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

TUT. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIF. Soldiers, away with him.

TUT. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man. [*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*]

CLIF. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear

That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

RUT. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;

And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

CLIF. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

RUT. Then let my father's blood open it again;

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

CLIF. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me;

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line,

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

[*Lifting his hand.*]

RUT. O, let me pray before I take my death:—

To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford, pity me!

CLIF. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUT. I never did thee harm: Why wilt thou slay me?

CLIF. Thy father hath.

RUT. But 't was ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;  
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIF. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD stabs him.

RUT. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua!*

[Dies.

CLIF. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congea'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*Alarum. Enter YORK.*

YORK. The army of the queen hath got the field;

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;

And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.

My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them:

But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life, or death.

Three times did Richard make a lane to me;

And thrice cried,—“Courage, father! fight it out!”

And full as oft came Edward to my side,

With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt

In blood of those that had encounter'd him:

And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

Richard cried,—“Charge! and give no foot of ground!”

And cried,—“A crown, or else a glorious tomb!

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!”

With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!

We bodg'd<sup>a</sup> again; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide,

And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [*A short alarum within.*

<sup>a</sup> *Bodg'd.* Johnson would read *budg'd.* Steevens thinks that *bodg'd* here means “we boggled, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally.”



Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;  
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:  
And were I strong I would not shun their fury:  
The sands are number'd that make up my life;  
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—  
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;  
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

NORTH. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

CLIF. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,  
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.  
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,  
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

YORK. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all:  
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.  
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

CLIF. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

YORK. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'errun my former time:  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,  
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

CLIF. I will not bandy with thee word for word;  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. MAR. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,  
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—  
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

NORTH. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What valour were it when a cur doth grin  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?  
It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

*[They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.]*

CLIF. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

NORTH. So doth the coney struggle in the net. *[YORK is taken prisoner.]*

YORK. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty ;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

NORTH. What would your grace have done unto him now ?

Q. MAR. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here ;

That raught <sup>a</sup> at mountains with outstretched arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What ! was it you that would be England's king ?

Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent ?

Where are your mess of sons, to back you now ?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?

And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?

Look, York ; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy :

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?

Why art thou patient, man ? thou shouldst be mad ;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance <sup>b</sup>.

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport ;

York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.

A crown for York ;—and, lords, bow low to him.

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

*[Putting a paper crown on his head.]*

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king !

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair ;

And this is he was his adopted heir.

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ?

As I bethink me you should not be king

Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

<sup>a</sup> *Raught.* The ancient preterite of *to reach*.

<sup>b</sup> We place this line as in the folio. Its ordinary position is after

“ I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.”

And will you pale<sup>a</sup> your head in Henry's glory,  
And rob his temples of the diadem,  
Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
O, 't is a fault too, too unpardonable!  
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;  
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

CLIF. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. MAR. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

YORK. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!  
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,  
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:  
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,  
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.  
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,  
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,  
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.  
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;  
Unless the adage must be verified,  
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.  
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
But God he knows thy share thereof is small:  
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;  
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:  
'T is government that makes them seem divine;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable:  
Thou art as opposite to every good  
As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion.  
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!  
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;  
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.  
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:  
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:  
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,

<sup>a</sup> *Pale*—impale—encircle.

And when the rage allays the rain begins.  
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;  
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

NORTH. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

YORK. That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,

O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :

This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,

And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed !—

There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse ;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

NORTH. Had he been slaughterman to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. MAR. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland ?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

CLIF. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*]

Q. MAR. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*Stabbing him.*]

YORK. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God !

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[*Dies.*]

Q. MAR. Off with his head, and set it on York gates ;

So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Exeunt.*]





[York.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

*Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.*

EDW. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd ;  
 Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,  
 From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit ;  
 Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news ;  
 Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;  
 Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard  
 The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother ? why is he so sad ?

RICH. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd  
 Where our right valiant father is become.

I saw him in the battle range about ;  
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.  
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;  
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;  
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
So far'd our father with his enemies ;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father ;  
Methinks, 't is prize<sup>a</sup> enough to be his son.  
See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trimm'd like a younger, prancing to his love !

EDW. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

RICH. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;  
Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.  
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,  
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :  
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.  
In this the heaven figures some event.

EDW. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field ;  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our meeds<sup>b</sup>,  
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,  
And overshine the earth, as this the world.  
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear  
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

RICH. Nay, bear three daughters ; by your leave I speak it,  
You love the breeder better than the male.

*Enter a Messenger.*

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell  
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue ?

MESS. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,  
When as the noble duke of York was slain,  
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

EDW. O, speak no more ! for I have heard too much.

RICH. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

<sup>a</sup> *Prize*. So the folio ; the quartos, *pride*.

<sup>b</sup> *Meeds*—merits.

MESS. Environed he was with many foes ;  
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.  
But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.  
By many hands your father was subdued ;  
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen :  
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despite ;  
Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,  
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,  
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain :  
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
They took his head, and on the gates of York  
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,  
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

EDW. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,  
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay !  
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain  
The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;  
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee !  
Now my soul's palace is become a prison :  
Ah, would she break from hence ! that this my body  
Might in the ground be closed up in rest :  
For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

RICH. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :  
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen ;  
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,  
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,  
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.  
To weep is to make less the depth of grief :  
Tears, then, for babes ; blows and revenge for me !—  
Richard, I bear thy name, I 'll venge thy death,  
Or die renowned by attempting it.

EDW. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;  
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

RICH. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,  
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :  
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;  
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with Forces.*

WAR. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

RICH. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount  
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance  
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,  
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.  
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

EDW. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet  
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,  
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

WAR. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:  
And now, to add more measure to your woes,  
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.  
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,  
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,  
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.  
I then in London, keeper of the king,  
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,  
[And very well appointed, as I thought,<sup>a</sup>]  
March'd towards St. Albans to intercept the queen,  
Bearing the king in my behalf along:  
For by my scouts I was advertised  
That she was coming with a full intent  
To dash our late decree in parliament,  
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.  
Short tale to make,—we at St. Albans met,  
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,  
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,  
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated<sup>b</sup> spleen;  
Or whether 't was report of her success;  
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,  
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,  
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;  
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,  
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail—  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.  
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,  
With promise of high pay and great rewards:

<sup>a</sup> This line is not in the folio, but is introduced from the quartos.

<sup>b</sup> *Heated*, in the folio: the common reading is *hated*.

But all in vain ; they had no heart to fight,  
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,  
So that we fled : the king unto the queen ;  
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,  
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you ;  
For in the marches here, we heard, you were  
Making another head to fight again.

EDW. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick ?

And when came George from Burgundy to England ?

WAR. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers :

And for your brother, he was lately sent  
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,  
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICH. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled :

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,  
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

WAR. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear ;

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine  
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,  
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,  
Were he as famous and as bold in war,  
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICH. I know it well, lord Warwick : blame me not ;

'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.  
But, in this troublous time, what 's to be done ?  
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads ?  
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms ?  
If for the last, say, Ay, and to it, lords.

WAR. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out ;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,  
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather many more proud birds,  
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.  
He swore consent to your succession,  
His oath enrolled in the parliament ;  
And now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong :  
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,  
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,



Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,  
Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,  
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;  
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,  
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!  
But never once again turn back and fly.

RICH. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:  
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day  
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

EDW. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;  
And when thou fail'st<sup>a</sup> (as God forbid the hour!)  
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forefend!

WAR. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;  
The next degree is England's royal throne:  
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd  
In every borough as we pass along;  
And he that throws not up his cap for joy  
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,  
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,  
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

RICH. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,  
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds.)  
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

EDW. Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

*Enter a Messenger.*

WAR. How now? what news?

MESS. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,  
The queen is coming with a puissant host;  
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

WAR. Why, then it sorts, brave warriors; Let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*Before York.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and  
NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Q. MAR. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.  
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy

<sup>a</sup> *Fail'st.* So the folio; but it is generally printed *fall'st.* The quartos read *faint'st.*

That sought to be encompass'd with your crown :

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

K. HEN. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack ;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.

Withhold revenge, dear God ! 't is not my fault,

Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

CLIF. My gracious liege, this too much lenity

And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on ;

And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows :

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue, like a loving sire ;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argued thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings

Which sometime they have used with fearful flight)

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent !

Were it not pity that this goodly boy

Should lose his birthright by his father's fault ;

And long hereafter say unto his child,—

“ What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,

My careless father fondly gave away ” ?

Ah, what a shame were this ! Look on the boy ;

And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. HEN. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear

That things ill got had ever bad success ?

And happy'always was it for that son,

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?  
 I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
 And 'would my father had left me no more!  
 For all the rest is held at such a rate  
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,  
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.  
 Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know  
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. MAR. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,  
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.  
 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;  
 Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.  
 Edward, kneel down.

K. HEN. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;  
 And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,  
 I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,  
 And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIF. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Royal commanders, be in readiness:  
 For, with a band of thirty thousand men,  
 Comes Warwick backing of the duke of York;  
 And in the towns, as they do march along,  
 Proclaims him king, and many fly to him;  
 Darraign<sup>a</sup> your battle, for they are at hand.

CLIF. I would your highness would depart the field;  
 The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. HEN. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.

NORTH. Be it with resolution then to fight.

PRINCE. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,  
 And hearten those that fight in your defence:  
 Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, "Saint George!"

*March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE,  
 and Soldiers.*

EDW. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,

<sup>a</sup> *Darraign*. It is curious that the elder quartos have a word which sounds more modern—*prepare*. To *darraign* is used by Chaucer:—

"Full prively two harneis hath he dight,  
 Both suffisant and mete to *darreine*  
 The bataille in the feld betwix hem tweine."

And set thy diadem upon my head ;  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. MAR. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,  
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king ?

EDW. I am his king, and he should bow his knee ;

I was adopted heir by his consent :

Since when, his oath is broke ; for, as I hear,

You, that are king though he do wear the crown,

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,

To blot out me and put his own son in.

CLIF. And reason too ;

Who should succeed the father but the son ?

RICH. Are you there, butcher ?—O, I cannot speak !

CLIF. Ay, crook-back ; here I stand, to answer thee,

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

RICH. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not ?

CLIF. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

RICH. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

WAR. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown ?

Q. MAR. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick ! dare you speak ?

When you and I met at St. Albans last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.

WAR. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.

CLIF. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

WAR. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

NORTH. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

RICH. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently ;

Break off the parley ; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-sworn heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

CLIF. I slew thy father : Call'st thou him a child ?

RICH. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland ;

But, ere sunset, I 'll make thee curse the deed.

K. HEN. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. MAR. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. HEN. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue ;

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

CLIF. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cur'd by words ; therefore be still.

RICH. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword :

By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd

That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDW. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no ?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

WAR. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on.

PRINCE. If that be right which Warwick says is right,  
There is no wrong, but everything is right.

RICH. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;  
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. MAR. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic<sup>a</sup>,  
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICH. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,  
(As if a channel<sup>b</sup> should be call'd the sea.)  
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,  
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

EDW. A wisp of straw<sup>c</sup> were worth a thousand crowns,  
To make this shameless callet know herself.  
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;  
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
By that false woman as this king by thee.  
His father revell'd in the heart of France,  
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop:  
And had he match'd according to his state,  
He might have kept that glory to this day:  
But when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,  
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.  
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?  
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept:  
And we, in pity of the gentle king,  
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

GEO. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,  
And that thy summer bred us no increase,  
We set the axe to thy usurping root:

<sup>a</sup> *Stigmatic*. See Note on 'Henry VI., Part II.,' Act V., Scene 1.

<sup>b</sup> *Channel*, according to Malone, is equivalent to what we now call a *kennel*.

<sup>c</sup> *Wisp of straw*. Capell conjectures that there is some allusion in this expression to the queen's alleged incontinency—to which the word *callet* also refers. It is similarly applied by Nashe in his 'Apology of Pierce Pennilesse:—

"A wisp, a wisp, you kitchen-stuff wrangler!"



And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,  
 Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,  
 We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,  
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

EDW. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;  
 Not willing any longer conference,  
 Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.  
 Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—  
 And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. MAR. Stay, Edward.

EDW. No, wrangling woman; we 'll no longer stay;  
 These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton in Yorkshire.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

WAR. Forspent<sup>a</sup> with toil, as runners with a race,  
 I lay me down a little while to breathe:  
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,  
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
 And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

*Enter EDWARD, running.*

EDW. Smile, gentle Heaven! or strike, ungentle death!  
 For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.  
 WAR. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

*Enter GEORGE.*

GEO. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;  
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:  
 What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?  
 EDW. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings:  
 And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

*Enter RICHARD.*

RICH. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?  
 Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,

<sup>a</sup> *Forspent.* So the folio; the quartos, *sore spent*. In the same manner we have in 'King John' *forwearied*—excessively wearied.

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:  
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—  
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,—  
“Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!”  
So underneath the belly of their steeds,  
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

WAR. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:  
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;  
And look upon, as if the tragedy  
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?  
Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I 'll never pause again, never stand still,  
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

EDW. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;  
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine;  
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,  
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!  
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands  
That to my foes this body must be prey,  
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,  
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!  
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,  
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

RICH. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,  
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:  
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,  
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

WAR. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

GEO. Yet let us all together to our troops,  
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;  
And call them pillars that will stand to us;  
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards  
As victors wear at the Olympian games:  
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;  
For yet is hope of life, and victory.  
Fore-slow<sup>a</sup> no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Fore-slow*—delay—loiter.

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the Field.**Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

RICH. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone :

Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,

And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,

Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

CLIF. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York ;

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;

And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,

To execute the like upon thyself :

And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters ; CLIFFORD flies.*

RICH. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.**Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.*

K. HEN. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light ;

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,

Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;

Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea

Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :

Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind :

Now, one the better ; then, another best ;

Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :

So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

To whom God will, there be the victory !

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,

Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both

They prosper best of all when I am thence.

'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :

For what is in this world but grief and woe?  
 O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
 To be no better than a homely swain:  
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run:  
 How many make the hour full complete,  
 How many hours bring about the day,  
 How many days will finish up the year,  
 How many years a mortal man may live.  
 When this is known, then to divide the times:  
 So many hours must I tend my flock;  
 So many hours must I take my rest;  
 So many hours must I contemplate;  
 So many hours must I sport myself;  
 So many days my ewes have been with young;  
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;  
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;  
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks<sup>a</sup>, months, and years,  
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
 O, yes it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.*

SON. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
 May be possessed with some store of crowns:  
 And I, that haply take them from him now,  
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them  
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.

<sup>a</sup> *Weeks.* This word is not in the original, but was introduced into the text by Rowe.

Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,  
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.  
O heavy times, begetting such events!  
From London by the king was I press'd forth;  
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;  
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.  
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!  
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!  
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;  
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. HEN. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!  
Whiles lions war, and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.  
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee, tear for tear;  
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,  
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

*Enter a Father who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.*

FATH. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,  
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;  
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.  
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?  
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!  
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!  
O, pity, God, this miserable age!  
What stratagems<sup>a</sup>, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!  
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,  
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. HEN. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!  
O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!  
O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity!  
The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatal colours of our striving houses:  
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;

<sup>a</sup> *Stratagems*. M. Mason has shown that *stratagems* here means *disastrous* events—not merely the events of war, its surprises and snares.



The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present :

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON. How will my mother, for a father's death,

Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied !

FATH. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied !

K. HEN. How will the country, for these woful chances,

Mis-think the king, and not be satisfied !

SON. Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

FATH. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son ?

K. HEN. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe ?

Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

SON. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit, with the body.]

FATH. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ;

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;

And so obsequious<sup>a</sup> will thy father be,

Sad<sup>b</sup>, for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I 'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,

For I have murther'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the body.]

K. HEN. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,

Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.*

PRINCE. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :

Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. MAR. Mount you, my lord ; towards Berwick post amain :

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

EXE. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them :

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ;

Or else come after, I 'll away before.

<sup>a</sup> *Obsequious*—performing obsequies—the “obsequious sorrow” of Hamlet.

<sup>b</sup> *Sad*. In the original, *men*. Rowe made the change. Mr. Dyce thinks that *men* is a misprint for *e'en*.

K. HEN. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;  
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go  
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

*A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.*

CLIF. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,  
Which, whiles it lasted, gave king Henry light.  
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,  
More than my body's parting with my soul.  
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee:  
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.  
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,  
[The common people swarm like summer flies:<sup>a</sup>]  
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?  
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?  
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent  
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,  
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:  
And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,  
Or as thy father, and his father, did,  
Giving no ground unto the house of York,  
They never then had sprung like summer flies;  
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,  
Had left no mourning widows for our death,  
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.  
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?  
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?  
Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds:  
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;  
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;  
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.  
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,  
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:  
Come, York and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;  
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

<sup>a</sup> This line is not in the folio, but has been introduced from the quartos.

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

EDW. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,  
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.  
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;  
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,  
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,  
Command an argosy to stem the waves.  
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WAR. No, 't is impossible he should escape:

For, though before his face I speak the words,  
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:

And, wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead. [CLIFFORD groans, and dies.]

EDW. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

RICH. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

EDW. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,

If friend, or foe, let him be gently used<sup>a</sup>.

RICH. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;

Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—  
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

WAR. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:

Instead whereof let this supply the room;

Measure for measure must be answered.

EDW. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:

Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.]

WAR. I think his understanding is bereft:—

Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

RICH. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;

'T is but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

GEO. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager<sup>b</sup> words.

RICH. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

<sup>a</sup> These speeches are divided between Edward and Richard, as in the original quarto.

<sup>b</sup> *Eager*—sour—sharp.

EDW. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

WAR. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

GEO. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

RICH. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

EDW. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

GEO. Where 's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

WAR. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.

RICH. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:

I know by that he 's dead: And, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,

This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

WAR. Ay, but he 's dead: Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation;

And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDW. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:

For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;

And never will I undertake the thing

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;

And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself,

Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

RICH. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

WAR. Tut! that 's a foolish observation;

Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,

To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]



[SCENE I. *Chace in the North.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chace in the North of England.*

*Enter Two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.*

1 KEEP. Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves ;  
 For through this laund<sup>a</sup> anon the deer will come ;  
 And in this covert will we make our stand,  
 Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 KEEP. I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 KEEP. That cannot be ; the noise of thy cross-bow  
 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.  
 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best :  
 And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

<sup>a</sup> *Laund* (the same as lawn) is, according to Camden, "a plain among trees."



I 'll tell thee what befell me on a day,  
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 KEEP. Here comes a man, let 's stay till he be past.

*Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. HEN. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,  
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.  
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine ;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,  
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed :  
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right,  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee ;  
For how can I help them, and not myself ?

1 KEEP. Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee :  
This is the *quondam* king ; let 's seize upon him.

K. HEN. Let me embrace these sour adversities<sup>a</sup> :  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 KEEP. Why linger we ? let us lay hands upon him.

1 KEEP. Forbear a while ; we 'll hear a little more.

K. HEN. My queen and son are gone to France for aid ;  
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick  
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister  
To wife for Edward : If this news be true,  
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost ;  
For Warwick is a subtle orator,  
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.  
By this account, then, Margaret may win him ;  
For she 's a woman to be pitied much :  
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast ;  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;  
The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn ;  
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
To hear, and see, her complaints, her brinish tears.  
Ay, but she 's come to beg ; Warwick, to give :  
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry ;  
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.  
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd ;  
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd ;  
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more ;  
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

<sup>a</sup> *Adversities*. The original has *adversaries*. Mr. Dyce suggests, "Let me embrace *thee*, sour adversity."

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;  
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,  
With promise of his sister, and what else,  
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.  
O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,  
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 KEEP. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. HEN. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 KEEP. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. HEN. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

2 KEEP. But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. HEN. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;

A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 KEEP. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented

To go along with us: for, as we think,

You are the king king Edward hath depos'd;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. HEN. But did you never swear and break an oath?

2 KEEP. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. HEN. Where did you dwell when I was king of England?

2 KEEP. Here in this country where we now remain.

K. HEN. I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father, and my grandfather, were kings;

And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 KEEP. No;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. HEN. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings; command, and I 'll obey.

1 KEEF. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. HEN. So would you be again to Henry,

If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 KEEF. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. HEN. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:

And what God will, that<sup>a</sup> let your king perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

K. EDW. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field

This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,

His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

GLO. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;

It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. EDW. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

GLO. Yea! is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

CLAR. He knows the game: How true he keeps the wind!

[*Aside.*]

GLO. Silence!

[*Aside.*]

K. EDW. Widow, we will consider of your suit;

And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. GREY. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now;

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

GLO. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

CLAR. I fear her not unless she chance to fall.

[*Aside.*]

GLO. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

[*Aside.*]

K. EDW. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

CLAR. I think he means to beg a child of her.

[*Aside.*]

GLO. Nay, then whip me; he'll rather give her two.

[*Aside.*]

L. GREY. Three, my most gracious lord.

<sup>a</sup> *That.* So the original; but by some continued error all the modern editions have "then let your king perform."

GLO. You shall have four, if you 'll be rul'd by him.

[*Aside.*]

K. EDW. 'T were pity they should lose their father's land.

L. GREY. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. EDW. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.

GLO. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the other side.]

K. EDW. Now, tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. GREY. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. EDW. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. GREY. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. EDW. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. GREY. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. EDW. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. GREY. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. EDW. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. GREY. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. EDW. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. GREY. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. EDW. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. GREY. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

GLO. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

[*Aside.*]

CLAR. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

[*Aside.*]

L. GREY. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. EDW. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.

L. GREY. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. EDW. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. GREY. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

GLO. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

[*Aside.*]

K. EDW. But stay thee, 't is the fruits of love I mean.

L. GREY. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. EDW. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

L. GREY. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. EDW. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. GREY. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. EDW. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. GREY. My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. EDW. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. GREY. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. EDW. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. GREY. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. EDW. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. GREY. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
Accords not with the sadness<sup>a</sup> of my suit;  
Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.

K. EDW. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request:

No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. GREY. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

GLO. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[*Aside.*

CLAR. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[*Aside.*

K. EDW. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable.

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. GREY. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. EDW. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. GREY. And that is more than I will yield unto:

I know I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. EDW. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

L. GREY. 'T will grieve your grace my son should call you father.

K. EDW. No more than when my<sup>b</sup> daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

GLO. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

[*Aside.*

CLAR. When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.

[*Aside.*

K. EDW. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

GLO. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. EDW. You 'd think it strange if I should marry her.

CLAR. To whom, my lord?

K. EDW. Why, Clarence, to myself.

GLO. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

CLAR. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

<sup>a</sup> *Sadness*—seriousness.

<sup>b</sup> *My* in the original; but in all the modern editions erroneously *thy*.



GLO. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. EDW. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both  
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

*Enter a Nobleman.*

NOB. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. EDW. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.  
Widow, go you along; Lords, use her honourable.

*[Exeunt KING EDWARD, LADY GREY, CLARENCE, and Lord.]*

GLO. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,  
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;  
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?

I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
O miserable thought! and more unlikely  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe

To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be belov'd ?  
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown ;  
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,  
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home ;  
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out,—  
Torment myself to catch the English crown :  
And from that torment I will free myself,  
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile :  
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;  
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;  
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could ;  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :  
I can add colours to the cameleon ;  
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?  
Tut ! were it farther off I 'll pluck it down.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—France. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and LADY BONA, attended; the KING takes his state. Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD her son, and the EARL OF OXFORD.*

- K. LEW. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, [Rising.]  
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state  
And birth that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.
- Q. MAR. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret  
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
And to my humble seat conform myself.
- K. LEW. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?
- Q. MAR. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
- K. LEW. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck [Seats her by him.]  
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.
- Q. MAR. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,  
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.  
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,  
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,  
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,  
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;  
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,  
Usurps the regal title, and the seat  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,  
With this, my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,  
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
And if thou fail us all our hope is done:  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.
- K. LEW. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,  
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. MAR. The more we stay the stronger grows our foe.

K. LEW. The more I stay the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. MAR. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :

And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

*Enter WARWICK, attended.*

K. LEW. What 's he approacheth boldly to our presence ?

Q. MAR. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. LEW. Welcome, brave Warwick ! What brings thee to France ?

*[Descending from his state. QUEEN MARGARET rises.]*

Q. MAR. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

WAR. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,

My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,

I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,

First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;

And then to crave a league of amity :

And, lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant

That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,

To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. MAR. If that go forward Henry's hope is done.

WAR. And, gracious madam *[to BONA]*, in our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;

Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. MAR. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand

Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,

But from deceit, bred by necessity ;

For how can tyrants safely govern home,

Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?

To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,

That Henry liveth still : but were he dead,

Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.

Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage,

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour :

For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,

Yet Heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WAR. Injurious Margaret !

PRINCE. And why not queen ?

WAR. Because thy father Henry did usurp ;

And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

OXF. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,  
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;  
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;  
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,  
Who by his prowess conquered all France:  
From these our Henry lineally descends.

WAR. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse  
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost  
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?  
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.  
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree  
Of threescore and two years; a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

OXF. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,  
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,  
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

WAR. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,  
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?  
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

OXF. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom  
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,  
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,  
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,  
When nature brought him to the door of death?  
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,  
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WAR. And I the house of York.

K. LEW. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,  
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,  
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. MAR. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

*[Retiring with the PRINCE and OXFORD.]*

K. LEW. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth  
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WAR. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. LEW. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WAR. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. LEW. Then further, all dissembling set aside,  
Tell me for truth the measure of his love  
Unto our sister Bona.

WAR. Such it seems  
As may beseem a monarch like himself.  
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,



That this his love was an eternal plant,  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. LEW. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

BONA. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine :—  
Yet I confess [to WARWICK], that often ere this day,  
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,  
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. LEW. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;  
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn  
Touching the jointure that your king must make,  
With which her dowry shall be counterpois'd :  
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness  
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

PRINCE. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. MAR. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device  
By this alliance to make void my suit;  
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. LEW. And still is friend to him and Margaret :  
But if your title to the crown be weak,  
As may appear by Edward's good success,  
Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd  
From giving aid, which late I promised.  
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand  
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

WAR. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease ;  
Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.  
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,  
You have a father able to maintain you ;  
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. MAR. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace ;  
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !  
I will not hence till with my talk and tears,  
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold  
Thy sly conveyance<sup>a</sup>, and thy lord's false love ;  
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A horn sounded within.

K. LEW. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;  
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague ;—  
These from our king unto your majesty ;—

<sup>a</sup> Conveyance—juggling—artifice.

And, madam, these for you ; from whom—I know not.

[To MARGARET. *They all read their letters.*

OXF. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled :

I hope all 's for the best.

K. LEW. Warwick, what are thy news ? and yours, fair queen ?

Q. MAR. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

WAR. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. LEW. What ! has your king married the lady Grey ?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience ?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France ?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner ?

Q. MAR. I told your majesty as much before :

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

WAR. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of Heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's ;

No more my king, for he dishonours me ;

But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death ?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece ?

Did I impale him with the regal crown ?

Did I put Henry from his native right ;

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame ?

Shame on himself : for my desert is honour.

And to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to Henry :

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor ;

I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former-state.

Q. MAR. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love ;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

WAR. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him :

And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,

He 's very likely now to fall from him ;

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,  
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,  
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. MAR. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,  
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

BONA. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

WAR. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. LEW. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.  
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,  
You shall have aid.

Q. MAR. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. LEW. Then, England's messenger, return in post;  
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,  
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,  
To revel it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what 's past, go fear<sup>a</sup> thy king withal.

BONA. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,  
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. MAR. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on.

WAR. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;  
And therefore I 'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.  
There 's thy reward; be gone.

[Exit Messenger.]

K. LEW. But, Warwick, thou,  
And Oxford, with five thousand men,  
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:  
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen  
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.  
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;  
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

WAR. This shall assure my constant loyalty:  
That if our queen and this young prince agree,  
I 'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,  
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. MAR. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:  
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,  
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;  
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,  
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

PRINCE. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;  
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. [He gives his hand to WARW.]

K. LEW. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,  
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

<sup>a</sup> Fear—affright.

Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.

I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,

For mocking marriage with a dame of France. *[Exeunt all but WARWICK.]*

WAR. I came from Edward as ambassador,

But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,

But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale<sup>a</sup> but me?

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,

And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery,

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

*[Exit.]*

<sup>a</sup> *Stale*—stalking-horse: as in 'The Comedy of Errors,'—

"Poor I am but his *stale*."



[SCENE III. "Welcome, brave Warwick."]





[SCENE III. "This is his tent."]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, and others.*

GLO. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you

Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?

Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

CLAR. Alas, you know, 't is far from hence to France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

SOM. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others.*

GLO. And his well-chosen bride.



CLAR. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. EDW. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,  
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

CLAR. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;  
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,  
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. EDW. Suppose they take offence without a cause,  
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,  
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

GLO. And you<sup>a</sup> shall have your will, because our king;  
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. EDW. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

GLO. Not I: no.

God forbid that I should wish them sever'd  
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 't were pity  
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. EDW. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,  
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey  
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:  
And you too, Somerset and Montague,  
Speak freely what you think.

CLAR. Then this is my opinion, that king Lewis  
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him  
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

GLO. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,  
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. EDW. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd  
By such invention as I can devise?

MONT. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance,  
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth  
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

HAST. Why, knows not Montague that of itself  
England is safe, if true within itself?

MONT. Yes, but the safer when it is back'd with France.

HAST. 'T is better using France than trusting France:  
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,  
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

CLAR. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. EDW. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;  
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

GLO. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well

<sup>a</sup> You is not in the original.

To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales  
Unto the brother of your loving bride;  
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:  
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

CLAR. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir  
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,  
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. EDW. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife  
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

CLAR. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;  
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave  
To play the broker in mine own behalf;  
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. EDW. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,  
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. ELIZ. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty  
To raise my state to title of a queen,  
Do me but right, and you must all confess  
That I was not ignoble of descent,  
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.  
But as this title honours me and mine,  
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,  
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. EDW. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:  
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,  
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,  
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?  
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,  
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:  
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

GLO. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter a Messenger.*

K. EDW. Now, messenger, what letters or what news from France?

MESS. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,  
But such as I, without your special pardon,  
Dare not relate.

K. EDW. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,  
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them  
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

MESS. At my depart, these were his very words:

“Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers  
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. EDW. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.  
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

MESS. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:  
"Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,  
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. EDW. I blame not her, she could say little less;  
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?  
For I have heard that she was there in place<sup>a</sup>.

MESS. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,  
And I am ready to put armour on."

K. EDW. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.  
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

MESS. He, more incens'd against your majesty  
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:  
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore I 'll uncrown him, ere 't be long."

K. EDW. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?  
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:  
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.  
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

MESS. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship  
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

CLAR. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.  
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,  
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;  
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage  
I may not prove inferior to yourself.  
You that love me and Warwick follow me.

[Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.

GLO. Not I.

My thoughts aim at a further matter;  
I stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

[Aside.

K. EDW. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!  
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;  
And haste is needful in this desperate case.  
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf  
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.  
They are already, or quickly will be, landed:  
Myself in person will straight follow you. [Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.

<sup>a</sup> In place—there present; a common form of expression amongst our old writers. The same expression occurs in the sixth scene of this Act:—

"Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,  
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place."

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,  
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,  
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:  
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?  
If it be so, then both depart to him;  
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;  
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,  
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,  
That I may never have you in suspect.

MONT. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

HAST. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

GLO. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. EDW. Why so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Plain in Warwickshire.*

*Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.*

WAR. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;  
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

*Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.*

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;  
Speak suddenly my lords; are we all friends?

CLAR. Fear not that, my lord.

WAR. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice,

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;

Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:

But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,

With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;  
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,  
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,  
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,  
For I intend but only to surprise him.  
You that will follow me to this attempt  
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader. [They all cry Henry!  
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort:  
For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Edward's *Camp near Warwick.*

*Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.*

- 1 WATCH. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand ;  
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.  
2 WATCH. What, will he not to bed ?  
1 WATCH. Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow  
Never to lie and take his natural rest  
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.  
2 WATCH. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,  
If Warwick be so near as men report.  
3 WATCH. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that  
That with the king here resteth in his tent ?  
1 WATCH. 'T is the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.  
3 WATCH. O, is it so? But why commands the king  
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,  
While he himself keepeth in the cold field ?  
2 WATCH. 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.  
3 WATCH. Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.  
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'T is to be doubted he would waken him.  
1 WATCH. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.  
2 WATCH. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,  
But to defend his person from night-foes ?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.*

- WAR. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard.  
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.  
1 WATCH. Who goes there?



2 WATCH. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—Arm! Arm! WARWICK, and the rest, following them.]

*The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the KING out in a gown, sitting in a chair: GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.*

SOM. What are they that fly there?

WAR. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here is the duke.

K. EDW. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,  
Thou call'dst me king.

WAR. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,  
Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you duke of York.  
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
That know not how to use ambassadors;  
Nor how to be contented with one wife;  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. EDW. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.  
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself as king:  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

WAR. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [Takes off his crown.]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,  
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.  
My lord of Somerset, at my request,  
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd  
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.  
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,  
I'll follow you, and tell what answer  
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:  
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. EDW. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit KING EDWARD, led out; SOMERSET with him.]

OXF. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,  
But march to London with our soldiers?

WAR. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free king Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the regal throne.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.

RIV. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change ?

Q. ELIZ. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn

What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward ?

RIV. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick ?

Q. ELIZ. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

RIV. Then is my sovereign slain ?

Q. ELIZ. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner ;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares :

And, as I further have to understand,

Is new committed to the bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

RIV. These news, I must confess, are full of grief :

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may ;

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. ELIZ. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

RIV. But, madam, where is Warwick then become ?

Q. ELIZ. I am informed that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head :

Guess thou the rest ; king Edward's friends must down.

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,

(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)

I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

To save at least the heir of Edward's right ;

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.

Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly ;

If Warwick take us we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, and others.*

GLO. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,  
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.  
Thus stands the case : You know our king, my brother,  
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good usage and great liberty ;  
And often, but attended with weak guard,  
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.  
I have advertis'd him by secret means,  
That if, about this hour, he make this way,  
Under the colour of his usual game,  
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,  
To set him free from his captivity.

*Enter KING EDWARD, and a Huntsman.*

HUNT. This way, my lord ; for this way lies the game.  
K. EDW. Nay, this way, man ; see where the huntsmen stand.  
Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,  
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer ?  
GLO. Brother, the time and case requireth haste ;  
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.  
K. EDW. But whither shall we then ?  
HAST. To Lynn, my lord ; and ship from thence to Flanders.  
GLO. Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my meaning.  
K. EDW. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.  
GLO. But wherefore stay we ? 't is no time to talk.  
K. EDW. Huntsman, what say'st thou ? wilt thou go along ?  
HUNT. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.  
GLO. Come then, away ; let's have no more ado.  
K. EDW. Bishop, farewell : shield thee from Warwick's frown ;  
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

K. HEN. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends  
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,  
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,  
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

LIEU. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns ;  
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,  
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. HEN. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?  
Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:  
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds  
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,  
At last, by notes of household harmony,  
They quite forget their loss of liberty.  
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,  
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;  
He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,  
By living low where fortune cannot hurt me;  
And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;  
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,  
I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WAR. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;  
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,  
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,  
For few men rightly temper with the stars:  
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,  
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

CLAR. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,  
To whom the Heavens, in thy nativity,  
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,  
As likely to be bless'd in peace, and war;  
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

WAR. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. HEN. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;  
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,  
That no dissension hinder government:  
I make you both protectors of this land;  
While I myself will lead a private life,  
And in devotion spend my latter days,  
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

WAR. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

CLAR. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;  
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WAR. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content :

We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow  
To Henry's body, and supply his place ;  
I mean, in bearing weight of government,  
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.  
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,  
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,  
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

CLAR. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

WAR. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. HEN. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,  
Let me entreat (for I command no more)  
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,  
Be sent for, to return from France with speed :  
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear  
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

CLAR. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. HEN. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

SOM. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. HEN. Come hither, England's hope : If secret powers

*[Lays his hand on his head.*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,  
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself  
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*Enter a Messenger.*

WAR. What news, my friend?

MESS. That Edward is escaped from your brother,  
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

WAR. Unsavoury news : But how made he escape?

MESS. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,  
And the lord Hastings, who attended him<sup>a</sup>  
In secret ambush on the forest side,  
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him ;  
For hunting was his daily exercise.

WAR. My brother was too careless of his charge.

<sup>a</sup> *Attended him*—waited for him.



But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide  
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, Lieutenant, and Attendants.

SOM. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help ;  
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy  
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond ;  
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts  
What may befall him, to his harm and ours :  
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,  
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,  
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXF. Ay ; for if Edward repossess the crown,  
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

SOM. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.

Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VII.—*Before York.*

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and *Forces.*

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,  
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,  
And says, that once more I shall interchange  
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.  
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,  
And brought desired help from Burgundy :  
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd  
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,  
But that we enter as into our dukedom ?

GLO. The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not this ;  
For many men that stumble at the threshold  
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. EDW. Tush, man ! abodements must not now affright us :  
By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repair to us.

HAST. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them.

*Enter on the walls the Mayor of York, and his brethren.*

MAY. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,  
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;  
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. EDW. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,  
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

MAY. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. EDW. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,  
As being well content with that alone.

GLO. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,  
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.

[*Aside.*]

HAST. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?  
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

MAY. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exeunt from above.*]

GLO. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded<sup>a</sup>!

HAST. The good old man would fain that all were well,  
So 't were not long of him: but, being enter'd,  
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade  
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.*

K. EDW. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,  
But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [Takes his keys.]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,  
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces, marching.*

GLO. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,  
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. EDW. Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?

MONT. To help king Edward in his time of storm,  
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. EDW. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget  
Our title to the crown; and only claim  
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

MONT. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;  
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. [A march begun.]

K. EDW. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we 'll debate  
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

MONT. What talk you of debating? in few words,  
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king  
I 'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,

<sup>a</sup> The line stands in all modern editions,—

“A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.”

Hanmer made the transposition, which Steevens says “requires no apology.” It is scarcely necessary to point out that the ruggedness of the original line has a peculiar propriety when uttered with the solemn irony of Richard. Shakspeare, as well as all real dramatic poets, vary their metre not only with the expression of passion, but according to the character of the speaker.

To keep them back that come to succour you :

Why should we fight if you pretend no title ?

GLO. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points ?

K. EDW. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim :

Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.

HAST. Away with scrupulous wit ! now arms must rule.

GLO. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand ;

The bruit<sup>a</sup> thereof will bring you many friends.

K. EDW. Then be it as you will : for 't is my right,

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

MONT. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself ;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

HAST. Sound, trumpet ; Edward shall be here proclaim'd :

Come, fellow soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

SOLD. [*Reads.*] " Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland," &c.

MONT. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

ALL. Long live Edward the fourth !

K. EDW. Thanks, brave Montgomery ;—and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me I 'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York :

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We 'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates ;

For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !

Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers ; doubt not of the day ;

And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

WAR. What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia,

With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

And with his troops doth march amain to London ;

And many giddy people flock to him.

<sup>a</sup> *Bruit*—report. Thus, in the authorised translation of the Bible (Jeremiah, x. 22)—

" Behold the noise of the *bruit* is come."

OXF. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.

CLAR. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

WAR. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;

Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,

Shalt stir up<sup>a</sup> in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean,

Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,

Shall rest in London, till we come to him.

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.

Farewell, my sovereign.

K. HEN. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

CLAR. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

K. HEN. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

MONT. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

OXF. And thus [*kissing HENRY'S hand*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. HEN. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

WAR. Farewell, sweet lords; let 's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, and MONTAGUE.*]

K. HEN. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

Should not be able to encounter mine.

EXE. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. HEN. That 's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

<sup>a</sup> *Stir up.* Steevens omits *up* as unmetrical.



And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! A Lancaster!

EXE. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

*Enter* KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. EDW. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,  
And once again proclaim us king of England.  
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;  
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,  
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.  
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,  
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:  
The sun shines hot, and if we use delay  
Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

GLO. Away betimes, before his forces join,  
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:  
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry

[*Exeunt.*



[Scene V.]





[SCENE I. Coventry.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Coventry.

*Enter upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.*

WAR. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 MESS. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

WAR. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 MESS. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

*Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.*

WAR. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

SOM. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[*Drum heard.*]

WAR. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

SOM. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

WAR. Who should that be? belike, unlooked-for friends.

SOM. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces, marching.*

K. EDW. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

GLO. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

WAR. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. EDW. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,—

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,—

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy?—

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WAR. Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence,—

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,—

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?—

And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

GLO. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

WAR. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

GLO. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WAR. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. EDW. Why, then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

WAR. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. EDW. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,

What is the body when the head is off?

GLO. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

The king was slyly finger'd from the deck<sup>a</sup>!

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

<sup>a</sup> *Deck.* A pack of cards was formerly called a *deck*. There is a similar example in 'Selimus,' 1594:—

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,  
To deal about and shuffle as I would."

K. EDW. 'T is even so ; yet you are Warwick still.

GLO. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down :

Nay, when ? strike now, or else the iron cools.

WAR. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,

Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. EDW. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend ;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

“ Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.”

*Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.*

WAR. O cheerful colours ! see, where Oxford comes !

OXF. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster ! [*OXFORD and his Forces enter the City.*]

GLO. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. EDW. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array ; for they, no doubt,

Will issue out again and bid us battle :

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

WAR. O, welcome, Oxford ! for we want thy help.

*Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.*

MONT. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster ! [*He and his Forces enter the City.*]

GLO. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. EDW. The harder match'd, the greater victory :

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

*Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.*

SOM. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster ! [*He and his Forces enter the City.*]

GLO. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York ;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

*Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.*

WAR. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle ;

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,

More than the nature of a brother's love :

Come, Clarence, come ; thou wilt if Warwick call.

CLAR. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his cap.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:  
 I will not ruinate my father's house,  
 Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,  
 And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,  
 That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,  
 To bend the fatal instruments of war  
 Against his brother and his lawful king?  
 Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:  
 To keep that oath were more impiety  
 Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.  
 I am so sorry for my trespass made,  
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,  
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;  
 With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,  
 (As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad,)  
 To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.  
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,  
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.  
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;  
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,  
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. EDW. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,  
 Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

GLO. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

WAR. O passing<sup>a</sup> traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. EDW. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?  
 Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

WAR. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,  
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. EDW. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:  
 Lords, to the field; saint George, and victory.

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A field of Battle near Barnet.*

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK, wounded.*

K. EDW. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;  
 For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.  
 Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,  
 That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> *Passing*—surpassing.

WAR. Ah, who is nigh? come to me friend or foe,  
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,  
That I must yield my body to the earth,  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;  
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.  
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,  
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun  
To search the secret treasons of the world:  
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;  
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?  
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands  
Is nothing left me but my body's length!  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?  
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.*

SOM. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,  
We might recover all our loss again.  
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;  
Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

WAR. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,  
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,  
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!  
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,  
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood  
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.  
Come, quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOM. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;  
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,  
And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.  
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,  
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,  
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,



I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,  
O, farewell, Warwick!

WAR. Sweet rest to his soul!—  
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids  
You all farewell, to meet in heaven<sup>a</sup>.

[Dies.

OXF. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.

[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK's body.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, in triumph; with CLARENCE, GLOSTER,  
and the rest.*

K. EDW. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,  
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.  
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen  
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLAR. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,  
And blow it to the source from whence it came:  
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

GLO. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,  
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;  
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. EDW. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,  
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;  
We, having now the best at Barnet field,  
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way:  
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented  
In every county as we go along.  
Strike up the drum; cry, Courage! and away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains near Tewksbury.*

*March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD,  
and Soldiers.*

Q. MAR. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

<sup>a</sup> In this line the word *again* has been interpolated in the modern editions—"to meet again in heaven."

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.  
What, though the mast be now blown overboard,  
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood,  
Yet lives our pilot still: Is 't meet that he  
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
And give more strength to that which hath too much;  
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?  
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!  
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?  
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?  
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?  
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?  
And Somerset another goodly mast?  
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?  
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?  
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;  
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,  
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.  
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.  
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?  
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?  
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?  
All these the enemies to our poor bark.  
Say, you can swim; alas! 't is but a while:  
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:  
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,  
Or else you famish, that 's a threefold death.  
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,  
If case some one of you would fly from us,  
That there 's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,  
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.  
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided  
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

PRINCE. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward hear her speak these words,  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this as doubting any here:  
For did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes;  
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,

And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here, as God forbid!

Let him depart, before we need his help.

OXF. Women and children of so high a courage?

And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.

O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather

Doth live again in thee: Long mayst thou live,

To bear his image, and renew his glories!

SOM. And he that will not fight for such a hope

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,

If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. MAR. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

OXF. I thought no less: it is his policy

To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

SOM. But he 's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. MAR. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

OXF. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. EDW. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

Which, by the Heavens' assistance, and your strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. MAR. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes<sup>a</sup>.

Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

*[Exeunt both armies.]*

<sup>a</sup> *Mine eyes.* This is the reading of the old play. The folio has *my eye*.

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the same.*

*Alarums: Excursions; and afterwards a retreat. Then enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.*

K. EDW. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

OXF. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.

SOM. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

*[Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.]*

Q. MAR. So part we sadly in this troublous world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. EDW. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

GLO. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

*Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.*

K. EDW. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

PRINCE. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;

Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,

Whilst I 'propose the self-same words to thee,

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. MAR. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

GLO. That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

PRIN. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

GLO. By Heaven, brat, I 'll plague you for that word.

Q. MAR. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

GLO. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

PRINCE. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. EDW. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

CLAR. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

PRINCE. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,

And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are ;

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. EDW. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.

[Stabs him.

GLO. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[GLO. stabs him.

CLAR. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[CLAR. stabs him.

Q. MAR. O, kill me too!

GLO. Marry, and shall.

[Offers to kill her.

K. EDW. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

GLO. Why should she live to fill the world with words?

K. EDW. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

GLO. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother ;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter :

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

CLAR. What? what?

GLO. The Tower! the Tower!

[Exit.

Q. MAR. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man: this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. EDW. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. MAR. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

CLAR. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. MAR. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

CLAR. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. MAR. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher, Richard<sup>a</sup>,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

<sup>a</sup> The modern editors omit *Richard*.



Thou art not here: Murther is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. EDW. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. MAR. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. EDW. Where's Richard gone?

CLAR. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. EDW. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares:

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY is discovered sitting, with a book in his hand; the Lieutenant attending. *Enter GLOSTER.*

GLO. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. HEN. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say, rather:

'T is sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good Gloster and good devil were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

GLO. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. HEN. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

GLO. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. HEN. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

GLO. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl;

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd!

K. HEN. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;

The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

GLO. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. HEN. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

GLO. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. HEN. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',

And orphans for their parents' timeless death<sup>a</sup>,—

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

To wit, an indigest deformed lump<sup>b</sup>,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam'st—

GLO. I 'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy speech:

[Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. HEN. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

[Dies.]

GLO. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

O, may such purple tears be always shed

From those that wish the downfal of our house!

If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,—

[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

<sup>a</sup> We point this passage in the belief that "timeless death" is connected not only with *parents'*, but with *husbands'* and *sons'*.

<sup>b</sup> The folio has, "*an indigested and deformed lump*;" the old play, "*an undigest created lump*."

Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;  
For I have often heard my mother say  
I came into the world with my legs forward:  
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,  
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?  
The midwife wonder'd: and the women cried,  
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"  
And so I was; which plainly signified  
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.  
Then, since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother, I am like no brother:  
And this word love, which graybeards call divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me; I am myself alone.  
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;  
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:  
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,  
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;  
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.  
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:  
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,  
Counting myself but bad till I be best.  
I'll throw thy body in another room,  
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne; QUEEN ELIZABETH, with the infant PRINCE, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others, near him.*

K. EDW. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,  
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.  
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!  
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd  
For hardy and undoubted champions:  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;  
And two Northumberlands: two braver men  
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:  
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,  
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.  
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy :  
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself  
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night ;  
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;  
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

GLO. I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid ;  
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordained so thick to heave ;  
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back :  
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

[*Aside.*]

K. EDW. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen,  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLAR. The duty that I owe unto your majesty  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. EDW. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks.

GLO. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,  
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit :  
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master ;  
And cried—All hail ! when as he meant—all harm.

[*Aside.*]

K. EDW. Now am I seated as my soul delights,  
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

CLAR. What will your grace have done with Margaret ?  
Reignier, her father, to the king of France  
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. EDW. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.  
And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befit the pleasure of the court ?  
Sound, drums and trumpets !—farewell, sour annoy !  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy

[*Exeunt.*]



[Edward Prince of Wales.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

### ACT I.

#### HISTORICAL.

THE battle of St. Albans concluded the Second Part of the drama of 'Henry VI. ;' in the first scene of this Third Part the conquerors are assembled in the Parliament-house, boasting of their exploits, and resolved to carry out their victory to its utmost consequences. Yet five years had elapsed between this first great triumph of the Yorkists and the compromise between the rival houses which we find in the scene before us. That compromise followed the battle of Northampton, in the 38th year of Henry VI. ; the battle of St. Albans was fought in the 33rd year of that reign. We transcribe the passages from the chroniclers upon which Shakspeare has constructed his plot. Hall says,—

“During this trouble was a parliament summoned to begin at Westminster in the month of

October next following. Before which time Richard Duke of York, being in Ireland, by swift couriers and flying posts, was advertised of the great victory gained by his party at the field of Northampton, and also knew that the king was now in case to be kept and ordered at his pleasure and will ; wherefore, losing no time, nor slugging one hour, he sailed from Develine to Chester with no small company, and by long journeys came to the city of London, which he entered the Friday next before the feast of Saint Edward the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, and took his lodging in the king's own palace, whereupon the common people babbled that he should be king, and that King Henry should no longer reign. During the time of this parliament, the Duke of York, with a bold countenance, entered



into the chamber of the peers and sat down in the throne royal under the cloth of estate (which is the king's peculiar seat), and in the presence as well of the nobility as of the spirituality (after a pause made) said these words in effect." \* \* \* \*

Hall then gives a long oration, which Holinshed copies, with the following remarks:—"Master Edward Hall, in his 'Chronicle,' maketh mention of an oration which the Duke of York uttered, sitting in the regal seat there in the chamber of the peers, either at this his first coming in amongst them, or else at some one time after, the which we have thought good also to set down; though John Whethamsted, the Abbot of St. Albans, who lived in those days, and by all likelihood was there present at the parliament, maketh no further recital of any words which the duke should utter at that time in that his book of records, where he entreateth of this matter." Hall thus proceeds:—"When the duke had thus ended his oration, the lords sat still like images graven in the wall, or dumb gods, neither whispering nor speaking, as though their mouths had been sewed up. The duke, perceiving none answer to be made to his declared purpose, not well content with their sober silence and taciturnity, advised them well to digest and ponder the effect of his oration and saying, and so neither fully displeased nor all pleased, departed to his lodging in the king's palace."

The compromise upon which the parliament resolved is thus noticed by Hall:—"After long arguments made, and deliberate consultation had, among the peers, prelates, and commons of the realm, upon the vigil of All Saints it was condescended and agreed by the three estates, for so much as King Henry had been taken as king by the space of xxxviii years and more, that he should enjoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realm, during his life natural: And if he either died or resigned, or forfeited the same for infringing any point of this concord, then the said crown and authority royal should immediately be devoluted to the Duke of York, if he then lived, or else to the next heir of his line and lineage, and that the duke from thenceforth should be protector and regent of the land. Provided alway, that if the king did closely or apertly study or go about to break or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the said duke or his blood, then

he to forfeit the crown, and the Duke of York to take it. These articles, with many other, were not only written, sealed, and sworn by the two parties, but also were enacted in the high court of parliament. For joy whereof, the king, having in his company the said duke, rode to the cathedral church of Saint Paul within the city of London; and there, on the day of All Saints, went solemnly, with the diadem on his head, in procession, and was lodged a good space after in the bishop's palace, near to the said church. And upon the Saturday next ensuing Richard Duke of York was, by the sound of a trumpet, solemnly proclaimed heir apparent to the crown of England, and protector of the realm."

The battle of Wakefield soon followed this hollow compromise. The main incidents of the third and fourth scenes are built upon the chronicles. Hall writes thus:—"The Duke of York with his people descended down in good order and array, and was suffered to pass forward toward the main battle: but when he was in the plain ground between his castle and the town of Wakefield he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buck-stall: so that he, manfully fighting, was within half an hour slain and dead, and his whole army discomfited: and with him died of his trusty friends, his two bastard uncles, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimers, Sir Davy Halle, his chief counsellor, Sir Hugh Hastings, Sir Thomas Nevel, William and Thomas Aparre, both brethren, and two thousand and eight hundred other, whereof many were young gentlemen and heirs of great parentage in the south part, whose lineages revenged their deaths within four months next and immediately ensuing. \* \*

\* \* Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspoll, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, ii son to the above named Duke of York, scarce of the age of xii years, a fair gentleman, and a maidenlike person, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's land, toward the town; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees, imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and

making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him, and said by God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin: and with that word struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said."

This ferocious revenge of Clifford is commented upon with just indignation by Hall:—"In this act the Lord Clifford was accepted a tyrant, and no gentleman." He then proceeds to describe the death of the Duke of York:—"This cruel Clifford and deadly bloodsupper, not content with this homicide, or childkilling, came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off, and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the queen, not lying far from the field, in great despite and much derision, saying, Madam, your war is done, here is your king's ransom: at which present was much joy and great rejoicing; but many laughed then that sore lamented after, as the queen herself, and her son: and many were glad then of other men's deaths, not knowing that their own were near at hand, as

the Lord Clifford, and other. But, surely, man's nature is so frail, that things passed be soon forgotten, and mischiefs to come be not foreseen. After this victory by the queen and her party obtained, she caused the Earl of Salisbury, with all the other prisoners, to be sent to Pomfret, and there to be beheaded, and sent all their heads, and the Duke's head of York, to be set upon poles over the gate of the city of York, in despite of them and their lineage."

The circumstances attending the death of York are, however, differently told. Holinshed says,—"Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of sedges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garland, they kneeled down afore him as the Jews did to Christ in scorn, saying to him, Hail, king without rule; hail, king without heritage; hail, duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers other the like spiteful words, they stroke off his head, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen." The poet has taken the most picturesque parts of the two narratives.

## ACT II.

### HISTORICAL.

THE events which followed the death of the Duke of York are thus described by Hall:—"The Earl of March, so commonly called, but after the death of his father in deed and in right very Duke of York, lying at Gloucester, hearing of the death of his noble father, and loving brother, and trusty friends, was wonderfully amazed; but after comfort given to him by his faithful lovers and assured allies, he removed to Shrewsbury and other towns upon the river of Severn, declaring to them the murder of his father, the jeopardy of himself, and the unstable state and ruin of the realm. The people on the Marches of Wales, which above measure favoured the lineage of the lord Mor-

timer, more gladly offered him their aid and assistance than he it either instantly required or heartily desired, so that he had a puissant army, to the number of twenty-three thousand, ready to go against the queen and the murderers of his father. But when he was setting forward news were brought to him that Jasper Earl of Pembroke, half brother to King Henry, and James Butler Earl of Ormond and Wiltshire, had assembled together a great number, both of Welsh and Irish people, suddenly to surprise and take him and his friends, and as a captive to convey him to the queen. The Duke of York, called Earl of March, somewhat spurred and quickened with these novelties, retired

back, and met with his enemies in a fair plain near to Mortimer's Cross, not far from Hereford east, on Candlemas-day in the morning, at which time the sun (as some write) appeared to the Earl of March like three suns, and suddenly joined altogether in one, and that upon the sight thereof he took such courage that he fiercely set on his enemies, and them shortly discomfited: for which cause men imagined that he gave the sun in his full brightness for his cognizance or badge."

The poet passes over the battle of Mortimer's Cross, but gives us the incident of the three suns. He also, not crowding the scene with an undramatic succession of events nearly similar, omits all mention of the second battle of St. Albans, in which the queen was victorious. This battle was fruitless to the cause of Lancaster, for Edward was almost immediately after recognised as king by the parliament assembled in London. The poet postpones this event, and

after the imaginary interview of the second scene, brings us to the great battle of Towton, which is thus described by Hall:—"This battle was sore fought, for hope of life was set on side on every part, and taking of prisoners was proclaimed as a great offence; by reason whereof every man determined either to conquer or to die in the field. This deadly battle and bloody conflict continued ten hours in doubtful victory, the one part sometime flowing and sometime ebbing; but, in conclusion, King Edward so courageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary and helping the wounded, that the other part was discomfited and overcome, and, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster-bridge to save themselves. \* \* \* \* \* This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord."

### ACT III.

#### HISTORICAL.

THE first scene exhibits the capture of Henry VI. upon his abandonment of his secure asylum in Scotland. Between that period, 1464, and the accession of Edward, three years had elapsed—years of unavailing struggle on the part of the Lancastrians. The capture of Henry is thus described by Hall:—"Whatsoever jeopardy or peril might be construed or deemed to have ensued by the means of King Henry, all such doubts were now shortly resolved and determined, and all fear of his doings were clearly put under and extinct. For he himself, whether he were past all fear, or was not well stablished in his perfect mind, or could not long keep himself secret, in a disguised apparel boldly entered into England. He was no sooner entered but he was known and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought toward the king, whom the Earl of Warwick met on the way, by the king's commandment, and brought him through London to the Tower, and there he was laid in sure hold. Queen Margaret his wife, hearing of the captivity of her husband, mistrusting the chance of her son, all disconsolate and comfort-

less, departed out of Scotland and sailed into France, where she remained with Duke Reynier her father till she took her unfortunate journey into England again, where she lost both husband and son, and also all her wealth, honour, and worldly felicity."

In the second scene the poet, with great dramatic skill, exhibits the course of that wooing which ended in the marriage of Edward with Elizabeth Woodville—an event altogether unpropitious and finally destructive to his house. Hall (whom we still follow, for Holinshed is almost his literal copyist) tells the story with great quaintness, and Shakspeare clearly follows him:—"But now consider the old proverb to be true that sayeth that marriage is destiny. For during the time that the Earl of Warwick was thus in France concluding a marriage for King Edward, the king being on hunting in the forest of Wichford beside Stony Stratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the Duchess of Bedford sojourned, then wife to Sir Richard Woodville, Lord Rivers, on whom then was attending a daughter of hers, called



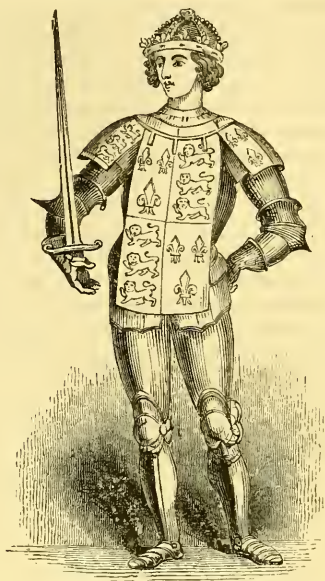
Dame Elizabeth Grey, widow of Sir John Grey, knight, slain at the last battle of Saint Alban's by the power of King Edward. This widow, having a suit to the king, either to be restored by him to something taken from her, or requiring him of pity to have some augmentation to her living, found such grace in the king's eyes that he not only favoured her suit, but much more phantasied her person; for she was a woman more of formal countenance than of excellent beauty, but yet of such beauty and favour that with her sober demeanour, lovely looking, and feminine smiling (neither too wanton nor too humble), beside her tongue so eloquent, and her wit so pregnant, she was able to ravish the mind of a mean person, when she allured and made subject to her the heart of so great a king. After that King Edward had well considered all the lineaments of her body, and the wise and womanly demeanour that he saw in her, he determined first to attempt if he might provoke her to be his sovereign lady, promising her many gifts and fair rewards; affirming farther, that, if she would thereunto condescend, she might so fortune of his paramour and concubine to be changed to his wife and lawful bedfellow, which demand she so wisely and with so covert speech answered and repunged, affirming that, as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellow, so for her own poor honesty she was too good to be either his concubine or sovereign lady, that, whereas he was a little before heated with the dart of Cupid, he was now set all on a hot burning fire, what for the confidence that he had in her perfect constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastity; and without any farther deliberation he determined with himself clearly to marry with her, after that asking counsel of them which he knew neither would nor once durst impugn his concluded purpose. But the Duchess of York, his mother, letted it as much as in her lay, alleging a precontract made by him with the Lady Lucy and divers other lettes; all which doubts were resolved, and all things made clear, and all cavillations avoided. And so, privily in a morning, he married her at Grafton, where he first phantasied her visage."

The contemporary historians, with one excep-

tion, make no mention of the suit of Edward, through Warwick, for the hand of the sister of the crafty Lewis XI. But the poet had ample authority for the third scene of this Act, in the relation of Hall, which Holinshed also adopts:—"The French king and his queen were not a little discontent (as I cannot blame them) to have their sister first demanded and then granted, and in conclusion rejected and apparently mocked, without any cause reasonable. But when the Earl of Warwick had perfect knowledge by the letters of his trusty friends that King Edward had gotten him a new wife, and that all that he had done with King Lewis in his ambassade for the conjoining of this new affinity was both frustrate and vain, he was earnestly moved and sore chafed with the chance, and thought it necessary that King Edward should be deposed from his crown and royal dignity, as an inconstant prince, not worthy of such a kingly office. All men for the most part agree that this marriage was the only cause why the Earl of Warwick bare grudge and made war on King Edward. Other affirm that there were other causes, which, added to this, made the fire to flame which before was but a little smoke."



[*Louis XI. of France.*]



[George Duke of Clarence.]

## ACT IV.

## HISTORICAL.

THE defection of Clarence from the cause of his brother has been worked up by the poet into a sudden resolve;—it was probably the result of much contrivance slowly operating upon a feeble mind, coupled with his own passion for the daughter of Warwick. What is rapid and distinct in the play is slow and obscure in the Chronicles. Warwick and Clarence in the play are quickly transformed into enemies to the brother and the ally; in the Chronicles we have to trace them through long courses of intrigue and deception. When Warwick possessed himself of the person of Edward it is difficult, from the contemporary historians, to understand his real intentions. Hall, however, who compiles with a picturesque eye, tells the story of his capture and release in a manner which was not unfitted to be expanded into dramatic effect:—"All the king's doings were by espials declared to the Earl of Warwick, which, like a wise and politic captain, intending not to lose so great an advantage to him

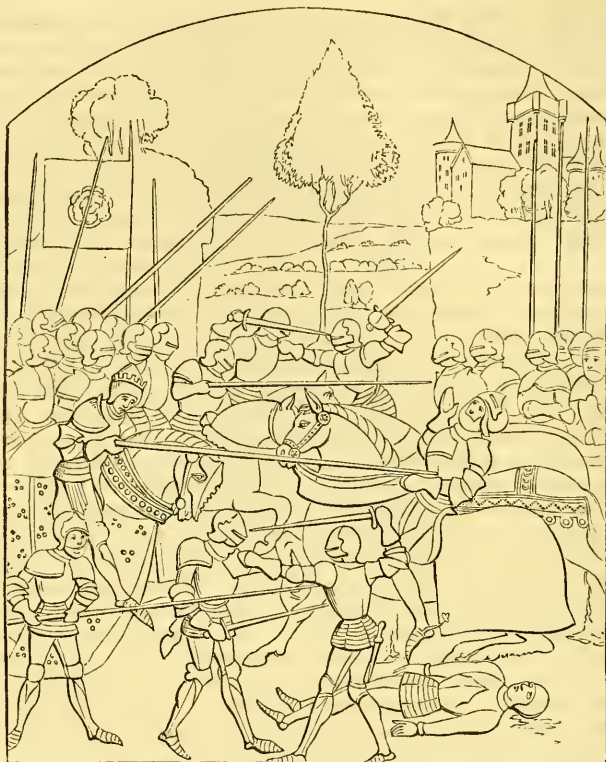
given, but trusting to bring all his purposes to a final end and determination by only obtaining this enterprise, in the dead of the night, with an elect company of men of war, as secretly as was possible, set on the king's field, killing them that kept the watch, and or the king were ware (for he thought of nothing less than of that chance that happened), at a place called Wolney, four miles from Warwick, he was taken prisoner, and brought to the castle of Warwick. And to the intent that the king's friends might not know where he was, nor what was chanced of him, he caused him by secret journeys in the night to be conveyed to Middleham Castle in Yorkshire, and there to be kept under the custody of the Archbishop of York his brother, and other his trusty friends, which entertained the king like his estate, and served him like a prince. But there was no place so far off but that the taking of the king was shortly known there with the wind, which news made many men to fear and greatly to dread, and many to wonder



and lament the chance. King Edward, being thus in captivity, spake ever fair to the archbishop and to the other keepers; but, whether he corrupted them with money or fair promises, he had liberty divers days to go on hunting; and one day on a plain there met with him Sir William Stanley, Sir Thomas of Borogh, and divers other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to return to prison again."

In the beginning of 1471 Edward was a fugitive, almost without a home. The great Earl of Warwick had placed Henry again in the nominal seat of authority; a counter-revolution had been effected. By one of those bold movements which set aside all calculation of consequences Edward leaped once more into the throne of England. In an age when perjury and murder were equally resorted to, Edward, on landing, did not hesitate to disguise his real objects, and to maintain that he was in arms only to enforce his claims as Duke of York. The scene before the walls of York is quite borne out by the contemporary historians; and especially in that most curious 'Historie of the Arrivall of Edward IV. in England,' published by the Camden Society. Shakspeare evidently went to Hall as his authority:—"King Edward, without any words spoken to him, came peaceably near to York, of whose coming when the citizens were certified, without delay they armed themselves and came to defend the gates, sending to him two of the chiefest aldermen of the city, which earnestly admonished him on their behalf to come not one foot nearer, nor temerarily to enter into so great a jeopardy, considering that they were fully determined and bent to compel him to retract with dint of sword. King Edward, marking well their message, was not a little troubled and unquieted in his mind, and driven to seek the farthest point of his wit; for he had both two mischievous and perilous chances even before his eyes, which were hard to be evaded or repelled:—one was, if he should go back again he feared lest the rural and common people, for covetousness of prey and spoil, would fall on him, as one that fled away for fear and dread; the other was, if he should proceed any farther in his journey, then might the citizens of York issue out with all their power, and suddenly circumvent him and take

him. Wherefore he determined to set forward, neither with army nor with weapon, but with lowly words and gentle entreatings, requiring most heartily the messengers that were sent to declare to the citizens that he came neither to demand the realm of England nor the superiority of the same, but only the duchy of York, his old inheritance; the which duchy if he might by their means readopt and recover, he would never pass out of his memory so great a benefit and so friendly a gratuity to him exhibited. And so, with fair words and flattering speech, he dismissed the messengers; and with good speed he and his followed so quickly after, that they were almost at the gates as soon as the ambassadors. The citizens, hearing his good answer, that he meant nor intended nothing prejudicial to King Henry nor his royal authority, were much mitigated and cooled, and began to commune with him from their walls, willing him to convey himself into some other place without delay, which if he did, they assured him that he should have neither hurt nor damage. But he, gently speaking to all men, and especially to such as were aldermen, whom he called worshipful, and by their proper names them saluted, after many fair promises to them made, exhorted and desired them that, by their favourable friendship and friendly permission, he might enter into his own town, of the which he had both his name and title. All the whole day was consumed in doubtful communication and earnest interlocution. The citizens, partly won by his fair words, and partly by hope of his large promises, fell to this pact and convention, that if King Edward would swear to entertain his citizens of York after a gentle sort and fashion, and hereafter to be obedient and faithful to all King Henry's commandments and precepts, that then they would receive him into their city, and aid and comfort him with money. King Edward (whom the citizens called only Duke of York), being glad of this fortunate chance, in the next morning, at the gate where he should enter, a priest being ready to say mass, in the mass time, receiving the body of our blessed Saviour, solemnly swearing to keep and observe the two articles above mentioned and agreed upon, when it was far unlike that he either intended or proposed to observe any of them, which plainly afterwards was to all men manifest."



[Battle of Barnet.]

## ACT V.

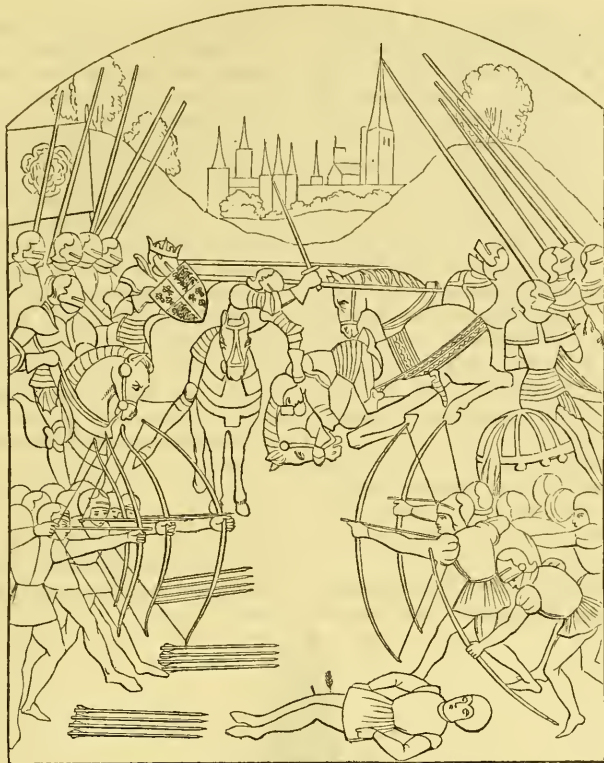
## HISTORICAL.

Of the battle of Barnet the following is Hall's description:—

"When the day began to spring the trumpets blew courageously and the battle fiercely began. Archers first shot and bill-men then followed. King Edward, having the greater number of men, valiantly set on his enemies. The earl on the other side, remembering his ancient fame and renown, manfully withstood him. This battle on both sides was sore fought and many slain, in whose rooms succeeded ever fresh and fresh men. In the mean season, while all men were together by the ears, ever looking to which way fortune would incline, the Earl of Warwick, after long fight, wisely did perceive his men to be over pressed with the multitude of his adversaries; wherefore he caused new men to relieve them that fought in the forward, by

reason of which succours King Edward's part gave a little back (which was the cause that some lookers-on, and no fighters, galloped to London, saying that the earl had won the field), which thing when Edward did perceive, he with all diligence sent fresh men to their succours.

"If the battle were fierce and deadly before, now it was crueller, more bloody, more fervent and fiery, and yet they had fought from morning almost to noon without any part getting advantage of other. King Edward, being weary of so long a conflict and willing to see an end, caused a great crew of fresh men (which he had for this only policy kept all day in store) to set on their enemies, in manner being weary and fatigate: but although the earl saw these new succours of fresh and new men to enter the battle, being nothing afraid, but hoping of the



[Battle of Tewksbury. From an Ancient Illumination.]

victory (knowing perfectly that there was all King Edward's power), comforted his men, being weary, sharply quickening and earnestly desiring them with hardly stomachs to bear out this last and final brunt of the battle, and that the field was even at an end. But when his soldiers, being sore wounded, wearied with so long a conflict, did give little regard to his words, he being a man of a mind invincible, rushed into the midst of his enemies, where as he (aventured so far from his own company to kill and slay his adversaries that he could not be rescued) was in the middle of his enemies stricken down and slain. The Marquis Montacute, thinking to succour his brother, which he saw was in great jeopardy, and yet in hope to obtain the victory, was likewise overthrown and slain. After the earl was dead his party fled, and many were taken, but not one man of name nor of nobility."

The following graphic account of the battle of Tewksbury is from Hall :—

"After the field ended King Edward made a proclamation that whosoever could bring Prince Edward to him, alive or dead, should have an annuity of an *c l.* during his life, and the prince's life to be saved. Sir Richard Croftes, a wise and a valiant knight, nothing mistrusting the king's former promise, brought forth his prisoner Prince Edward, being a goodly feminine and a well-featured young gentleman, whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuously enter into his realm with banner displayed. The prince, being bold of stomach and of a good courage, answered, saying, To recover my father's kingdom and inheritance from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lineally divoluted. At which words King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him (or, as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet), whom incontinent they that strode about, which were George Duke of Clarence, Richard duke of Gloucester, Thomas

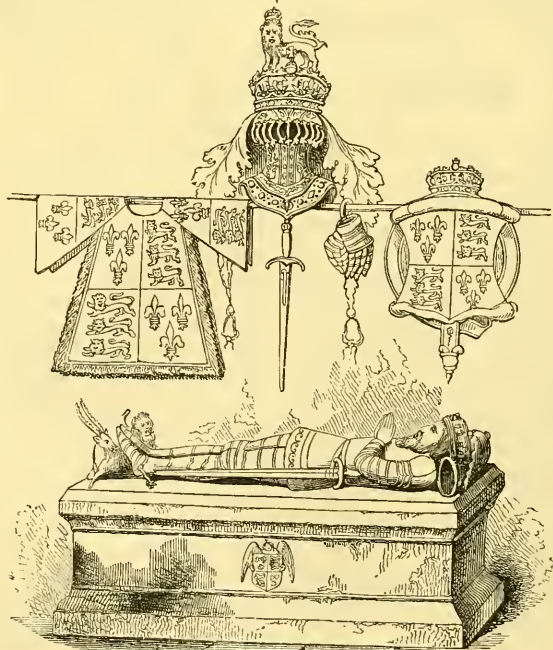


Marquis Dorset, and William Lord Hastings, suddenly murdered and piteously mangled. The bitterness of which murder some of the actors after in their latter days tasted and essayed by the very rod of justice and punishment of God. His body was homely interred with the other simple corpses in the church of the monastery of Black Monks in Tewksbury. This was the last civil battle that was fought in King Edward's days, which was gotten the iii day of May, in the x year of his reign, and in the year of our lord mccccxxi then being Saturday. And on the Monday next ensuing was Edmund Duke of Somerset, John Longstrother, Prior of Saint John's, Sir Garveys Clifton, Sir Thomas Tresham, and xii other knights and gentlemen beheaded in the market-place at Tewksbury."

It is unnecessary for us here to enter upon the disputed question as to whether Richard Duke of Gloster were the actual murderer of Henry VI. The following is Holinshed's account of this event :—

"Poor King Henry VI., a little before deprived (as we have heard) of his realm and imperial

crown, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Gloster (as the constant fame ran), who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reign in more surety, murdered the said King Henry with a dagger, although some writers of that time, favouring altogether the house of York, have recorded that, after he understood what losses had chanced to his friends, and how not only his son but also all other his chief partakers were dead and despatched, he took it so to heart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholy, he died the three-and-twentieth of May. The dead corpse, on the Ascension even (the 29th), was conveyed with bills and glaives pompously (if you will call that a funeral pomp) from the Tower to the church of St. Paul, and there laid on a bier, where it rested the space of one whole day, and on the next day after, it was conveyed, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying, unto the monastery of Chertsey, distant from London fifteen miles, and there was it first buried; but after, it was removed to Windsor, and there in a new vault newly inhumulate."



[Tomb of Henry VI. formerly at Windsor.]



[Edward IV., Rivers, and Caxton.]

## COSTUME.

THE costume for 'The Third Part of Henry VI.' is in fact that of the reign of Edward IV., the principal characteristics of which were, in male attire, the exceeding shortness of the jackets, doublets, or pourpoints, and the padding out of the shoulders of them with large waddings called mahoitres, the sleeves being slit up the back or across the elbow to show those of the white shirt. This was the commencement of the fashion of slashing which became so prevalent in the next century. The hood had now disappeared entirely, except from official dresses; and bonnets of cloth, a quarter of an ell in height, were worn by the beaux of the day, who also, instead of cropping the hair all round, as in the last three reigns, suffered it to grow to such a length that it came into their eyes. The toes of their shoes and boots were at first ridiculously long and pointed, and towards the close of the reign as preposterously broad and round. These extravagancies were endeavoured to be checked by sumptuary laws in the third and twenty-second years of Edward's reign, but, as usual, with very little effect. In the female dress some remarkable changes also occur. The gowns have very long trains, with broad velvet borders. The waists are very short, and confined by broad belts buckled before. The steeple head-dress (similar to the Cauchoise, still worn in Normandy, and so called from the Pays de Caux) is a peculiar mark of this reign in England.

Of the historical personages in this play we have several representations. A portrait of Edward IV. is amongst those presented to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Kerrich, and, if not to be relied upon as an excellent likeness, it was at least executed during or shortly after his reign, and may be fairly supposed to convey an idea of his general appearance and costume. He wears a black cap with a rich ornament and pendant pearl. His outer dress is cloth of gold—the under one black. In the royal MS. marked 15 E 4 we see him on his throne receiving a book and surrounded by some of the principal officers of his court. In a MS. in the Lambeth library also, he is depicted on his throne receiving a volume from the hands of Lord Rivers and Caxton his printer; and by his side stand his queen, the young Prince Edward, and another royal personage, similarly attired with the prince, who is supposed to be either Richard Duke of Gloster or George Duke of Clarence. The Monk of Croyland informs us that "the new fashion" Edward IV. "chose for the last state-dresses was to have very full hanging sleeves like a monk's, lined with the most sumptuous furs, and so rolled over his shoulders as to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur."

Of Louis XI. King of France there are several authentic portraits in Montfaucon. A drawing of the famous king-making Earl of Warwick exists in the Warwick Roll, College of Arms, as does also one of George Duke of Clarence,



Earl of Warwick in right of his wife, Isabel Nevil, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the king-maker. In the additional MSS. at the British Museum (No. 6298), presented by the late Miss Banks, is a most interesting drawing which we believe has been hitherto overlooked. It represents the tomb and effigy of King Henry VI., which were formerly in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and destroyed, it is supposed, during the civil wars *temp.* Charles I., as Sandford in 1677 says, "He (Henry) was interred there under a fair monument, of which there are at present no remains." It is quite clear Sandford did not know of the existence of any drawing of it, or he would have caused it to be engraved for his 'Genealogical History,' or at least have alluded to it. The drawing in Miss Banks's collection, of which an engraving has been given, was made apparently in the year 1563, a memorandum affixed to another drawing by the same hand of some arms in the chapel being dated the 29th of August in that year. Over the tomb hang the tabard of arms, the sword, gauntlets, and shield of the deceased monarch, and underneath some later hand has written, "Quære, if not the figure of Henry VI. because of the angel?" alluding to the figure of an angel supporting the royal arms which appear on the

side of the tomb, as, although the royal supporters during this reign were usually antelopes, the arms of Henry appear supported by an angel on the counter-seal engraved in Sandford's 'General History,' p. 240, edit. 1677. At the same page in Sandford will be found the seal of Edward Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI., on which is the figure of the prince on horseback and in armour, his tabard, shield, and the caparisons of his horse, emblazoned with his arms, quarterly France and England, over all a label of three points argent.

In illustration also of the military costume of the time, we refer to the engravings which we give from the illuminations of a MS. in the library at Ghent, written by a follower of Edward IV. in 1471, and presented to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. The first represents the battle of Barnet. Edward IV. is seen on a white charger, with crimson caparisons, lined with blue and embroidered with golden flowers; his bascinet is surrounded by a crown, and he is in the act of piercing with his lance a knight, presumed to be meant for the Earl of Warwick. The second is the battle of Tewksbury, wherein Edward is depicted on a brown horse, a crown round his helmet, and the arms of France and England quarterly on his shield.

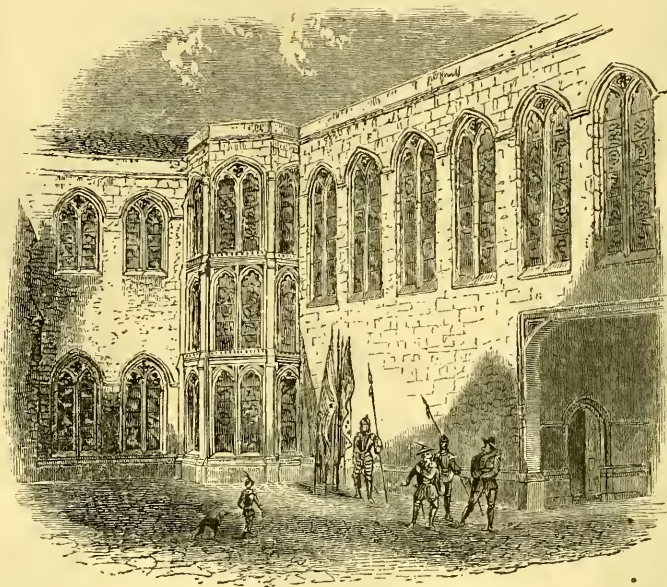


[ACT V. SCENE II. Field of Battle near Barnet.]



KING RICHARD III.





[Crosby House.]

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS History was originally published in 1597. It was reprinted four times in quarto previous to its appearance in the folio of 1623.

To understand the character of the 'Richard III.' of Shakspeare, we must have traced its development by the author of the previous plays. Those who study the subject carefully will find how entire the unity is preserved between the last of these four dramas, which everybody admits to be the work of the "greatest name in all literature," in an unbroken link with the previous drama, which some have been in the habit of assigning to some obscure and very inferior writer. We are taught to open the 'Life and Death of King Richard III.,' and to look upon the extraordinary being who utters the opening lines as some new creation set before us in the perfect completeness of self-formed

villainy. We have not learnt to trace the growth of the mind of this bold bad man; to see how his bravery became gradually darkened with ferocity; how his prodigious talents insensibly allied themselves with cunning and hypocrisy; how, in struggling for his house, he ultimately proposed to struggle for himself; how, in fact, the bad ambition would be naturally kindled in his mind, to seize upon the power which was sliding from the hands of the voluptuous Edward, and the "simple, plain Clarence."

The poet of the 'Richard III.' goes straightforward to his object; for he has made all the preparation in the previous dramas. No gradual development is wanting of the character which is now to sway the action. The struggle of the houses up to this point has been one only of violence; and it was therefore anarchical. "The big-boned" War-

wick, and the fiery Clifford, alternately pre-sided over the confusion. The power which changed the

“ Dreadful marches to delightful measures,”

seemed little more than accident. But Richard proposed to himself to subject events to his domination, not by courage alone, or activity, or even by the legitimate exercise of a commanding intellect, but by the clearest and coolest perception of the strength which he must inevitably possess who unites the deepest sagacity to the most thorough unscrupulousness in its exercise, and is an equal master of the weapons of force and of craft. The character of Richard is essentially different from any other character which Shakspeare has drawn. His bloody violence is not that of Macbeth; nor his subtle treachery that of Iago. It is difficult to say whether he derives a greater satisfaction from the success of his crimes, or from the consciousness of power which attends the working of them. This is a feature which he holds in common with Iago. But then he does not labour with a “ motiveless malignity,” as Iago does. He has no vague suspicions, no petty jealousies, no remembrance of slight affronts, to stimulate him to a disproportioned and unnatural vengeance. He does not *hate* his victims; but they stand in his way, and as he does not *love* them, they perish. Villains of the blackest die disguise their crimes even from themselves. Richard shrinks not from their avowal to others, for a purpose.

It is the result of the peculiar organisation of Richard's mind, formed as it had been by circumstances as well as by nature, that he invariably puts himself in the attitude of one who is playing a part. It is this circumstance which makes the character (clumsy even as it has been made by the joinery of Cibber) such a favourite on the stage. It cannot be over-acted.

It is only in the actual presence of a powerful enemy that Richard displays any portion of his *natural* character. His bravery required no dissimulation to uphold it. In his last battle-field he puts forth all the resources of his intellect in a worthy direction: but the retribution is fast approaching. It was not enough for offended justice that he should die as a hero: the terrible tortures of conscience were to precede the catastrophe. The drama has exhibited all it could exhibit—the palpable images of terror haunting a mind already anticipating the end. “ Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,” is the first revelation of the true inward man to a fellow-being. But the terror is but momentary:—

“ Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.”

To the last the poet exhibits the supremacy of Richard's intellect, his ready talent, and his unwearied energy. The tame address of Richmond to his soldiers, and the spirited exhortation of Richard, could not have been the result of accident.



# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD IV.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards* King

Edward V., *son to the King*.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

RICHARD, *Duke of York, son to the King*.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence, brother to the King*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4.

RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, afterwards* King

Richard III., *brother to the King*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

A young Son of Clarence.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards* King

Henry VII.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4.

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury*.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 1.

THOMAS ROTHERAM, *Archbishop of York*.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4.

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely*.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 4.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 2.

Act V. sc. 1.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

EARL OF SURREY, *son to the Duke of Norfolk*.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

EARL RIVERS, *brother to King Edward's*

Queen.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.

MARQUIS OF DORSET, *son to King Edward's*

Queen.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

LORD GREY, *son to King Edward's Queen*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.

EARL OF OXFORD.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

LORD HASTINGS.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

LORD STANLEY.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

LORD LOVEL.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 4; sc. 5.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 3.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.

Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 5; sc. 7.

Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 4.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest*.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 5.

A Priest.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2.

Lord Mayor of London.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 7.

Sheriff of Wiltshire.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of King Edward IV*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.

MARGARET, *widow of King Henry VI*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.

DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King*

Edward IV., *Clarence, and Gloster*.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.

LADY ANNE, *widow of Edward, Prince of*

Wales, *son to King Henry VI., afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster*.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

A young Daughter of Clarence.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1.

*Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scribe, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.*



[SCENE II. "Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword."]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

GLO. Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York<sup>a</sup>;  
 And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our house  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the cognisance of Edward IV., which was adopted after the battle of Mortimer's Cross:—

"Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?"

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed<sup>a</sup> steeds,  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;—  
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;—  
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;  
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time,  
 Unless to see<sup>b</sup> my shadow in the sun,  
 And descant on mine own deformity.  
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days<sup>c</sup>,  
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
 To set my brother Clarence and the king  
 In deadly hate the one against the other :  
 And, if king Edward be as true and just  
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,  
 About a prophecy, which says that G  
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes.

*Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*

Brother, good day : What means this armed guard  
 That waits upon your grace ?

<sup>a</sup> *Barbed*. Barbed and barded appear to have been indifferently applied to a caparisoned horse. In Hall we have, "About the time of prime came to the barriers of the lists the Duke of Hereford, mounted on a white courser *barbed* with blue and green velvet." In Lord Berners's 'Froissart' we read, "It was a great beauty to behold the banners and standards waving in the wind, and horses *barded*, and knights and squires richly armed."

<sup>b</sup> See, in the folio ; the quartos, *spy*.

<sup>c</sup> Malone would read, "fair well-spoken *dames*." In Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour' we have the same epithet of *well-spoken* applied to days: "ignorant well-spoken days."

CLAR. His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

GLO. Upon what cause?

CLAR. Because my name is George.

GLO. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—  
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent  
That you should<sup>a</sup> be new christen'd in the Tower.  
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

CLAR. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest  
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says, a wizard told him, that by G  
His issue disinherited should be;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought that I am he:  
These, as I learn, and such-like toys as these,  
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

GLO. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women:  
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower;  
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she  
That tempers<sup>b</sup> him to this extremity.  
Was it not she and that good man of worship,  
Antony Woodville, her brother there,  
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?  
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

CLAR. By Heaven, I think there is no man secure  
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds  
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.  
Heard you not what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery<sup>c</sup>?

GLO. Humbly complaining to her deity  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
I 'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,  
If we will keep in favour with the king,  
To be her men and wear her livery:  
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,

<sup>a</sup> *Should*, in the folio; the quartos, *shall*.

<sup>b</sup> *Tempers*. We print this line as in the quarto of 1597. In the folio we read,  
"That *tempts* him to this *harsh* extremity."

<sup>c</sup> This line is the reading of the quartos. The folio has,  
"Lord Hastings was, for her delivery."



Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in our<sup>a</sup> monarchy.

BRAK. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;  
His majesty hath straitly given in charge  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

GLO. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,  
You may partake of anything we say:  
We speak no treason, man:—we say, the king  
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen  
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous:—  
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;  
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:  
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

BRAK. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

GLO. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,  
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

BRAK. What one, my lord?

GLO. Her husband, knave:—Wouldst thou betray me?

BRAK. I do beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,  
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

CLAR. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

GLO. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell; I will unto the king;  
And whatso'er you will employ me in,—  
Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,—  
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.  
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

CLAR. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

GLO. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you<sup>b</sup>:

Meantime, have patience.

CLAR. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.*]

GLO. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If Heaven will take the present at our hands.

But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings.

<sup>a</sup> *Our*, in the folio; the quartos, *this*.

<sup>b</sup> *Lie for you*—be imprisoned in your stead.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

HAST. Good time of day unto my gracious lord !

GLO. As much unto my good lord chamberlain !

Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

HAST. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must :

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

GLO. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too ;

For they that were your enemies are his,

And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

HAST. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey<sup>a</sup> at liberty.

GLO. What news abroad ?

HAST. No news so bad abroad as this at home ;

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,

And his physicians fear him mightily.

GLO. Now, by St. Paul<sup>b</sup>, this news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,

And over-much consum'd his royal person ;

'T is very grievous to be thought upon.

Where is he ? in his bed<sup>c</sup> ?

HAST. He is.

GLO. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die

Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.

I 'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,

With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments :

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,

Clarence hath not another day to live :

Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in !

For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband and her father,

The readiest way to make the wench amends

Is, to become her husband and her father :

The which will I : not all so much for love

As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her, which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market :

<sup>a</sup> *Prey*, in the quartos ; the folio, *play*.

<sup>b</sup> So the quartos ; the folio, *Saint John*.

<sup>c</sup> So the folio ; the quartos,

" *What*, is he in his bed ? "

Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns ;  
When they are gone then must I count my gains.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it ; and LADY ANNE as mourner.*

ANNE. Set down, set down your honourable load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—

Whilst I awhile obsequiously<sup>a</sup> lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

Poor key-cold<sup>b</sup> figure of a holy king !

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !

Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,

Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds !

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :

O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !

Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it !

Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads<sup>c</sup>,

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !

If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;

And that be heir to his unhappiness !

If ever he have wife, let her be made

More miserable by the death of him,

Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !

<sup>a</sup> *Obsequiously*—performing obsequies.

<sup>b</sup> *Key-cold*. This epithet is common in the old writers. Shakspeare himself has it in the 'Lucrece:'

“ And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream  
He falls.”

In Gurnall's 'Christian in complete Armour'—a popular work of the 17th century, we have—  
“ But for Christ, and obtaining an interest in him, O how *key-cold* are they.”

<sup>c</sup> So the quartos; the folio, “to wolves, to spiders, toads.”

Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load<sup>1</sup>,  
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;  
And, still as you are weary of the weight,  
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

*[The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.]*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

GLO. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

ANNE. What black magician conjures up this fiend,  
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

GLO. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,  
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 GENT. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

GLO. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,

Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*[The bearers set down the coffin.]*

ANNE. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,

And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,

His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

GLO. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

ANNE. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh<sup>2</sup>!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murtherer dead;

Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!



GLO. Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

ANNE. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;  
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

GLO. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

ANNE. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

GLO. More wonderful, when angels are so angry!

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed crimes <sup>a</sup> to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

ANNE. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,  
For these known evils but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

GLO. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make  
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

GLO. By such despair I should accuse myself.

ANNE. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

GLO. Say, that I slew them not.

ANNE. Then say, they were not slain <sup>b</sup>.

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

GLO. I did not kill your husband.

ANNE. Why, then he is alive.

GLO. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

ANNE. In thy foul <sup>c</sup> throat thou liest; queen Margaret saw  
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

GLO. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

ANNE. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries:  
Didst thou not kill this king?

GLO. I grant ye.

ANNE. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too,  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!  
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

GLO. The fitter for the King of Heaven that hath him.

<sup>a</sup> *Crimes*, in the folio; the quartos, *evils*.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio; the quartos,

"Why then, they are not dead."

<sup>c</sup> *Foul throat*; so the folio and quartos. It is commonly printed "*soul's* throat."

ANNE. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

GLO. Let him thank me that help to send him thither ;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

ANNE. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

GLO. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

ANNE. Some dungeon.

GLO. Your bed-chamber.

ANNE. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

GLO. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

ANNE. I hope so.

GLO. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat<sup>a</sup> into a slower method,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner ?

ANNE. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

GLO. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;  
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

ANNE. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

GLO. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack ;  
You should not blemish it if I stood by :  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

ANNE. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

GLO. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

ANNE. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

GLO. It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

ANNE. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

GLO. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

ANNE. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

GLO. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

ANNE. Name him.

GLO. Plantagenet.

ANNE. Why, that was he.

GLO. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

ANNE. Where is he ?

GLO. Here [*She spits at him*] : Why dost thou spit at me ?

<sup>a</sup> *Somewhat*, in the quartos ; the folio, *something*.

ANNE. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

GLO. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

GLO. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

GLO. I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears:

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

No, when my father York and Edward wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping<sup>a</sup>.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing<sup>b</sup> word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

*[She looks scornfully at him.]*

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.]*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—

But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward;—

*[She offers at his breast.]*

But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.

*[She lets fall the sword.]*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

<sup>a</sup> The twelve preceding lines are not found in the quarto copies.

<sup>b</sup> *Smoothing*. So the folio; the quartos, *soothing*.

ANNE. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy executioner.

GLO. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

ANNE. I have already.

GLO. That was in thy rage:  
Speak it again, and even with the word,  
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,  
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;  
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

ANNE. I would I knew thy heart.

GLO. 'T is figur'd in my tongue.

ANNE. I fear me, both are false.

GLO. Then never man was true.

ANNE. Well, well, put up your sword.

GLO. Say, then, my peace is made.

ANNE. That shalt thou know hereafter.

GLO. But shall I live in hope?

ANNE. All men, I hope, live so.

GLO. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

ANNE. To take is not to give<sup>a</sup>.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

GLO. Look, how my<sup>b</sup> ring encompasseth thy finger,  
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.  
And if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

ANNE. What is it?

GLO. That it may please you leave these sad designs  
To him that hath most<sup>c</sup> cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-house<sup>d</sup>:  
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,  
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient<sup>e</sup> duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you  
Grant me this boon.

ANNE. With all my heart; and much it joys me too

<sup>a</sup> This rapid interchange of speech is wonderfully helped in its effect by the short lines of six syllables; but Steevens, by the aid of some transpositions, has contrived to manufacture these ten lines into six of the vilest resemblances to the eye of blank verse that his botching ever achieved. In the quartos Lady Anne concludes with the line which the folio omits,

"To take is not to give."

<sup>b</sup> *My*, in the folio; the quartos, *this*.

<sup>c</sup> *Most*, in the folio; the quartos, *more*.

<sup>d</sup> *Crosby-house*, in the folio; the quartos, *Crosby-place*.

<sup>e</sup> *Expedient*—expeditious.



To see you are become so penitent.

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

GLO. Bid me farewell.

ANNE. 'T is more than you deserve :

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKLEY.]

GLO. Take up the corse, sirs<sup>a</sup>.

GENT. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

GLO. No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I 'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

What ! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;

Having<sup>b</sup> God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !

Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,

The spacious world cannot again afford :

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed ?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?

On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus ?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;

And entertain a score or two of tailors

To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

<sup>a</sup> The folio omits this line.

<sup>b</sup> *Having*, in all the old editions. The metre-regulators have substituted *with*.

I will maintain it with some little cost.  
 But, first, I 'll turn yon' fellow in<sup>a</sup> his grave;  
 And then return lamenting to my love.  
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*]SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.**Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

RIV. Have patience, madam; there 's no doubt his majesty  
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

GREY. In that you brook it ill it makes him worse:  
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words<sup>b</sup>.

Q. ELIZ. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

GREY. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. ELIZ. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

GREY. The Heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,  
 To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. ELIZ. Ah, he is young; and his minority  
 Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,  
 A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

RIV. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. ELIZ. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:  
 But so it must be if the king miscarry.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

GREY. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley<sup>c</sup>.

BUCK. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

STAN. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. ELIZ. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,  
 To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.  
 Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,  
 And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd  
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

STAN. I do beseech you, either not believe  
 The envious slanders of her false accusers;

<sup>a</sup> *In*—into.<sup>b</sup> *Words*, in the quartos; the folio, *eyes*.<sup>c</sup> *Stanley*. In the early part of this play Lord Stanley, who is named such in the fourth and fifth Acts, is called Derby. He was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII. The necessary correction throughout was made by Theobald.

Or, if she be accus'd on true report,  
 Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
 From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. ELIZ. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

STAN. But now, the duke of Buckingham and I

Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. ELIZ. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

BUCK. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. ELIZ. God grant him health! did you confer with him?

BUCK. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement

Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain;

And sent to warn<sup>a</sup> them to his royal presence.

Q. ELIZ. 'Would all were well!—but that will never be.

I fear our happiness is at the height.

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.*

GLO. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:

Who are they<sup>b</sup> that complain unto the king,

That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly

That fill his ears with such dissensious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and look<sup>c</sup> fair,

Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,

I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,

But thus his simple truth must be abus'd

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

GREY. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

GLO. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. ELIZ. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,

And not provok'd by any suitor else;

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shows itself

<sup>a</sup> Warn—summon.

<sup>b</sup> So in the quarto.

<sup>c</sup> Look, in the folio; the quartos, *speak*.

Against my children, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather  
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it<sup>a</sup>.

GLO. I cannot tell:—The world is grown so bad  
That wrens make prey<sup>b</sup> where eagles dare not perch:  
Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There 's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. ELIZ. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;  
You envy my advancement, and my friends';  
God grant we never may have need of you!

GLO. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you;  
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while great promotions  
Are daily given, to ennoble those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. ELIZ. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height  
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

GLO. You may deny that you were not the mean<sup>c</sup>  
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

RIV. She may, my lord; for——

GLO. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?  
She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments;  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high desert.  
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

RIV. What, marry, may she?

GLO. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,  
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too:  
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. ELIZ. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne  
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:  
By Heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.

<sup>a</sup> We print the passage as in the quartos. The folio has only one line, instead of the amplified reading of the quartos;—it is,

“Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground.”

<sup>b</sup> *Make prey*. So in the folio and the first two quartos; the ordinary reading is *may prey*.

<sup>c</sup> *Mean*, in the folio; the quartos, *cause*.



I had rather be a country servant-maid  
 Than a great queen, with this condition,  
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at :  
 Small joy have I in being England's queen.

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.*

Q. MAR. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him<sup>a</sup> !

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

GLO. What? threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said<sup>b</sup>

I will avouch, in presence of the king :

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'T is time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. MAR. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

GLO. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a packhorse in his great affairs ;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends ;

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. MAR. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

GLO. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—

And, Rivers, so were you :—Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at St. Albans slain ?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere this<sup>c</sup>, and what you are ;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. MAR. A murtherous villain, and so still thou art.

GLO. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

Q. MAR. Which God revenge !

GLO. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up :

I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine ;

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. MAR. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

RIV. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,

<sup>a</sup> *Him*, in the folio ; the quartos, *thee*.

<sup>b</sup> This line is not found in the folio. The omission is evidently a typographical error.

<sup>c</sup> *This*, in the folio ; the quartos, *now*.

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,  
 We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign<sup>a</sup> king;  
 So should we you, if you should be our king.

GLO. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:  
 Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. ELIZ. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
 You should enjoy, were you this country's king;  
 As little joy you may suppose in me  
 That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. MAR. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;  
 For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
 I can no longer hold me patient.—

[*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
 In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:  
 Which of you trembles not that looks on me?  
 If not, that I being queen you bow like subjects,  
 Yet that by you depos'd you quake like rebels?—  
 Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

GLO. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. MAR. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;  
 That will I make<sup>b</sup>, before I let thee go.

GLO. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. MAR. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment  
 Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
 A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—  
 And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:  
 This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;  
 And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

GLO. The curse my noble father laid on thee,  
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,  
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,  
 And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,  
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—  
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul  
 Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;  
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. ELIZ. So just is God, to right the innocent.

HAST. O, 't was the foulest deed, to slay that babe,  
 And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

<sup>a</sup> *Sovereign*, in the folio; the quartos, *lawful*. The correction of the folio, which has not been adopted by the modern editors, was certainly necessary; for Rivers would scarcely have ventured to use the epithet *lawful* (legitimate) in the presence of Gloster.

<sup>b</sup> The double acceptance of the verb *make* is also exemplified in 'As You Like It.'

"Now, sir, what *make* you here?"

Nothing: I am not taught to *make* anything."

RIV. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

DOR. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

BUCK. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. MAR. What! were you snarling all, before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,

Should all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murther, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long mayst thou live, to wail thy children's death<sup>a</sup>,

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!

Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—

And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may live your natural age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

GLO. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. MAR. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heavens have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

<sup>a</sup> *Death*, in the folio; the quartos, *loss*.

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!  
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb<sup>a</sup>!  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!  
Thou rag of honour! thou detested——

GLO. Margaret.

Q. MAR. Richard!

GLO. Ha?

Q. MAR. I call thee not.

GLO. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think  
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. MAR. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

GLO. 'T is done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. ELIZ. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. MAR. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

HAST. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. MAR. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

RIV. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. MAR. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects;

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

DOR. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. MAR. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:

O, that your young nobility could judge

What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;

And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

GLO. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it, marquis.

DOR. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

GLO. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,

Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. MAR. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;

Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

<sup>a</sup> So the folio; the quarto, "mother's heavy womb."



Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest :

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it ;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

BUCK. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. MAR. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes by you<sup>a</sup> are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,—

And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

BUCK. Have done, have done.

Q. MAR. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee :

Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

BUCK. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. MAR. I will not think<sup>b</sup> but they ascend the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed<sup>c</sup> of yonder dog ;

Look, when he fawns he bites ; and, when he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death :

Have not to do with him, beware of him ;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him ;

And all their ministers attend on him.

GLO. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

BUCK. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. MAR. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's !

[Exit.]

HAST. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

RIV. And so doth mine ; I muse why she's at liberty.

GLO. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother ;

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. ELIZ. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

<sup>a</sup> We print the passage as in the folio ; in the quartos we read,

“ And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.”

<sup>b</sup> So the folio ; the quartos, “ I'll not believe.”

<sup>c</sup> Take heed, in the folio ; the quartos, beware. The correction was evidently made to avoid the repetition of the word three lines below.

GLO. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid ;

He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains ;

God pardon them that are the cause thereof !

RIV. A virtuous and a christianlike conclusion,

To pray for them that have done scath to us.

GLO. So do I ever, being well advis'd :—

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter CATESBY.*

CATES. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my noble lord.

Q. ELIZ. Catesby, I come :—Lords, will you go with me ?

RIV. We wait<sup>a</sup> upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

GLO. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have cast<sup>b</sup> in darkness,—

I do beweepe to many simple gulls ;

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham ;

And tell them, 't is the queen and her allies

That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now they believe it ; and withal whet me

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset<sup>c</sup>, Grey :

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil :

And thus I clothe my naked villainy

With odd old ends, stolen forth of holy writ ;

And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Enter two Murderers.*

But soft, here come my executioners.

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates ?

Are you now going to despatch this thing ?

1 MURD. We are, my lord ; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

GLO. Well thought upon, I have it here about me :

[*Gives the warrant.*]

<sup>a</sup> *We wait.* So the folio; the passage in the quarto is,

“Madam, we will attend upon your grace.”

<sup>b</sup> *Cast*, in the folio; the quartos, *laid*.

<sup>c</sup> *Dorset*, in the folio; the quartos, *Vaughan*.

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 MURD. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

GLO. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall<sup>a</sup> tears :

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;

Go, go, despatch.

2 MURD. We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

BRAK. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

CLAR. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days ;

So full of dismal terror was the time.

BRAK. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell me.

CLAR. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;

And in my company my brother Gloster :

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches ; there we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster,

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,

Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks ;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;

<sup>a</sup> *Fall*, in the folio ; the quartos, *drop*.

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,  
 As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BRAK. Had you such leisure in the time of death  
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

CLAR. Methought I had; and often did I strive  
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood  
 Stopt<sup>a</sup> in my soul, and would not let it forth  
 To find<sup>b</sup> the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;  
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAK. Awak'd you not in<sup>c</sup> this sore agony?

CLAR. No<sup>d</sup>, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;  
 O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood  
 With that sour<sup>e</sup> ferryman<sup>f</sup> which poets write of,  
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul  
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
 Who spake<sup>f</sup> aloud,—“What scourge for perjury  
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”  
 And so he vanish'd: Then came wandering by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—  
 “Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—  
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—  
 Seize on him, furies, take him unto<sup>g</sup> torment!”—  
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

BRAK. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;  
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

<sup>a</sup> *Stopt*, in the folio; the quartos, *kept*.

<sup>b</sup> *Find*, in the folio; one of the early quartos reads *seek*;—another, *keep*.

<sup>c</sup> *In*, in the folio; the quartos, *with*.

<sup>d</sup> *No*, in the folio; the quartos, *O*.

<sup>e</sup> *Sour*, in the folio; the quartos, *grim*.

<sup>f</sup> *Spake*, in the folio; the quartos, *cried*.

<sup>g</sup> *Unto torment*, in the folio; the quartos, *to your torments*.



CLAR. O, Brakenbury<sup>a</sup>, I have done these things,—  
 That now give evidence against my soul,—  
 For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!  
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:  
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children<sup>b</sup>!  
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me<sup>c</sup>;  
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

BRAK. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!— [CLARENCE *retires*.  
 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—  
 Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.  
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honour for an inward toil;  
 And, for unfelt imaginations,  
 They often feel a world of restless cares:  
 So that, between their titles, and low name,  
 There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the two Murderers.*

1 MURD. Ho! who 's here?

BRAK. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 MURD. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

BRAK. What, so brief?

2 MURD. 'T is better, sir, than to be tedious:—let him see our commission, and  
 talk no more<sup>d</sup>. [*A paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

BRAK. I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
 The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:  
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
 There lies the duke asleep,—and there, the keys<sup>e</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> In the quarto this scene commences with Clarence addressing the description of his dream to Brakenbury; but in the folio the stage-direction is, "Enter Clarence and Keeper." This change was probably designed, for, in the passage before us, the reading of the quartos, "O Brakenbury," is altered to "O keeper, keeper." Brakenbury subsequently enters, in the folio, when Clarence is sleeping. There does not appear any reason for deviating from the arrangement of the quartos.

<sup>b</sup> The four preceding lines are not found in the quartos.

<sup>c</sup> So the quartos; in the folio we read,

"Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile."

<sup>d</sup> We give the passage as in the plain prose of the folio. In the quartos the speech has a metrical appearance, which is generally polished, most unnecessarily, into very smooth verse.

<sup>e</sup> In the modern editions, when Clarence says, "I fain would sleep," we have a stage-direction, "*Clarence reposes himself in a chair.*" This direction is founded upon the line of the quartos, which stands in the place of the line before us,

"Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep."

We

I'll to the king; and signify to him

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 MURD. You may, sir; 't is a point of wisdom:

Fare you well.

[Exit BRAKENBURY.]

2 MURD. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 MURD. No; he'll say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 MURD. Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 MURD. Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 MURD. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 MURD. What! art thou afraid?

2 MURD. Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 MURD. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 MURD. So I am, to let him live.

1 MURD. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 MURD. Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope this passionate humour of mine will change: it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 MURD. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 MURD. Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 MURD. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 MURD. Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 MURD. Where's thy conscience now?

2 MURD. Oh, in the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 MURD. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 MURD. 'T is no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 MURD. What if it come to thee again?

2 MURD. I'll not meddle with it, [it is a dangerous thing.] it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detects him: 'T is a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 MURD. It is now even at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 MURD. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 MURD. I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 MURD. Spoken like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

We have no doubt that it was intended that Clarence should retire to the secondary stage, and there lie upon a couch.

1 MURD. Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 MURD. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 MURD. Soft! he wakes.

2 MURD. Strike.

1 MURD. No, we 'll reason with him<sup>a</sup>.

CLAR. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 MURD. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

CLAR. In God's name, what art thou?

1 MURD. A man, as you are.

CLAR. But not, as I am, royal.

2 MURD. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

CLAR. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 MURD. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

CLAR. How darkly, and how deadly, dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 MURD. To, to, to——

CLAR. To murder me?

BOTH MURD. Ay, ay.

CLAR. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 MURD. Offended us you have not, but the king.

CLAR. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 MURD. Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to die.

CLAR. Are you drawn forth among a world of men<sup>b</sup>,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness<sup>c</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> In the previous dialogue between the two Murderers, we have adhered to the text of the folio. There are several minute differences between this text and that of the quartos, which it is scarcely necessary to point out.

<sup>b</sup> We print this line as in the folio. The first quarto reads,

"Are you call'd forth from out a world of men."

Johnson proposed to read *cull'd*.

<sup>c</sup> A line is here omitted in the folio, which it is unnecessary to retain in a modern text. It was properly omitted under the statute of James, as introducing the most sacred things unnecessarily into a work of imagination. The quartos read—

"I charge you, as you hope to have redemption  
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins."

That you depart, and lay no hands on me ;  
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 MURD. What we will do we do upon command.

2 MURD. And he that hath commanded is our king.

CLAR. Erroneous vassal ! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murther : Will you then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?

Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 MURD. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murther too :

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 MURD. And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous blade

Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 MURD. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 MURD. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree ?

CLAR. - Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :

He sends you not to murther me for this ;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, yet he doth it publicly ;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;

He needs no indirect or lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 MURD. Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?

CLAR. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 MURD. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

CLAR. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 MURD. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

CLAR. O, no ; he loves me, and he holds me dear ;

Go you to him from me.

BOTH MURD.

                    Ay, so we will.



CLAR. Tell him, when that our princely father York  
 Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
 [And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,<sup>a</sup>]  
 He little thought of this divided friendship:  
 Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 MURD. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

CLAR. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 MURD. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:  
 'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

CLAR. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,  
 And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
 That he would labour my delivery.

1 MURD. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
 From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 MURD. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

CLAR. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,  
 To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
 And are you yet to your own souls so blind,  
 That you will war with God, by murdering me?  
 Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on  
 To do this deed will hate you for the deed<sup>b</sup>.

2 MURD. What shall we do?

CLAR. Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,  
 If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,  
 Would not entreat for life,—as you would beg  
 Were you in my distress<sup>c</sup>?

1 MURD. Relent! No. 'T is cowardly and womanish.

CLAR. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
 O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

<sup>a</sup> This line is not in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> Clarence's speech, in the folio, is addressed to both Murderers; and we give the pronoun accordingly.

<sup>c</sup> The arrangement here, in the folio, is entirely different from that of the ordinary text. We prefer, of course, to follow the folio instead of adopting the arbitrary "regulations" of the modern editors, who, taking six additional lines which they find in the folio, have transposed them after their own fashion. The text of the quartos is as follows:—

"Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 M. Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, and devilish.  
 My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
 O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
 Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:  
 A begging prince, what beggar pities not?"

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me :

A begging prince, what beggar pities not ?

2 MURD. Look behind you, my lord.

1 MURD. Take that, and that ; if all this will not do,  
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

2 MURD. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd !

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous murther !

[Stabs him.

[Exit, with the body.

*Re-enter first Murderer.*

1 MURD. How now ? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not ?

By Heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 MURD. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother !

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;

For I repent me that the duke is slain.

[Exit.

1 MURD. So do not I ; go, coward as thou art.

Well, I 'll go hide the body in some hole,

Till that the duke give order for his burial ;

And when I have my meed, I will away ;

For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit.



[Scene IV.]



[SCENE I. "King Edward, led in sick."]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING EDWARD (*led in sick*), QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. EDW. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—  
 You peers, continue this united league:  
 I every day expect an embassy  
 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
 And more to peace<sup>a</sup> my soul shall part to heaven,  
 Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

<sup>a</sup> So the folio; the quarto, *now in peace*. Steevens reads *more in peace*.



Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;  
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

RIV. By Heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate ;  
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

HAST. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. EDW. Take heed you dally not before your king ;  
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings  
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

HAST. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

RIV. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. EDW. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—  
Nor you<sup>a</sup>, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;—  
You have been factious one against the other.  
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;  
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. ELIZ. There, Hastings ;—I will never more remember  
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

K. EDW. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquis.

DOR. This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

HAST. And so swear I.

[Embraces DORSET.]

K. EDW. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league  
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity.

BUCK. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate  
Upon your grace [*to the QUEEN*], but with all duteous love  
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love !  
When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assured that he is a friend,  
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
Be he unto me ! this do I beg of Heaven,  
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[Embracing RIVERS, &c.]

K. EDW. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,  
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,  
To make the blessed period of this peace.

BUCK. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> *You*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *your*. Edward's addressing his wife's son thus is characteristic.

<sup>b</sup> So the quartos ; the folio,

" And, in good time,  
Here comes sir Richard Ratcliff and the duke."



*Enter GLOSTER.*

GLO. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen ;  
And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

K. EDW. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day :  
Gloster<sup>a</sup>, we have done deeds of charity ;  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

GLO. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord<sup>b</sup>.—  
Among this princely heap, if any here,  
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,  
Hold me a foe ;  
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace ;  
'T is death to me to be at enmity ;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;  
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset—  
That all without desert have frown'd on me ;—  
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you<sup>c</sup> ;—  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all,  
I do not know that Englishman alive  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
More than the infant that is born to-night ;  
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. ELIZ. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter :  
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.  
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

GLO. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?  
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead ?  
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

[*They all start.*]

K. EDW. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows he is ?

Q. ELIZ. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this !

BUCK. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest ?

<sup>a</sup> *Gloster*, in the folio ; the quartos, *brother*.

<sup>b</sup> *Lord*, in the folio ; the quartos, *liege*.

<sup>c</sup> We print this passage as in the folio. The line in which Lord Woodville and Lord Scales are named is not in the quartos ; and the modern editors omit it.

DOR. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence,

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. EDW. Is Clarence dead ? the order was revers'd.

GLO. But he, poor man, by your first order died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear ;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried :

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion !

*Enter STANLEY.*

STAN. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. EDW. I prithee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

STAN. I will not rise unless your highness hear me.

K. EDW. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

STAN. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life :

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,

Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. EDW. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd ?

Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?

Who told me in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, " Dear brother, live, and be a king " ?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments ; and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night ?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :—

But for my brother not a man would speak,  
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself  
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all  
 Have been beholden to him in his life;  
 Yet none of you would once plead <sup>a</sup> for his life.  
 O God! I fear thy justice will take hold  
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.  
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.

Ah! poor Clarence! [*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, HAST., RIV., DOR., and GREY.*]

GLO. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not  
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?  
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:  
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,  
 To comfort Edward with our company?

BUCK. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.*

SON. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

DUCH. No, boy.

DAUGH. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;  
 And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

SON. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
 And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,  
 If that our noble father were alive?

DUCH. My pretty cousins <sup>b</sup>, you mistake me both;  
 I do lament the sickness of the king,  
 As loth to lose him, not your father's death;  
 It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

SON. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.  
 The king my uncle is to blame for this:  
 God will revenge it; whom I will importune  
 With earnest prayers all to that effect.

DAUGH. And so will I.

DUCH. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:  
 Incapable and shallow innocents,  
 You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

SON. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster

<sup>a</sup> *Plead*, in the quartos; the folio, *beg*.

<sup>b</sup> *Cousins*—relations—kinsfolks. They are her grandchildren.

Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the queen,  
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;  
Bade me rely on him as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child.

DUCH. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice !  
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

SON. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

DUCH. Ay, boy.

SON. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly ; RIVERS and DORSET following her.*

Q. ELIZ. Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?  
I 'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

DUCH. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Q. ELIZ. To make an act of tragic violence.  
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.  
Why grow the branches when the root is gone ?  
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?  
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;  
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night <sup>a</sup>.

DUCH. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,  
As I had title in thy noble husband !  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And liv'd by looking on his images :  
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left <sup>b</sup> ;  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,  
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,  
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I

<sup>a</sup> So the folio ; the quartos, *perpetual rest*.

<sup>b</sup> The quartos read *left thee* ; the folio omits *thee*.



(Thine being but a moiety of my moan<sup>a</sup>)  
To over-go thy woes<sup>b</sup>, and drown thy cries!

SON. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;  
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

DAUGH. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;  
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. ELIZ. Give me no help in lamentation;  
I am not barren to bring forth complaints<sup>c</sup>:  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!  
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

CHIL. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

DUCH. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. ELIZ. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

CHIL. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

DUCH. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. ELIZ. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

CHIL. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

DUCH. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;  
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.  
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;  
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;  
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;  
I for an Edward weep, so do not they<sup>d</sup>:—  
Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,  
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,  
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

DOR. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd  
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;  
In common worldly things 't is called ungrateful,  
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;  
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,  
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

RIV. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,  
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:

<sup>a</sup> *Moan*, in the folio; one of the quartos, *grief*, which is the common reading.

<sup>b</sup> *Woes*, in the folio; the quartos, *plaints*.

<sup>c</sup> *Complaints*, in the folio; the quartos, *laments*.

<sup>d</sup> This is the reading of the quarto of 1597. The folio has

"These babes for Clarence weep, so do not they."

The portion of the text omitted evidently requires to be restored.

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne<sup>a</sup>.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and others.*

GLO. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can help our<sup>b</sup> harms by wailing them.  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,  
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

DUCH. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,  
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

GLO. Amen; and make me die a good old man!  
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;  
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

[*Aside.*

BUCK. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,  
That bear this heavy mutual<sup>c</sup> load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love:  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancour of your high swoln hates<sup>d</sup>,  
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young king be fet<sup>3</sup>  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

RIV. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

BUCK. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

GLO. I hope the king made peace with all of us;  
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

RIV. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

<sup>a</sup> The preceding twelve lines are not found in the quartos.

<sup>b</sup> *Help our*, in the folio; the quartos, *cure their*.

<sup>c</sup> *Heavy mutual*, in the folio; the quartos have the words transposed.

<sup>d</sup> *Hates*, in the folio; the quartos, *hearts*. Monck Mason objects that the poet, by "inadvertency," exhorts them to preserve the rancour of their hearts. It is surely the *broken* rancour—the breaking up of their hates—that must be preserved and cherished.

To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:  
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

HAST. And so say I<sup>a</sup>.

GLO. Then be it so; and go we to determine

Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

Madam, and you my sister<sup>b</sup>, will you go

To give your censures<sup>c</sup> in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.]

BUCK. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:

For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,

To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

GLO. My other self, my counsel's consistory,

My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter two Citizens, meeting.*

1 CIT. Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away so fast?

2 CIT. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

1 CIT. Yes; that the king is dead.

2 CIT. Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy world.

*Enter another Citizen.*

3 CIT. Neighbours, God speed!

1 CIT. Give you good morrow, sir.

3 CIT. Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 CIT. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 CIT. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 CIT. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 CIT. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!

2 CIT. In him there is a hope of government;

That in his nonage council under him,

<sup>a</sup> The preceding eighteen lines are not found in the quartos.

<sup>b</sup> *Sister*, in the folio; in the quartos, *mother*.

<sup>c</sup> *Censures*—opinions.

And in his full and ripen'd years himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 CIT. So stood the state when Henry the sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 CIT. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;  
For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 CIT. Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 CIT. Better it were they all came by his father;  
Or, by his father, there were none at all:  
For emulations who shall now be nearest<sup>a</sup>  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;  
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:  
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 CIT. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 CIT. When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks;  
When great leaves fall then winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 CIT. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:  
You cannot reason<sup>b</sup> almost with a man  
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 CIT. Before the days of change, still is it so:  
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing<sup>c</sup> danger; as, by proof, we see  
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.  
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 CIT. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 CIT. And so was I; I 'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH,  
and the DUCHESS OF YORK.*

ARCH. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;

<sup>a</sup> We give the reading of the folio. The quartos have,

"For emulation now, who shall be nearest."

<sup>b</sup> Reason—converse.

<sup>c</sup> Ensuing, in the quartos; the folio, *pursuing*.



At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night<sup>a</sup>:

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

DUCH. I long with all my heart to see the prince.

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. ELIZ. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York

Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

YORK. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

DUCH. Why, my good cousin? it is good to grow.

YORK. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,

"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

DUCH. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,

So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

ARCH. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

DUCH. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

YORK. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

DUCH. How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.

YORK. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;

'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

DUCH. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

YORK. Grandam, his nurse.

DUCH. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

YORK. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. ELIZ. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

ARCH. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. ELIZ. Pitchers have ears.

<sup>a</sup> The reading of the folio is—

"Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;  
And at Northampton do they rest to-night."

Steevens and Malone have a fierce controversy as to the value of the respective readings. The reading of the quarto is to be preferred; for, whatever might have been the fact, the archbishop would not have told the queen of the progress of her son in a way which would show that his course had been interrupted.

*Enter a Messenger.*

ARCH. Here comes a messenger:

What news?

MESS. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report <sup>a</sup>.

Q. ELIZ. How doth the prince?

MESS. Well, madam, and in health.

DUCH. What is thy news?

MESS. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,  
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

DUCH. Who hath committed them?

MESS. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

ARCH. For what offence?

MESS. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd;  
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord <sup>b</sup>.

Q. ELIZ. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!  
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet <sup>c</sup>  
Upon the innocent and awless throne:  
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!  
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

DUCH. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!  
My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,  
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:  
And being seated, and domestic broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,  
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,  
Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous  
And frantic outrage <sup>d</sup>, end thy damned spleen:  
Or let me die, to look on death <sup>e</sup> no more!

Q. ELIZ. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.  
Madam, farewell.

DUCH. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. ELIZ. You have no cause.

ARCH. My gracious lady, go, [To the QUEEN.]

<sup>a</sup> *Report*, in the folio; the quartos, *unfold*.

<sup>b</sup> *Lord*, in the folio; the quartos, *lady*. The correction is necessary, for in all the old copies the Archbishop asks the question to which this is an answer.

<sup>c</sup> *To jet*—the folio has *jut*. *To jet* is to encroach upon, as Mr. Dyce points out.

<sup>d</sup> The quarto of 1597 and the folio agree in reading *outrage*; some of the other old editions have *courage*.

<sup>e</sup> *Death* is the reading of the quarto of 1597; the other quartos and the folio have *earth*.

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.  
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace  
The seal I keep: And so betide to me,  
As well I tender you, and all of yours!  
Go<sup>a</sup>, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> Go, in the folio; the quartos, *come*.



[SCENE III. "Neighbours, God speed."]



[SCENE III. *Pomfret.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOUCHIER, and others.*

BUCK. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber<sup>d</sup>.

GLO. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

GLO. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man  
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,  
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.



Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :

God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

PRINCE. God keep me from false friends ! but they were none.

GLO. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.*

MAY. God bless your grace with health and happy days !

PRINCE. I thank you, good my lord ;—and thank you all.— [*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*

I thought my mother and my brother York

Would long ere this have met us on the way :

Fie, what a slug is Hastings ! that he comes not

To tell us whether they will come, or no.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

BUCK. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

PRINCE. Welcome, my lord : What, will our mother come ?

HAST. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,

The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary : The tender prince

Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

BUCK. Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers !—Lord cardinal, will your grace

Persuade the queen to send the duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently ?

If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,

And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

CARD. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York,

Anon expect him here : But if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven <sup>a</sup> forbid

We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land

Would I be guilty of so great <sup>b</sup> a sin.

BUCK. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,

Too ceremonious and traditional :

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted

<sup>a</sup> *In heaven* is omitted in the folio and in one of the quartos.

<sup>b</sup> *Great*, in the folio ; *deep*, in one of the quartos.

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,  
 And those who have the wit to claim the place :  
 This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it ;  
 And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :  
 Then, taking him from thence that is not there,  
 You break no privilege nor charter there.  
 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;  
 But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

CARD. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

HAST. I go, my lord.

PRINCE. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL and HASTINGS.]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
 Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

GLO. Where it seems<sup>a</sup> best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two  
 Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :  
 Then where you please, and<sup>b</sup> shall be thought most fit  
 For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE. I do not like the Tower, of any place :—

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

GLO. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE. Is it upon record ? or else reported

Successively from age to age, he built it ?

BUCK. Upon record, my gracious lord.

PRINCE. But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As 't were retail'd<sup>c</sup> to all posterity,

Even to the general all-ending day.

GLO. So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

[*Aside.*]

PRINCE. What say you, uncle ?

<sup>a</sup> *Seems*, in the early quartos; *think'st*, in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> *Where* is understood here; if it were repeated there would be no difficulty in the construction of the sentence.

<sup>c</sup> *Retail'd*. In the fourth Act this verb is again used with the same meaning:—

“To whom I will *retail* my conquest won.”

*Retail* and *detail*, according to Tooke, are both derived from *tale*—the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *tell-an*, to tell. The *tale* is something told, as in the well-known passage in Milton's 'L'Allegro:—

“And every shepherd tells his *tale*.”

This is not—tells his story—but, counts over the number of his sheep as he lets them out of their fold, in the earliest hour of the morning. So, to *retail* is to tell over again; and the word became applied to small tradings, because to sell by *tale* is to sell by numeration, and the *retail* was the repetition of the numeration. In Lord Berners' 'Froissart' we find merchandise “taled and re-taled.” The truth “*retail'd* to all posterity” is the truth *retold* to all posterity.

GLO. I say, without characters<sup>a</sup>, fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal Vice Iniquity<sup>b</sup>, }  
I moralise two meanings in one word<sup>b</sup>. }

[*Aside.*]

PRINCE. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :

With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set down to make his valour live :

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—

I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

BUCK. What, my gracious lord ?

PRINCE. An if I live until I be a man,

I 'll win our ancient right in France again,

Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

GLO. Short summers lightly<sup>c</sup> have a forward spring.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.*

BUCK. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

PRINCE. Richard of York ! how fares our noble<sup>d</sup> brother ?

YORK. Well, my dread<sup>e</sup> lord ; so must I call you now.

PRINCE. Ay, brother ; to our grief, as it is yours :

Too late<sup>f</sup> he died, that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

GLO. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York ?

YORK. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

GLO. He hath, my lord.

YORK. And therefore is he idle ?

GLO. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

YORK. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

GLO. He may command me, as my sovereign :

But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

YORK. I pray you, uncle<sup>g</sup>, give me this dagger.

<sup>a</sup> *Without characters*—without the help of letters.

<sup>b</sup> The equivocation which Richard uses consists in the repetition of the words "live long," which the Prince has caught, but with a different "meaning." He has moralised "two meanings" by retaining the same conclusion of his sentence, or "word." See Illustration of "the formal Vice Iniquity."

<sup>c</sup> *Lightly*—commonly.

<sup>d</sup> *Noble*, in the folio ; one of the quartos, *loving*.

<sup>e</sup> *Dread*, in one of the quartos ; in the folio, *dear*. The epithet *dread* requires to be retained ; for "dear lord" would not mark the new title by which York addresses his brother—*lord* being the title by which York is himself subsequently named. *Dread*, most dread, was a kingly epithet—*Rex metuendissimus*.

<sup>f</sup> *Late*—lately.

<sup>g</sup> Here the word *then* is commonly thrust in, "for the sake of metre."

GLO. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

PRINCE. A beggar, brother?

YORK. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

GLO. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.

YORK. A greater gift? O, that 's the sword to it.

GLO. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

YORK. O then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you 'll say a beggar, nay.

GLO. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

YORK. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

GLO. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

YORK. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

GLO. How?

YORK. Little.

PRINCE. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

BUCK. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

GLO. My<sup>a</sup> lord, will 't please you pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

YORK. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

PRINCE. My lord protector needs will have it so.

YORK. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLO. Why, what should you fear<sup>b</sup>?

YORK. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

PRINCE. I fear no uncles dead.

GLO. Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, YORK, HASTINGS, CARDINAL, and Attendants.]

<sup>a</sup> *Gracious* is here generally introduced, without any authority.

<sup>b</sup> Hamner reads, "Why, *sir*, what should you fear?" which is found in all editions except that of Malone, who very justly repudiates the notion "that every word, and every short address of three or four words, are to be considered as parts of metrical verses."



BUCK. Think you, my lord, this little prating York  
Was not insens'd<sup>a</sup> by his subtle mother  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

GLO. No doubt, no doubt: O, 't is a parlous boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;  
He 's all the mother's, from the top to the toe.

BUCK. Well, let them rest.

Come hither<sup>b</sup>, Catesby; thou art sworn  
As deeply to effect what we intend,  
As closely to conceal what we impart:  
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

CATE. He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

BUCK. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

CATE. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

BUCK. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation<sup>c</sup>.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:  
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination:  
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

GLO. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,  
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;  
And bid my lord<sup>d</sup>, for joy of this good news,  
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

BUCK. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

CATE. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

GLO. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

CATE. You shall, my lord.

<sup>a</sup> *Insens'd*—instructed, tutored.

<sup>b</sup> *Gentle* is here usually thrust in, as *gracious* was in a preceding passage.

<sup>c</sup> These two lines are not in the quartos.

<sup>d</sup> *Lord*, in the folio; in the quartos, *friend*.

GLO. At Crosby-house, there shall you find us both <sup>a</sup>.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

BUCK. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

GLO. Chop off his head;—something we will determine <sup>a</sup>:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables

Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

BUCK. I 'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

GLO. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Lord Hastings's House.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My lord, my lord!

[*Knocking.*]

HAST. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

MESS. One from the lord Stanley.

HAST. [*Within.*] What is 't o'clock?

MESS. Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter* HASTINGS.

HAST. Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights <sup>b</sup>?

MESS. So it appears <sup>c</sup> by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self <sup>d</sup>.

HAST. What then?

MESS. Then certifies your lordship, that this night

He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm <sup>e</sup>:

Besides, he says, there are two councils kept <sup>f</sup>;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.

<sup>a</sup> This is the reading of the folio; that of the quartos is—

“Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do.”

It is difficult not to have a leaning to the text of the quartos, (the received one,) with which we have so long been familiar; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to believe that the correction came from any hand but that of the author.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio; the quartos,

“Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?”

<sup>c</sup> *Appears*, in the folio; the quartos, *should seem*.

<sup>d</sup> *Self*, in the folio; the quartos, *lordship*.

<sup>e</sup> This the reading of the folio; that of the quartos is—

“And then he sends you word

He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm.”

The ordinary reading is neither that of the folio nor of the quartos, but a compound of each.

<sup>f</sup> *Kept* in the folio; the quartos, *held*.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—  
 If you will presently<sup>a</sup> take horse with him,  
 And with all speed post with him towards the north,  
 To shun the danger that his soul divines.

HAST. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord :  
 Bid him not fear the separated councils :  
 His honour and myself are at the one,  
 And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;  
 Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us  
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
 Tell him, his fears are shallow, without<sup>b</sup> instance :  
 And, for his dreams, I wonder he 's so simple<sup>c</sup>  
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :  
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;  
 And we will both together to the Tower,  
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

MESS. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[Exit.]

*Enter CATESBY.*

CATE. Many good morrows to my noble lord !  
 HAST. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early stirring :  
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?  
 CATE. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;  
 And I believe will never stand upright  
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.  
 HAST. How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean the crown ?  
 CATE. Ay, my good lord.  
 HAST. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders  
 Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.  
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?  
 CATE. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward  
 Upon his party, for the gain thereof :  
 And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—  
 That, this same very day, your enemies,  
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.  
 HAST. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

<sup>a</sup> So the folio ; the quartos, *presently, you will*.

<sup>b</sup> The folio, *without* ; the quartos, *wanting*. The word *instance* signifies here, as in other passages of Shakspeare, *example, fact in proof, corroboration*. So in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' "My desires had *instance* and argument to commend themselves."

<sup>c</sup> *Simple*, in the folio ; the quartos, *fond*.

Because they have been still my adversaries :  
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,  
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

CATE. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

HAST. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,  
That they which brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.

CATE. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

HAST. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey : and so 't will do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

CATE. The princes both make high account of you,—  
For they account his head upon the bridge.

[*Aside.*

HAST. I know they do ; and I have well deserv'd it.

*Enter STANLEY.*

Come on, come on ; where is your boar-spear, man ?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

STAN. My lord, good morrow ; and good morrow, Catesby :—  
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,  
I do not like these several councils, I.

HAST. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours ;  
And never, in my days <sup>a</sup>, I do protest,  
Was it so precious to me as 't is now <sup>b</sup> :  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am ?

STAN. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,  
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,  
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.  
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !  
What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.

<sup>a</sup> *Days*, in the folio ; the quartos, *life*. This is one of the very numerous instances of the minute accuracy with which the text of the folio had been revised. *Days* is evidently substituted for *life*, to avoid the repetition of that word, which occurs in the preceding line ; and yet *life* is retained in modern editions.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio ; the quartos,

“ Was it *more* precious to me *than* 't is now.”



HAST. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

STAN. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let 's away.

*Enter a Pursuivant.*

HAST. Go on before, I 'll talk with this good fellow.

*[Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.]*

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

PURS. The better that your lordship please to ask.

HAST. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now,

Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;

But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was.

PURS. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

HAST. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

*[Throwing him his purse.]*

PURS. I thank your honour.

*[Exit Pursuivant.]*

*Enter a Priest.*

PR. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

HAST. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

PR. I 'll wait upon your lordship<sup>a</sup>.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

BUCK. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest;

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

HAST. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

BUCK. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

HAST. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

<sup>a</sup> This line in the folio is not found in the quartos.

BUCK. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go?

HAST.

I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.*

RIV. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty<sup>a</sup>.

GREY. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned bloodsuckers.

VAUGH. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

RAT. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

RIV. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

GREY. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

RIV. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

RAT. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate<sup>b</sup>.

RIV. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> In the quartos this scene opens with Ratcliff exclaiming "Come, bring forth the prisoners." The stage-direction of the folio is, "Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying the nobles to death at Pomfret." The line is therefore clearly unnecessary.

<sup>b</sup> *Expiate*. This word does not occur in the quartos. The second folio reads, "the hour of death is now expired." However forced the meaning of *expiate* may be, Shakspeare has used it in his 22nd Sonnet in a similar manner:—

"My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should *expiate*."

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and  
*others, sitting at a table : Officers of the council attending.*

HAST. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met  
 Is, to determine of the coronation :

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day ?

BUCK. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

STAN. They are ; and wants but nomination.

ELY. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

BUCK. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?

Who is most inward<sup>a</sup> with the noble duke ?

ELY. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

BUCK. We know each other's faces : for our hearts,

He knows no more of mine than I of yours ;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine :

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

HAST. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well :

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein :

But you, my honourable lords<sup>b</sup>, may name the time ;

And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

ELY. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

GLO. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow :

I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

BUCK. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,

William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

GLO. Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;

I do beseech you send for some of them<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> *Inward*—intimate—in confidence.

<sup>b</sup> *Honourable lords*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *noble lord*.

ELY. Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart.

GLO. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[Exit ELY.

[Takes him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;

And finds the testy gentleman so hot

That he will lose his head, ere give consent

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

BUCK. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

STAN. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;

For I myself am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

*Re-enter* BISHOP OF ELY.

ELY. Where is my lord the duke of Gloster? I have sent for these strawberries<sup>a</sup>.

HAST. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning ;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When that he bids<sup>b</sup> good morrow with such spirit.

I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom

Can lesser hide his love or hate than he ;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

STAN. What of his heart perceive you in his face,

By any livelihood<sup>c</sup> he show'd to day?

HAST. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;

For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Re-enter* GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

GLO. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

HAST. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this princely<sup>d</sup> presence

<sup>a</sup> We print this passage as prose, according to all the old copies. In the quartos we have, "Where is my lord protector?"

<sup>b</sup> *That he bids*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *he doth bid*.

<sup>c</sup> *Livelihood*. So the folio. The meaning is perfectly clear, the word being used in the same sense as in 'All's Well that Ends Well' (Act I, scene 1)—"The tyranny of her sorrows takes all *livelihood* from her cheek." Stanley asks how they interpret Gloster's livelihood, liveliness, cheerfulness. And yet some modern editors prefer the tame reading of the quartos, *likelihoood*, which they interpret as appearance, and thus perpetuate what was no doubt a typographical error.

<sup>d</sup> *Princely*, in the folio ; the quartos, *noble*.



To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be :

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

GLO. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil !

Look how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm

Is like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consorted with that harlot-strumpet Shore,

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

HAST. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

GLO. If ? thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs ?—Thou art a traitor :—

Off with his head :—now, by saint Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same !

Lovel and Ratcliff<sup>a</sup>, look that it be done ;

The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

HAST. Woe, woe, for England ! not a whit for me ;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this :

Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm<sup>b</sup> ;

And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly<sup>c</sup>.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,

<sup>a</sup> Instead of this line of the folio text, we have in the quartos, "some see it done." The stage-direction of the quartos is, "*Manet Ca. with Hast.*," and Catesby subsequently speaks the two lines which in the folio are given to Ratcliff. The line which Lovel speaks is not found in the quartos. In all modern editions Catesby is substituted for Ratcliff, and we read,—

"Lovel and Catesby, look that it be done."

This change is made to avoid the apparent impossibility of Ratcliff, who in the preceding scene is attending the execution at Pomfret, being on the same day in London. But in making this change the editors can only prescribe a half-remedy, for in the next scene they are constrained to keep Ratcliff on the London scene, bringing in Hastings's head. In that scene Gloster says in the folio—which line is retained in the modern text—

"Be patient, they are friends ; Ratcliff and Lovel."

We must either, it appears to us, take the text of the quarto altogether, in which neither Ratcliff nor Lovel appear, or adopt the apparent absurdity of the folio. But in truth this is one of those positions in which the poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge ; and by a bold anticipation of a rate of travelling, which is now a reality, Ratcliff is without offence at Pomfret and London on the same day. In the rapid course of the dramatic action this is easily overlooked. We have little doubt that Ratcliff and Lovel are thus brought upon the scene together, in the folio copy, in association with the history "how Collingbourne was cruelly executed for making a rhyme"—

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dog,  
Rule all England under a hog."

The audience were familiar with this story ; and it was natural that Shakspeare should show Richard (the hog) in association with Catesby (the cat), Ratcliff (the rat), and Lovel, the three most confidential ministers of his usurpation. In the third scene of Act I. Margaret calls Richard "rooting hog."

<sup>b</sup> *Rase his helm*, in the quartos ; the folio, *rouse our helms*.

<sup>c</sup> So the folio ; the verbs are transposed in the quartos.

As loth to bear me to the slaughterhouse.  
O, now I need<sup>a</sup> the priest that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As too triumphing, how mine enemies  
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour.  
O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

RAT. Come, come, despatch<sup>b</sup>, the duke would be at dinner;  
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

HAST. O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your good<sup>c</sup> looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

LOV. Come, come, despatch; 't is bootless to exclaim.

HAST. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.  
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:  
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower Walls.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured<sup>d</sup>.*

GLO. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then again begin, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

BUCK. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending<sup>e</sup> deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.  
But what, is Catesby gone?

<sup>a</sup> *Need*, in the folio; the quartos, *want*.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio; the quartos, *despatch, my lord*.

<sup>c</sup> *Good*, in the folio; the quartos, *fair*.

<sup>d</sup> This is the quaint stage-direction of the folio. It is generally printed "in rusty armour."

<sup>e</sup> *Intending*—pretending.

GLO. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.*

BUCK. Lord mayor,—

GLO. Look to the drawbridge there.

BUCK. Hark! a drum.

GLO. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

BUCK. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

GLO. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

BUCK. God and our innocency defend and guard us<sup>a</sup>!

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS's head.*

GLO. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.

LOV. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

GLO. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature

That breath'd upon the earth a christian;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—

I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—

He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

BUCK. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd<sup>b</sup>.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,

(Were 't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house,

To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

MAY. Had he done so?

GLO. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons' safety,

Enforc'd us to this execution?

<sup>a</sup> This rapid dialogue between Buckingham and Gloster is given by us as in the folio. The ordinary text is made up from the quartos and the folio, seemingly upon the principle that it is desirable not to lose any word that can be found in either edition.

<sup>b</sup> Here we find, in the modern editions, *Look you, my lord mayor*—the reading of no ancient edition. But in the quartos these words are found in another passage, and are thrust in here to fill out a line of ten syllables.

MAY. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;  
And your good graces both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.  
I never look'd for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

GLO. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,  
Until your lordship came to see his end;  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Something against our meaning, hath prevented:  
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;  
That you might well have signified the same  
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may  
Misconster us in him, and wail his death<sup>a</sup>.

MAY. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve  
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:  
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case.

GLO. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,  
To avoid the censures of the carping here.

BUCK. But since you came too late of our intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.]

GLO. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:  
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:  
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying he would make his son  
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,  
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,  
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,  
Without control lusted to make a prey<sup>b</sup>.  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,  
My princely father, then had wars in France:

<sup>a</sup> This speech is given to *Buckingham* in the folio. This is probably a typographical error.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio; the quartos read *lustful* instead of *raging*—*lusted* instead of *lusted*—and *his* prey instead of *a* prey.



And, by true<sup>a</sup> computation of the time,  
 Found that the issue was not his begot;  
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father:  
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;  
 Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

BUCK. Doubt not, my lord: I 'll play the orator,  
 As if the golden fee for which I plead  
 Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

GLO. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle<sup>3</sup>;  
 Where you shall find me well accompanied  
 With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

BUCK. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,  
 Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

GLO. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw.  
 Go thou [to CATE.] to friar Penker;—bid them both  
 Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[Exeunt LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I go, to take some privy order  
 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
 And to give order<sup>b</sup>, that no manner person<sup>c</sup>  
 Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [Exit.]

#### SCENE VI.—A Street.

*Enter a Scrivener.*

SCRIV. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;  
 Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
 That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.  
 And mark how well the sequel hangs together:  
 Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,  
 For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;  
 The precedent was full as long a doing:  
 And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,  
 Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.

<sup>a</sup> *True*, in the folio; the quartos, *just*.

<sup>b</sup> *Order*, in the folio; the quartos, *notice*.

<sup>c</sup> *No manner person*. This is the reading of the folio, and is a common idiom of our old language. The quartos, however, have *no manner of person*. Both forms were indifferently used. In the same chapter (Lev. vii.) of our common translation of the Bible we find—*no manner fat* and *no manner of blood*. *No manner person* is probably the more ancient form, and it appears to us that these minute archaisms should be preserved in Shakspeare wherever we have authority for them.

Here 's a good world the while! Who is so gross  
That cannot see this palpable device?  
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?  
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,  
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

GLO. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

BUCK. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,

The citizens are mum, say not a word.

GLO. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

BUCK. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France:

The insatiate greediness of his desire,

And his enforcement of the city wives;

His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,

As being got, your father then in France;

And his resemblance being not like the duke.

Withal, I did infer your lineaments,

Being the right idea of your father,

Both in your form and nobleness of mind:

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,

Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;

Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose

Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.

And, when my oratory grew toward<sup>a</sup> end,

I bade them that did love their country's good

Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

GLO. And did they so?

BUCK. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb statuas<sup>b</sup> or breathing stones,

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.

<sup>a</sup> *Toward*, in the folio; the quartos, *to an*.

<sup>b</sup> *Statuas*. The word *statue*, which here, as well as in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' (Act IV., Scene 4), probably means *picture*, as distinguished from "breathing stones," must be read as a tri-syllable; and for this reason it is printed in modern editions—*statua*. In 'Julius Cæsar' (Act II., Scene 2) we have—

"She dreamt to-night she saw my *statue*."

And again in the same play (Act II., Scene 2)—

"Even at the base of Pompey's *statue*."

Which when I saw I reprehended them ;  
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence :  
His answer was, the people were not used  
To be spoke to but by the recorder.  
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again ; —  
" Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ; "  
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried, " God save king Richard ! "  
And thus I took the vantage of those few, —  
" Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, " quoth I ;  
" This general applause, and cheerful shout,  
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard : "  
And even here brake off, and came away.

GLO. What tongueless blocks were they ! Would they not speak ?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come ?

BUCK. The mayor is here at hand ; intend some fear ;

Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit :

And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand,

And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;

For on that ground I 'll make a holy descant :

And be not easily won to our requests ;

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

GLO. I go : And if you plead as well for them

As I can say nay to thee for myself,

No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.

BUCK. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor knocks.

[Exit GLOSTER.]

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;

I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter, from the castle, CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby ! what says your lord to my request ?

CATE. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow, or next day :

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,

Divinely bent to meditation :

And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,

To draw him from his holy exercise.

BUCK. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,

In deep designs, in matter of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

CATE. I 'll signify so much unto him straight.

[Exit.

BUCK. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!

He is not lulling<sup>a</sup> on a lewd love-bed<sup>b</sup>,  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
But meditating with two deep divines;  
Not sleeping, to engross<sup>c</sup> his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:  
Happy were England would this virtuous prince  
Take on his grace<sup>d</sup> the sovereignty thereof:  
But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it.

MAY. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

BUCK. I fear he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

Now Catesby, what says his grace?

CATE. He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before;  
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

BUCK. Sorry I am my noble cousin should

Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:  
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love;  
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 't is much<sup>e</sup> to draw them thence;  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between Two Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

MAY. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

BUCK. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity:  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;  
True ornaments to know a holy man.  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

<sup>a</sup> *Lulling*. So all the ancient copies; the modern editions, *lolling*.

<sup>b</sup> *Love-bed*, in the folio; the quartos, *day-bed*.

<sup>c</sup> *Engross*—to make gross.

<sup>d</sup> *His grace*, in the folio; the quartos, *himself*.

<sup>e</sup> *Much*, in the folio; the quartos, *hard*.



Lend favourable ear to our requests ;  
 And pardon us the interruption  
 Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

GLO. My lord, there needs no such apology ;  
 I do beseech your grace to pardon me<sup>a</sup>,  
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
 Deferr'd<sup>b</sup> the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

BUCK. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,  
 And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

GLO. I do suspect I have done some offence,  
 That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;  
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

BUCK. You have, my lord : Would it might please your grace,  
 On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

GLO. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land ?

BUCK. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign  
 The supreme seat, the throne majestic,  
 The sceptred office of your ancestors,  
 Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,  
 The lineal glory of your royal house,  
 To the corruption of<sup>c</sup> a blemish'd stock :  
 Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
 (Which here we waken to our country's good,)  
 The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;  
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,  
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,  
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf  
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.  
 Which to recure we heartily solicit  
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
 And kingly government of this your land :  
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;  
 But as successively, from blood to blood,  
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.  
 For this, consorted with the citizens,  
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
 And by their vehement instigation,  
 In this just cause<sup>c</sup> come I to move your grace.

<sup>a</sup> So the folio; the quartos,

"I rather do beseech you pardon me."

<sup>b</sup> *Deferr'd*, in the folio; the quartos, *neglect*.

<sup>c</sup> *Cause*, in the folio; the quartos, *suit*.

GLO. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:  
If not to answer, you might haply think,  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
Which fondly you would here impose on me;  
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—  
Definitively thus I answer you<sup>a</sup>.  
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert  
Unmeritable shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty, and so many, my defects,  
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;  
(And much I need to help you, were there need<sup>b</sup>;)   
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
On him I lay that you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happy stars,  
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

BUCK. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;  
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.  
You say that Edward is your brother's son;  
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:  
For first was he contract to lady Lucy,—  
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;  
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd  
To Bona, sister to the king of France.

<sup>a</sup> These ten lines, from "If not to answer," are not in the quartos.

<sup>b</sup> *Were there need*, in the folio; in the quartos, *if need were*.

These both put off<sup>a</sup>, a poor petitioner,  
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,  
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,  
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,  
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,  
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree<sup>b</sup>  
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy;  
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got  
 This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.  
 More bitterly could I expostulate,  
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,  
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.  
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity:  
 If not to bless us and the land withal,  
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
 From the corruption of abusing time,  
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

MAY. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

BUCK. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

CATE. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

GLO. Alas, why would you heap this care<sup>c</sup> on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

BUCK. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in the throne<sup>d</sup>,

To the disgrace and downfal of your house.

And in this resolution here we leave you;—

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more<sup>e</sup>.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

<sup>a</sup> *Off*, in the folio; the quartos, *by*.

<sup>b</sup> *His degree*, in the folio; the quartos, *all his thoughts*.

<sup>c</sup> *This care*, in the folio; the quartos, *these cares*.

<sup>d</sup> *The throne*, in the folio; the quartos, *your throne*.

<sup>e</sup> The quarto has a most characteristic passage here. Buckingham says,

"Come, citizens; zounds, I'll entreat no more."

To which Gloster responds,

"O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham."

CATE. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;  
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

GLO. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Call them again; I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

Albeit against my conscience and my soul,

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,  
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burthen, whe'r I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load:  
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof:  
For God doth know<sup>a</sup>, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

MAY. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

GLO. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

BUCK. Then I salute you with this royal title,—

Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

ALL. Amen.

BUCK. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

GLO. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

BUCK. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace;

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

GLO. Come, let us to our holy work again:—

Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*To the Bishops.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Doth know*, in the folio; the quartos, *he knows*.





[Scene I.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Before the Tower.*

*Enter on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's young daughter.*

DUCH. Who meets us here?—my niece<sup>a</sup> Plantagenet,  
 Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?  
 Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,  
 On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.  
 Daughter, well met.

ANNE. God give your graces both  
 A happy and a joyful time of day!

<sup>a</sup> Niece—grand-daughter. In 'Othello' *nephews* are put for grandchildren.

Q. ELIZ. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

ANNE. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,  
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,  
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. ELIZ. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.  
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

BRAK. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. ELIZ. The king! who's that?

BRAK. I mean the lord protector.

Q. ELIZ. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!  
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?  
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

DUCH. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

ANNE. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:  
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

BRAK. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

*[Exit BRAKENBURY.]*

*Enter STANLEY.*

STAN. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,  
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,  
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.  
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen. *[To the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.]*

Q. ELIZ. Ah, cut my lace asunder!  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

ANNE. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

DOR. Be of good cheer: Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. ELIZ. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,  
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.  
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughterhouse,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

STAN. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam :

Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way :

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

DUCH. O ill-dispersing wind of misery !

O my accursed womb, the bed of death ;

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,

Whose unavowed eye is murtherous !

STAN. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

ANNE. And I with all unwillingness will go.

O, would to God that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal that must round my brow

Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain<sup>a</sup> !

Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;

And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

Q. ELIZ. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,

To feed my humour : wish thyself no harm.

ANNE. No ! why ?—When he that is my husband now

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ;

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,

Which issued from my other angel husband,

And that dear<sup>a</sup> saint which then I weeping follow'd ;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,

This was my wish,—“ Be thou,” quoth I, “ accurs'd,

For making me, so young, so old a widow !

And when thou wedd'st let sorrow haunt thy bed ;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad)

More miserable by the life of thee,

Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !”

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Within so small a time<sup>b</sup>, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words,

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse ;

Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest<sup>c</sup> :

<sup>a</sup> *Dear*, in the folio ; the quartos, *dead*.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio ; the quartos, *even in so short a space*.

<sup>c</sup> We print this line as in the folio ; in the quartos it stands—

“ Which ever since hath kept my eyes from sleep.”

The plain course for the modern editors to have pursued would have been to take the line as it stands in one or the other edition, according to their belief in its authenticity. But in this, as in many other instances, they make up a text from each copy—

“ Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.”

For never yet one hour in his bed  
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.  
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. ELIZ. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

ANNE. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

DOR. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

ANNE. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

DUCH. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! [To DORSET.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee! [To ANNE.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [To Q. ELIZABETH.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wracked with a week of teen<sup>a</sup>.

Q. ELIZ. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell<sup>b</sup>.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A room of State in the Palace.*

*Flourish of trumpets.* RICHARD, as King, upon his throne; BUCKINGHAM,  
 CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. RICH. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham,—

BUCK. My gracious sovereign.

K. RICH. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

BUCK. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. RICH. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch<sup>c</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> Teen—sorrow.

<sup>b</sup> This speech is not in the quartos. It bears the mark of Shakspeare's later years, in its bold imagery.

"Rude ragged nurse! old sullen playfellow!"

possesses all the highest attribute of poetry—that of suggesting a long train of thought by some short and powerful allusion, far more effective than the most skilful elaboration. And yet Johnson with the most ludicrous solemnity says, "To call the Tower nurse and playfellow is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the Lieutenant."

<sup>c</sup> Touch—touchstone.



To try if thou be current gold, indeed :

Young Edward lives :—Think now what I would speak.

BUCK. Say on, my loving lord.

K. RICH. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

BUCK. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. RICH. Ha ! am I king ? 'T is so : but Edward lives.

BUCK. True, noble prince.

K. RICH.

O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live !—True, noble prince !—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :

Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.

BUCK. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. RICH. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

BUCK. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord<sup>a</sup>,

Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve you herein presently<sup>b</sup>.

[Exit BUCK.]

CATE. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip.

[Aside.]

K. RICH. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

[Descends from his throne.]

And unrespectiv<sup>c</sup> boys ; none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy !

PAGE. My lord.

K. RICH. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?

PAGE. I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit<sup>d</sup> :

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. RICH. What is his name ?

PAGE.

His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. RICH. I partly know the man : Go, call him hither, boy.

[Exit PAGE.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for breath ?—well, be it so.—

<sup>a</sup> So the folio ; one of the quartos,

“ Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord.”

<sup>b</sup> So the folio ; the quartos, *your grace immediately*.

<sup>c</sup> *Unrespectiv*—inconsiderate. In ‘Romeo and Juliet’ we have—

“ Away to heaven *respective* lenity.”

<sup>d</sup> *Spirit*, in the folio ; the quartos, *mind*.



*Enter STANLEY.*

How now, lord Stanley? what 's the news?

STAN. Know, my loving lord,

The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. RICH. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean poor<sup>a</sup> gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out

That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:

About it; for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

TYR. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. RICH. Art thou, indeed?

TYR. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. RICH. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

TYR. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. RICH. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

TYR. Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. RICH. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispers.*]

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,

And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

TYR. I will despatch it straight.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Mean poor*, in the folio; the quartos, *mean-born*. According to the notions of Shakspeare's age, a mean-born gentleman was a contradiction in terms.

*Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM.

BUCK. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late request<sup>a</sup> that you did sound me in.

K. RICH. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

BUCK. I hear the news, my lord.

K. RICH. Stanley, he is your wife's son :—Well look unto it.

BUCK. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,  
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;  
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. RICH. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey  
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

BUCK. What says your highness to my just request?

K. RICH. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth  
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.  
A king!—perhaps——

[BUCK. My lord,——

K. RICH. How chance the prophet could not at that time  
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

BUCK. My lord, your promise for the earldom,——

K. RICH. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

BUCK. My lord,——

K. RICH. Ay, what 's o'clock?

BUCK. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promis'd me.

K. RICH. Well, but what 's o'clock?

BUCK. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. RICH. Well, let it strike.

BUCK. Why, let it strike?

K. RICH. Because that, like a Jack<sup>b</sup>, thou keep'st the stroke  
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.  
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

BUCK. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no<sup>c</sup>.]

<sup>a</sup> *Request*, in the folio; the quartos, *demand*.

<sup>b</sup> The "Jack of the Clock-house" was an automaton, which struck the hour upon a bell.

<sup>c</sup> This most characteristic passage, which we print in brackets, is not found in the folio. We have only one other instance of any omission in that copy as compared with the quartos; while the additional passages not found in the quartos are numerous.

K. RICH. Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD and *Train*.]

BUCK. And is it thus ? repays he my deep service

With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?

O, let me think on Hastings ; and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE III.—*The same*.

*Enter* TYRREL.

TYR. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;

The most arch deed of piteous massacre

That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,

Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,

Wept like to children <sup>a</sup>, in their death's sad story.

" O thus," quoth Dighton, " lay the gentle babes,"—

" Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, " girdling one another

Within their alabaster innocent arms :

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay :

Which once," quoth Forrest, " almost chang'd my mind ;

But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd ;

When Dighton thus told on,—“ we smothered

The most replenished sweet work of Nature,

That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.”—

Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;

They could not speak : and so I left them both,

To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

*Enter* KING RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my sovereign lord !

K. RICH. Kind Tyrrel ! am I happy in thy news ?

TYR. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,

For it is done.

K. RICH. But didst thou see them dead ?

<sup>a</sup> *Like to children*, in the folio. The quartos have, by an evident typographical error, “like *two* children,” and this prosaic reading is always adopted.

TYR. I did, my lord.

K. RICH. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

TYR. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. RICH. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

TYR. I humbly take my leave.

[Exit.]

K. RICH. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;

And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.

Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

*Enter RATCLIFF*<sup>a</sup>.

RAT. My lord!

K. RICH. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

RAT. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. RICH. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET.*

Q. MAR. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,

And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of mine enemies.

<sup>a</sup> *Ratcliff*, as in a former instance, takes the place in the folio of the *Catesby* of the quartos.

A dire induction am I witness to,  
 And will to France; hoping the consequence  
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK.*

Q. ELIZ. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. MAR. Hover about her; say, that right for right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

DUCH. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. MAR. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. ELIZ. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. MAR. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

DUCH. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

*[Sitting down.]*

Q. ELIZ. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

*[Sitting down by her.]*

Q. MAR. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

Give mine the benefit of seniory<sup>a</sup>,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

*[Sitting down with them.]*

[Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—]

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a husband<sup>b</sup>, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

<sup>a</sup> *Seniory*—(*signeurie*, in the folio)—seniority.

<sup>b</sup> *Husband*, in the folio; in the quartos we find *Richard*, clearly an error, which Malone corrects to *Henry*.



DUCH. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. MAR. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;

That foul defacer of God's handiwork,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls ;

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth<sup>a</sup>,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow<sup>b</sup> with others' moan !

DUCH. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes ;

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. MAR. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;

The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;

Young York he is but boot<sup>c</sup>, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward ;

And the beholders of this frantic<sup>d</sup> play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;

Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,

And send them thither : But at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence :

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live to say, the dog is dead !

Q. ELIZ. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

<sup>a</sup> These two lines, which are only found in the folio, are ordinarily transposed—for what reason we know not. They are certainly as intelligible, and somewhat more euphonious, as they stand in the original, than printed thus:—

“ That foul defacer of God's handiwork ;  
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
That reigns,” &c.

<sup>b</sup> *Pew-fellow*—companion—occupier of the same seat. The word is used also by Dekker.

<sup>c</sup> *Boot*. We retain the phrase *to boot*, something added ; into the bargain, as we also still say.

<sup>d</sup> *Frantic*, in the folio ; the quartos, *tragic*.

That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

- Q. MAR. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;  
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;  
The presentation of but what I was,  
The flattering index of a direful pageant,  
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below;  
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;  
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,  
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;  
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?  
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?  
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?  
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?  
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?  
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;  
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;  
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;  
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;  
For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one;  
For she<sup>a</sup> commanding all, obey'd of none.  
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time;  
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not  
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?  
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;  
From which even here I slip my wearied head,  
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.  
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—  
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

- Q. ELIZ. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.  
Q. MAR. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;  
Compare dead happiness with living woe;  
Think that thy babes were fairer<sup>b</sup> than they were,

<sup>a</sup> The modern editors have changed *for she*, in each of these three lines, into *for one*. The first line only is found in the quartos, and there indeed we have *for one*.

<sup>b</sup> The reading of the folio is *sweeter*; we prefer the *fairer* of the quartos, as antithetical to *fouler*.

And he that slew them fouler than he is :  
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;  
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. ELIZ. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine !

Q. MAR. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.

[*Exit* QUEEN MARGARET.]

DUCH. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. ELIZ. Windy attorneys to their client woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

DUCH. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Trumpet within.*]

The trumpet sounds<sup>a</sup>,—be copious in exclains.

*Enter* KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. RICH. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

DUCH. O, she that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,

From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. ELIZ. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,

The slaughter of the prince that ow'd<sup>c</sup> that crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?

Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

DUCH. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

Q. ELIZ. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?

DUCH. Where is kind Hastings ?

K. RICH. A flourish, trumpets !—strike alarum, drums !

Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed : Strike, I say.

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

DUCH. Art thou my son ?

K. RICH. Ay ; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

DUCH. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. RICH. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

DUCH. O, let me speak.

<sup>a</sup> *The trumpet sounds.* So the folio ; in the quartos, *I hear his drum.*

<sup>b</sup> *Ow'd*—owned.

K. RICH. Do, then ; but I 'll not hear.

DUCH. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. RICH. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

DUCH. Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. RICH. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

DUCH. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,  
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company ?

K. RICH. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hower<sup>a</sup>, that call'd your grace  
To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye<sup>b</sup>,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—

Strike up the drum.

DUCH. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. RICH. You speak too bitterly.

DUCH. Hear me a word,

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. RICH. So.

DUCH. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never more behold<sup>c</sup> thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most grievous<sup>d</sup> curse ;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight :

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

<sup>a</sup> *Humphrey Hower*. We follow the orthography of the folio, in which we find "what comfortable *houre*," immediately preceding. Malone says, "*Humphrey Hour* is merely used in ludicrous language for *hour*, like *Tom Troth* for *truth*." The different modes in which the two words are printed in the folio do not support this argument. Other commentators believe that the allusion is to the proverbial saying of dining with *Duke Humphrey*. We must be content to leave the matter as we find it.

<sup>b</sup> *Eye*, in the folio ; the quartos, *sight*.

<sup>c</sup> *More behold*, in the folio ; the quartos, *look upon*.

<sup>d</sup> *Grievous*, in the folio ; the quartos, *heavy*.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;  
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.]

Q. ELIZ. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse  
 Abides in me ; I say amen to her.

[Going.]

K. RICH. Stay, madam, I must talk<sup>a</sup> a word with you.

Q. ELIZ. I have no more sons of the royal blood  
 For thee to slaughter<sup>b</sup> : for my daughters, Richard,  
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;  
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. RICH. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. ELIZ. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,  
 And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;  
 Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;  
 Throw over her the veil of infamy :  
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. RICH. Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess<sup>c</sup>.

Q. ELIZ. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.

K. RICH. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. ELIZ. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. RICH. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. ELIZ. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. RICH. All unavoids is the doom of destiny.

Q. ELIZ. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :  
 My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,  
 If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. RICH. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. ELIZ. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd  
 Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
 Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,  
 Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :  
 No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,  
 Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
 To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
 But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,  
 My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,  
 Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;  
 And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
 Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
 Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom<sup>d</sup>.

K. RICH. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,

<sup>a</sup> *Talk*, in the folio ; the quartos, *speak*.

<sup>b</sup> *Slaughter*, in the folio ; the quartos, *murther*.

<sup>c</sup> *A royal princess*, in the folio ; the quartos, *of royal blood*.

<sup>d</sup> The preceding fourteen lines are only found in the folio.



And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours,  
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!

Q. ELIZ. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,  
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. RICH. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. ELIZ. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. RICH. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. ELIZ. Flatter my sorrow with report of it;  
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,  
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. RICH. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,  
Will I withal endow a child of thine;  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs  
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. ELIZ. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness  
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. RICH. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.

Q. ELIZ. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. RICH. What do you think?

Q. ELIZ. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:  
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;  
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. RICH. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;  
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,  
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. ELIZ. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. RICH. Even he that makes her queen: Who else should be?

Q. ELIZ. What, thou?

K. RICH. Even so: How think you of it<sup>a</sup>?

Q. ELIZ. How canst thou woo her?

K. RICH. That I would learn of you,  
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. ELIZ. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. RICH. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. ELIZ. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,  
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:  
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,

<sup>a</sup> So the folio; the quartos, *What think you of it, madam?*

And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.  
If this inducement move her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;  
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,  
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. RICH. You mock me, madam; this is not the way  
To win your daughter.

Q. ELIZ. There is no other way;  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. RICH. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. ELIZ. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate<sup>a</sup> thee,  
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. RICH. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;  
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.  
A grandam's name is little less in love  
Than is the doting title of a mother;  
They are as children but one step below,  
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;  
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans  
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.  
Your children were vexation to your youth,  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
The loss, you have, is but a son being king,  
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.  
I cannot make you what amends I would,  
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.  
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,  
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
To high promotions and great dignity:  
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,  
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repair'd with double riches of content.

<sup>a</sup> *Hate thee*. So the clear reading of the folio. Upon the suggestion of M. Mason this has been corrupted into the low phrase, "she cannot choose but *have* thee."

What! we have many goodly days to see:  
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed  
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;  
 Advantaging their loan, with interest  
 Of ten-times double gain of happiness.  
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;  
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;  
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;  
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
 Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess  
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:  
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,  
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;  
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. ELIZ. What were I best to say? her father's brother  
 Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?  
 Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?  
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,  
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,  
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years<sup>a</sup>?

K. RICH. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. ELIZ. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. RICH. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. ELIZ. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. RICH. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. ELIZ. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. RICH. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. ELIZ. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. RICH. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. ELIZ. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. RICH. As long as Heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. ELIZ. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. RICH. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. ELIZ. But she, your subject, loathes such sov'reignty.

K. RICH. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. ELIZ. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. RICH. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale<sup>b</sup>.

Q. ELIZ. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. RICH. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

<sup>a</sup> The preceding fifty-five lines are only found in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio; the quartos, *Then, in plain terms, tell her.*

Q. ELIZ. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. RICH. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

Q. ELIZ. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings break.

K. RICH. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. ELIZ. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. RICH. I swear.

Q. ELIZ. By nothing : for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly<sup>a</sup> honour ;

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory :

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. RICH. Then, by myself,—

Q. ELIZ. Thyself is self-misused<sup>b</sup>.

K. RICH. Now, by the world,—

Q. ELIZ. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

K. RICH. My father's death,—

Q. ELIZ. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

K. RICH. Why then, by Heaven,—

Q. ELIZ. Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with Him,

The unity the king my husband<sup>c</sup> made

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died<sup>d</sup>.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,

The imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;

And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,

Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now ?

K. RICH. The time to come.

Q. ELIZ. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past ;

For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The children live whose fathers<sup>e</sup> thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;

The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,

<sup>a</sup> *Lordly*, in the folio ; the quartos, *holy*.

<sup>b</sup> In the folio Richard first proposes to swear by himself ; in the quartos the order is changed.

<sup>c</sup> *My husband*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *my brother*—an evident mistake of the pronoun. The modern editors correct the mistake, and keep *brother*.

<sup>d</sup> So the folio ; the quartos—

“ Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.”

<sup>e</sup> *Fathers*, in the folio ; the quartos, *parents*.

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.  
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast  
Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'er-past.

K. RICH. As I intend to prosper, and repent,  
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs<sup>a</sup>  
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!  
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!  
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceeding! if, with dear<sup>b</sup> heart's love,  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!  
In her consists my happiness, and thine;  
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,  
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,  
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:  
It cannot be avoided but by this;  
It will not be avoided but by this.  
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)  
Be the attorney of my love to her.  
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;  
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:  
Urge the necessity and state of times,  
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. ELIZ. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. RICH. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. ELIZ. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. RICH. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. ELIZ. Yet, thou didst kill my children.

K. RICH. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed  
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Q. ELIZ. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. RICH. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. ELIZ. I go.—Write to me very shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. RICH. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[Kissing her. Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH.]

Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!

How now? what news?

*Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.*

RAT. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast

<sup>a</sup> *Affairs*, in the folio; the quartos, *attempts*.

<sup>b</sup> *Dear*, in the folio; the quartos, *pure*.



Rideth a puissant navy; to our<sup>a</sup> shores  
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,  
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :  
 'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;  
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. RICH. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk :—  
 Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

CATE. Here, my good lord.

K. RICH. Catesby, fly to the duke.

CATE. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. RICH. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury;  
 When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,  
 Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

[To CATESBY.]

CATE. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,  
 What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. RICH. O, true, good Catesby:—Bid him levy straight  
 The greatest strength and power that he can make,  
 And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

CATE. I go.

[Exit.]

RAT. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. RICH. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

RAT. Your highness told me I should post before.

*Enter STANLEY.*

K. RICH. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

STAN. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;  
 Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. RICH. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!  
 What need'st thou run so many miles about,  
 When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?  
 Once more, what news?

STAN. Richmond is on the seas.

K. RICH. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!  
 White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

STAN. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. RICH. Well, as you guess?

STAN. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,  
 He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. RICH. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?  
 Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?  
 What heir of York is there alive but we?



<sup>a</sup> *Our shores*, in the folio; the quartos, *the shore*.

And who is England's king but great York's heir ?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas ?

STAN. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. RICH. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,  
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.  
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

STAN. No, my good lord<sup>a</sup>, therefore mistrust me not.

K. RICH. Where is thy power then, to beat him back ?  
Where be thy tenants and thy followers ?

Are they not now upon the western shore,  
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships ?

STAN. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. RICH. Cold friends to me : What do they in the north,  
When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?

STAN. They have not been commanded, mighty king :  
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,  
I 'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,  
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. RICH. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond :  
But I 'll not trust thee<sup>b</sup>.

STAN. Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful ;  
I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. RICH. Go then, and muster men. But leave behind<sup>c</sup>  
Your son, George Stanley ; look your heart be firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

STAN. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.]

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms ;

*Enter another Messenger.*

2 MESS. In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms ;  
And every hour more competitors<sup>d</sup>  
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

<sup>a</sup> *My good lord*, in the folio ; the quartos, *mighty liege*.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio ; the quartos, *I will not trust you, sir*.

<sup>c</sup> So the folio ; the quartos—

“ Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind.”

<sup>d</sup> *Competitors*—associates.

*Enter another Messenger.*

3 MESS. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. RICH. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 MESS. The news I have to tell your majesty

Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,

Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;

And he himself wander'd away alone,

No man knows whither.

K. RICH. I cry thee mercy:

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 MESS. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

*Enter another Messenger.*

4 MESS. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,

'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.

But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:

Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat

Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks

If they were his assistants, yea, or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham

Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne

K. RICH. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,

Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Enter CATESBY.*

CATE. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,

That is the best news. That the earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,

Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. RICH. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here

A royal battle might be won and lost:

Some one take order Buckingham be brought

To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Lord Stanley's House.**Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*

STAN. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar<sup>a</sup>,  
 My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold ;  
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;  
 The fear of that holds off<sup>b</sup> my present aid.  
 So, get thee gone ; commend me to thy lord.  
 Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily consented  
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
 But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

CHRIS. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

STAN. What men of name resort to him ?

CHRIS. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;

Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley ;  
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,  
 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;  
 And many other of great fame and worth :  
 And towards London do they bend their power<sup>c</sup>,  
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

STAN. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; I kiss his hand.

My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell<sup>d</sup>.[*Exeunt.*]<sup>a</sup> *This most bloody boar* is the reading of the quartos ; the folio, *the most deadly*.<sup>b</sup> *Holds off*, in the folio ; the quartos, *withholds*.<sup>c</sup> *Power*, in the folio ; the quartos, *course*.<sup>d</sup> This is the literal reading of the folio, and it appears unexceptionable. The quartos read—

“ Return unto my lord, commend me to him.  
 Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented  
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
 These letters will resolve him of my mind.  
 Farewell.”

One reading or the other surely ought to be held to—the uncorrected or the corrected copy. But we have a jumble of both in all modern editions—a reading which is different from that of the poet in any stage of his labour.





[SCENE I. *Salisbury.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Salisbury. *An open Place.*

*Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.*

BUCK. Will not king Richard let me speak with him ?

SHER. No, my good lord : therefore be patient.

BUCK. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,

Vaughan, and all that have miscarried

By underhand corrupted foul injustice !

If that your moody discontented souls

Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

Even for revenge mock my destruction !

This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not ?

SHER. It is, my lord.

BUCK. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.



This is the day which, in king Edward's time,  
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
 False to his children, and his wife's allies :  
 This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall  
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted :  
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,  
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.  
 That high All-seer which I dallied with  
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :  
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—  
 "When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,  
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—  
 Come, lead me, officers<sup>a</sup>, to the block of shame ;  
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR  
 WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.*

RICHM. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,  
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,  
 Thus far into the bowels of the land  
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;  
 And here receive we from our father Stanley  
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.  
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,  
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough  
 In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine  
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :  
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

OXF. Every man's conscience is a thousand men<sup>b</sup>,  
 To fight against this bloody homicide.

<sup>a</sup> *Lead me, officers, in the folio ; the quartos, Sirs, convey me.*

<sup>b</sup> *Men, in the folio ; the quartos, swords.*

HERB. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

BLUNT. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

RICHM. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

*Enter KING RICHARD and Forces; the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and others.*

K. RICH. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

SUR. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. RICH. My lord of Norfolk!

NOR. Here, most gracious liege.

K. RICH. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha! must we not?

NOR. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. RICH. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*]

But where to-morrow?—Well, all 's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

NOR. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. RICH. Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let 's lack<sup>a</sup> no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.*

RICHM. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

<sup>a</sup> *Lack*, in the folio; the quartos, *want*.

And part in just proportion our small power.  
 My lord of Oxford, you, sir William Brandon,  
 And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:  
 The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment<sup>a</sup>;  
 Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,  
 And by the second hour in the morning  
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent:  
 Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;  
 Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

BLUNT. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,  
 (Which well I am assur'd I have not done,)  
 His regiment lies half a mile at least  
 South from the mighty power of the king.

RICHM. If without peril it be possible,  
 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,  
 And give him from me this most needful note.

BLUNT. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;  
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

RICHM. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,  
 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;  
 In to my tent, the dew<sup>b</sup> is raw and cold. [They withdraw into the tent.

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

K. RICH. What is 't o'clock?

CATE. It's supper-time, my lord;

It's nine o'clock.

K. RICH. I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid into my tent?

CATE. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. RICH. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

NOR. I go, my lord.

K. RICH. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

<sup>a</sup> *Keeps his regiment.* The word *regiment* is several times used in this scene in the sense of a body of men under the command (regiment) of a particular captain. For example,

"His regiment lies half a mile at least  
 South from the mighty power of the king."

And,

"Good lords, conduct him to his regiment."

*Regiment* is here used in the secondary meaning of the word. We have the primary meaning in 'Antony and Cleopatra:'

"And gives his potent *regiment* to a trull."

<sup>b</sup> *Dew*, in the folio; the quartos, *air*.

NOR. I warrant you, my lord.

K. RICH. Ratcliff!

RAT. My lord?

K. RICH. Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power  
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch<sup>a</sup>!

[To CATESBY.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

RAT. My lord!

K. RICH. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

RAT. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut<sup>b</sup> time, from troop to troop,

Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.

K. RICH. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

RAT. It is, my lord.

K. RICH. Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,

And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[K. RICHARD retires into his tent. *Exeunt* RAT. and CATE.

RICHMOND's tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c. *Enter*  
STANLEY.

STAN. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

RICHM. All comfort that the dark night can afford

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me how fares our noble mother?

STAN. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

<sup>a</sup> *A watch.* The verb *give*—and the subsequent expression “bid my guard watch”—show that Richard is not asking for a sentinel, as some have supposed. The *watch* is the *watch-light*. The night-candle was divided by marks to indicate how long it had burned.

<sup>b</sup> *Cock-shut.* In Ben Jonson's ‘*The Satyr*’ we have—

“Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light.”

Whalley explains this expression as equivalent with twilight, and says it is derived from the name of a net, a *cockshut*, which is used in the twilight. Gifford adopts the explanation, and adds, “the commentators on Shakspeare have trifled egregiously over this simple expression.” This is true. They have two pages of controversy about the net. We have great doubt, however, whether a common epithet is thus formed from a technical word. We incline to think that *cock-shut time* is equivalent to *cock-roost time*—the hour at which the cock goes to rest. As morning is *cock-crow*, evening may by a parallel image be *cock-shut*.

Who prays continually for Richmond's good :  
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on,  
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
 In brief, for so the season bids us be,  
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;  
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
 Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.  
 I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,)  
 With best advantage will deceive the time,  
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :  
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
 Be executed in his father's sight.  
 Farewell : The leisure and the fearful time  
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon ;  
 God give us leisure for these rites of love !  
 Once more, adieu :—Be valiant, and speed well !

RICHM. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :  
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;  
 Lest leaden slumber peise me down<sup>a</sup> to-morrow,  
 When I should mount with wings of victory :  
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c., with STANLEY.

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,  
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;  
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !  
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !  
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;  
 Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still !

[*Sleeps.*

*The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY THE SIXTH, rises between the two tents.*

GHOST. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !  
 Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth  
 At Tewksbury : Despair therefore, and die !—  
 Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls

[*To* KING RICHARD.

<sup>a</sup> *Peise me down*—weigh me down.



Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH rises.*

GHOST. When I was mortal, my anointed body [To KING RICHARD.  
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:  
Think on the Tower and me: Despair, and die;  
Harry the sixth bids thee despair, and die!—  
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [To RICHMOND.  
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,  
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: 'Live, and flourish!'

*The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.*

GHOST. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [To KING RICHARD.  
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,  
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!—  
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [To RICHMOND.  
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;  
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.*

RIV. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow, [To KING RICHARD.  
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!  
GREY. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! [To KING RICHARD.  
VAUGH. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,  
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die! [To KING RICHARD.  
ALL. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom [To RICHMOND.  
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

*The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.*

GHOST. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake, [To KING RICHARD.  
And in a bloody battle end thy days!  
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—  
Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [To RICHMOND.  
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

*The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.*

GHOSTS. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower.

Let us be laid<sup>a</sup> within thy bosom, Richard,  
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!  
 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die!—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;  
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!  
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings!  
 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.*

GHOST. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,  
 That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:  
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
 And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;  
 Dream of success and happy victory;  
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

[*To RICHMOND.*

*The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.*

GHOST. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;  
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny:  
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,  
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness!  
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death!  
 Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!

[*To KING RICHARD.*

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:  
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:  
 God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;  
 And Richard fall<sup>b</sup> in height of all his pride.

[*To RICHMOND.*

[*The Ghosts vanish. KING  
 RICHARD starts out of his dream.*

K. RICH. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—  
 Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.  
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!  
 The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.  
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
 What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:  
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.  
 Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:  
 Then fly.—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?  
 Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?

<sup>a</sup> *Laid*, in the folio; the quartos *lead*. This is the approved reading, but we have great doubts of its propriety.

<sup>b</sup> *Fall*, in the folio; the quartos, *falls*.

Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good  
 That I myself have done unto myself?  
 O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,  
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
 I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.  
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.  
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,  
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;  
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,  
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!  
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;  
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—  
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself  
 Find in myself no pity to myself.  
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd  
 Came to my tent: and every one did threat  
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

RAT. My lord!

K. RICH. Who 's there?

RAT. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early village cock  
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;  
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

[K. RICH. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

RAT. No doubt, my lord.<sup>a</sup>]

K. RICH. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

RAT. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. RICH. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;  
 Under our tents I 'll play the eavesdropper,  
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD and RAT.*

*RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.*

LORDS. Good morrow, Richmond.

<sup>a</sup> The lines in brackets are not found in the folio.

RICHM. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

LORDS. How have you slept, my lord?

RICHM. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought, their souls whose bodies Richard murther'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

LORDS. Upon the stroke of four.

RICHM. Why, then, 't is time to arm, and give direction.—

*[He advances to the troops.]*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;

The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;

Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win, than him they follow.

For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

One that hath ever been God's enemy:

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quit it in your age.

Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt

Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt

The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;  
 God and saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter* KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. RICH. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

RAT. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. RICH. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

RAT. He smil'd, and said, the better for our purpose.

K. RICH. He was i' the right! and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock, there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

RAT. Not I, my lord.

K. RICH. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

RAT. My lord?

K. RICH. The sun will not be seen to-day;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

*Enter* NORFOLK.

NOR. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. RICH. Come, bustle, bustle:—Caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My forward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle: whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

NOR. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*]



K. RICH. [*Reads.*] "Jocky of Norfolk, be not so<sup>a</sup> bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;

For conscience is a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?

Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Bretagues, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;

You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ?

A milksop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?

Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretagues, whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?

Ravish our daughters ?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight boldly<sup>b</sup>, yeomen !

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

*Enter a Messenger.*

What says lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

<sup>a</sup> So, in all the old copies. The line in the 'Chronicles' is—

"Jocky of Norfolk, be not *too* bold."

<sup>b</sup> *Boldly*, in the folio ; and in all the quartos except the first, where we find *bold*.

MESS. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. RICH. Off<sup>a</sup> with his son George's head!

NOR. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. RICH. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

Our ancient word of courage, fair saint George

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him CATESBY.*

CATE. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger;

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

*Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.*

K. RICH. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

CATE. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. RICH. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die:

I think there be six Richmonds in the field,

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight; RICHARD is slain<sup>b</sup>.*

*Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

RICHM. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

STAN. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties<sup>c</sup>,

<sup>a</sup> *Instantly* is usually thrust in here, contrary to all authority, "for the sake of metre."

<sup>b</sup> *They fight; Richard is slain.* This is the stage-direction of all the old copies, and it is important to preserve it, as showing the course of the dramatic action. In the modern editions we have, "Enter King Richard and Richmond; and *exeunt* fighting."

<sup>c</sup> So the folio; the quartos, *this long-usurped royalty.*

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch  
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;  
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

RICHM. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

STAN. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;

Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us <sup>a</sup>.

RICHM. What men of name are slain on either side?

STAN. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

RICHM. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red;

Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction.

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!

What traitor hears me, and says not amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire division.

O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce<sup>b</sup> these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

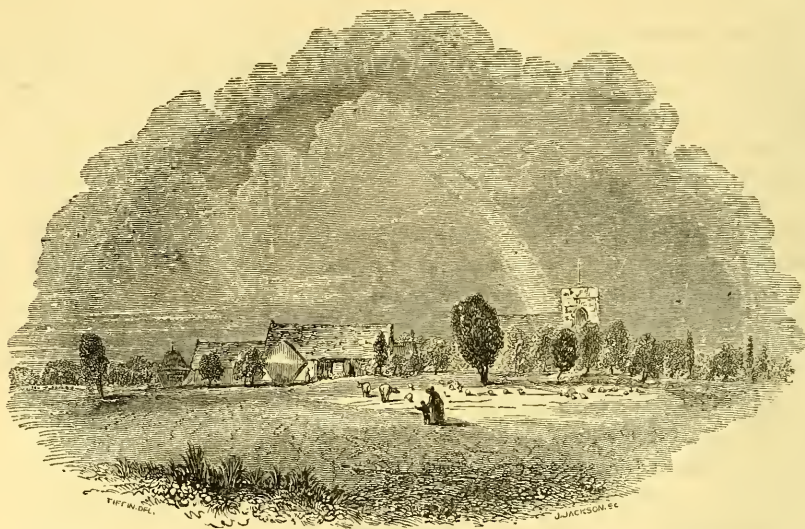
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;

That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> So the folio; the quartos, "*Whither, if it please you, we may now,*" &c.

<sup>b</sup> *Reduce*—bring back; the Latin form of the word.



[Chertsey.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

### ACT I.

#### <sup>1</sup> SCENE II.

*"Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load."*

THE monastery of Chertsey, to which, after resting a day at St. Paul's, the corpse of Henry VI. was carried to be interred, exhibits scarcely any trace of its former state. The old building shown in the above view stands upon its site; and a few mouldering walls indicate that the men of other days have here abided.

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.      *"dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!"*

Drayton has stated the popular superstition to which this passage refers:—

*"If the vile actors of the heinous deed  
Near the dead body happily be brought,  
Oft 't hath been prov'd the breathless corpse will bleed."*

In the very interesting collection of 'English Causes Célèbres,' edited and illustrated with equal spirit and accuracy by Mr. Craik, the belief is shown to have been so universally

established in Scotland, as late as 1688, that the crown counsel, Sir George Mackenzie, in the remarkable trial of Philip Standsfield, thus alludes to a fact sworn to by several witnesses on that trial:—"God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produce. That Divine Power which makes the blood circulate during life, has oftentimes, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case: for after all the wounds had been sewed up, and the body designedly shaken up and down, and, which is most wonderful, after the body had been buried for several days, which naturally occasions the blood to congeal, upon Philip's touching it the blood darted and sprung out, to the great astonishment of the chirurgeons themselves, who were desired to watch this event; whereupon Philip, astonished more than they, threw down the body, crying, O God! O God! and, cleansing his hand, grew so faint that they were forced to give him a cordial."





[Richard III.]

## HISTORICAL.

It has not been our design, in these Illustrations, to advance the knowledge of the real facts of history, and to show the proper dependence of one fact upon another, for the purpose of correcting the poetical view of any series of events; far less have we endeavoured to enter upon disputed points, and to place conflicting evidence, for the most part derived from the more accurate researches of modern times, in opposition to the details of the old historical authorities. It is our business simply to show the foundations upon which our poet built:—to trace the relations between his dramatic situations and the narratives with which he was evidently familiar. In the great drama before us Shakspeare fell in with the popular view of the character of Richard III.;—preserving all the strong lineaments of his guilty ambition, as represented by Sir Thomas More, and the chroniclers who followed the narrative of that illustrious man, with marvellous subservience to his own wonderful conception of the high intellectual supremacy of this usurper. We are not about to enquire whether the Richard of history has had justice done to him, but whether the Richard of Shakspeare accords with the Richard of the old annalists. We shall quote invariably from Hall, because his narra-

tive is more literally copied from More and the contemporary writers than that of Holinshed, who is never so quaint and vigorous; and further, because we wish to show that the nonsense which has been uttered by Malone and others, that Shakspeare knew no other historian than Holinshed, is disproved in the clearest manner by the accuracy with which in some scenes he follows the old chronicler.

We first give Hall's description (from More) of Richard's person and character:—

"Richard Duke of Gloster was in wit and courage equal with the others (his brothers Edward and George), but in beauty and lineaments of nature far underneath both; for he was little of stature, evil-featured of limbs, crook-backed, the left shoulder much higher than the right, hard favoured of visage, such as in estates is called a warlike visage and among common persons a crabbed face. He was malicious, wrathful, and envious, and, as it is reported, his mother the duchess had much ado in her travail, and that he came into the world the feet forward, as men be borne outward, and, as the fame ran, not untoothed: whether that men of hatred reported above the truth, or that nature changed his course in his beginning which in his life many things unnaturally com-



mitted, this I leave to God his judgment. He was none evil captain in war, as to the which his disposition was more inclined to than to peace. Sundry victories he had, and some overthrows, but never for default of his own person, either for lack of hardiness or politic order. Free he was of his dispenses, and somewhat above his power liberal; with large gifts he got him unstedfast friendship, for which cause he was fain to borrow, pill, and extort in other places, which got him stedfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly familiar where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; despitous and cruel, not alway for evil will, but often for ambition and to serve his purpose; friend and foe were all indifferent where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew in the Tower King Henry the Sixth, saying, Now is there no heir male of King Edward the Third but we of the house of York; which murder was done without King Edward his assent, which would have appointed that butcherly office to some other rather than to his own brother. Some wise men also wen that his drift lacked not in helping forth his own brother of Clarence to his death, which thing to all appearance he resisted, although he inwardly minded it. And the cause thereof was, as men noting his doings and proceedings did mark, because that he long in King Edward his time thought to obtain the crown in case that the king his brother, whose life he looked that evil diet would soon shorten, should happen to decease, as he did indeed, his children being young. And then, if the Duke of Clarence had lived, his pretended purpose had been far hindered; for if the Duke of Clarence had kept himself true to his nephew the young king, or would have taken upon him to be king, every one of these casts had been a trump in the Duke of Gloster's way: but when he was sure that his brother of Clarence was dead, then he knew he might work without that jeopardy. But of these points there is no certainty, and whosoever divineth or conjectureth may as well shoot too far as too short; but this conjecture afterward took place (as few do), as you shall perceive hereafter."

The "taking off" of Clarence is not imputed by the old historians to Richard. At the time when Shakspeare wrote, little more than a century after these events, it was probably usual to

ascribe crimes which we have not even heard of to the usurper who had perished, and from whose triumphant rival the reigning family had sprung. The history of the murder of Clarence is thus related:—

"In the xvii year of King Edward there fell a sparkle of privy malice between the king and his brother the Duke of Clarence, whether it rose of old grudges before time passed, or were it newly kindled and set afire by the queen or her blood, which were ever mistrusting and privily barking at the king's lineage, or were he desirous to reign after his brother: to men that have thereof made large inquisition of such as were of no small authority in those days, the certainty thereof was hid, and could not truly be disclosed but by conjectures, which as often deceive the imaginations of fantastical folk, as declare truth to them in conclusion. The fame was that the king or the queen, or both, sore troubled with a foolish prophecy, and by reason thereof began to stomach and grievously to grudge against the duke: the effect of which was, after King Edward should reign one whose first letter of his name should be a G; and because the devil is wont with such witchcrafts to wrap and illaquate the minds of men which delight in such devilish fantasies, they said afterward that that prophecy lost not his effect, when after King Edward Gloster usurped his kingdom.

"Other allege this to be the cause of his death:—That of late the old rancour between them being newly revived (the which between no creatures can be more vehement than between brethren, especially when it is firmly radicate), the duke, being destitute of a wife, by the means of Lady Margaret Duchess of Bourgoyne, his sister, procured to have the Lady Mary, daughter and heir to Duke Charles her husband, to be given to him in matrimony; which marriage King Edward (envying the felicity of his brother) both gainsaid and disturbed. This privy displeasure was openly appeased, but not inwardly forgotten nor outwardly forgiven; for that notwithstanding, a servant of the duke's was suddenly accused (I cannot say of truth or untruly suspected by the duke's enemies) of poisoning, sorcery, or enchantment, and thereof condemned, and put to taste the pains of death. The duke, which might not suffer the wrongful condemnation of his man (as he in his conscience adjudged), nor yet forbear, nor patiently suffer the unjust

handling of his trusty servant, daily did oppugn and with ill words murmur at the doing thereof. The king, much grieved and troubled with his brother's daily querimony and continual exclamation, caused him to be apprehended and cast into the Tower, where he, being taken and adjudged for a traitor, was privily drowned in a butt of malmsey.

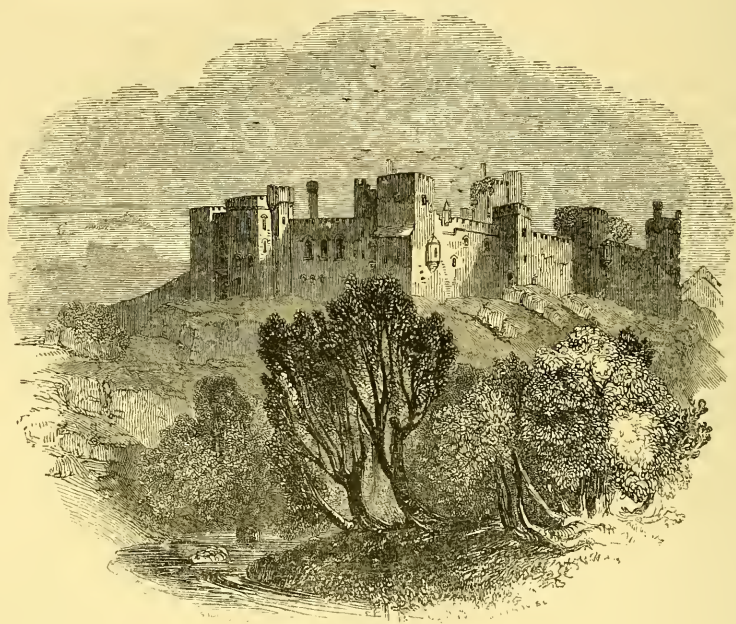
"But sure it is that, although King Edward were consenting to his death and destruction, yet he much did both lament his unfortunate chance and repent his sudden execution; inasmuch that, when any person sued to him for pardon or remission of any malefactor condemned to the punishment of death, he would accusomably say, and openly speak, O unfortunate brother, for whose life not one creature would make intercession! openly speaking, and apparently meaning, that, by the means of some of

the nobility, he was circumvented and brought to his confusion."

The marriage of Richard with the young widow of the son of Henry VI. is a remarkable circumstance—as remarkable as the fact that he had afterwards obtained sufficient influence with the widow of Edward IV. to propose to marry her daughter Elizabeth. The wooing-scene with Anne is an example of the skill with which our great dramatist reconciles contradictions. If Richard were unsuspected by his wife to have murdered her husband and his father, it was not unnatural that she should have married him;—if she were cognizant of these actions, which the poet has represented she was, her disgust could only have been overcome by the profound dissimulation with which he has also shown her to be propitiated.



[Anne, Queen of Richard III.]



[Ludlow Castle.]

## ACT II.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE II.

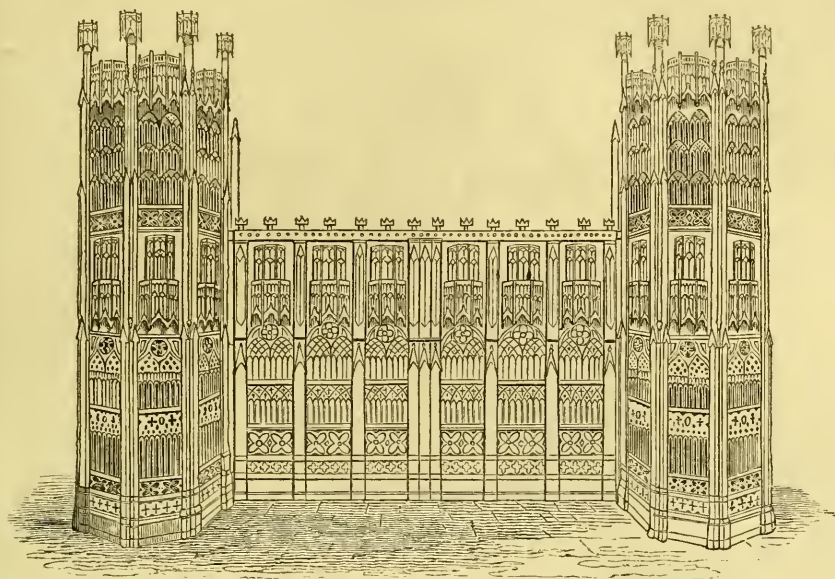
*Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be  
fet."*

LUDLOW Castle was the ancient palace of the Princes of Wales, attached to the principality. Prince Edward was residing here under the governance of Earl Rivers, his maternal uncle. The castle is stated to have been founded on its

rocky ridge in the reign of Henry I. It is now ruinous and deserted; but its associations are of the most enduring nature. "With whatever feats of chivalry it might have been anciently ennobled, the representation of 'Comus' in this stately fortress will ever be mentioned as one of the most memorable and honourable circumstances in the course of its history."<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> J. Warton, 'Milton's Minor Poems.'





[Tomb of Edward IV. at Windsor.]

## HISTORICAL.

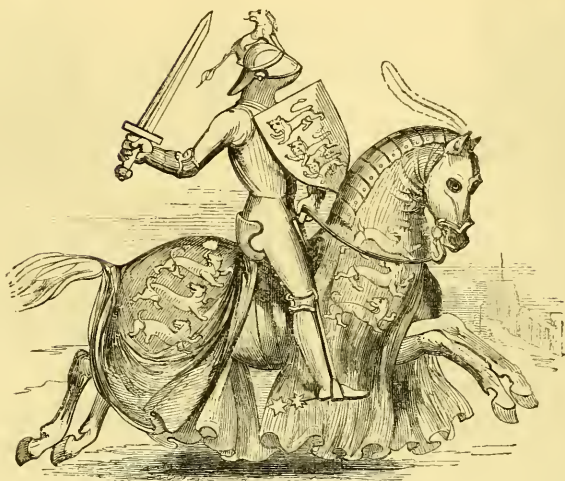
The death of Edward IV. was at once succeeded by the most decided movement on the part of Richard. He, in concert with Buckingham, assembled a large body of followers, and reached the young king at Stony-Stratford, on his way to London. They arrested his followers, and carried him back to Northampton. The scene is thus described by Hall:—

“And forthwith they arrested the Lord Richard, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Hawte, knights, in the king's presence, and brought the king and all back to Northampton, where they took further counsel in their affairs; and there they sent from the king whom it pleased them, and set about him such servants as better pleased them than him; at which dealing he wept and was not content, but it booteth not. And at dinner the Duke of Gloster sent a dish from his own table to the Lord Rivers, praying him to be of good cheer, and all should be well; he thanked him, and prayed the messenger to bear it to his nephew the Lord Richard, with like words, whom he knew to have need of comfort, as one to whom such adversity was strange; but he himself had been all his days enured therewith, and therefore

could bear it the better. But for all this message, the Duke of Gloster sent the Lord Rivers, the Lord Richard, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Hawte, into the north parts, into divers prisons; but at last all came to Pomfret, where they all four were beheaded without judgment.”

The flight of the queen to sanctuary is thus most graphically described by the Chronicler. There is a quiet power in the concluding sentence, “The queen sat alone below on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed,” which is akin to the highest poetry:—

“Whereupon the bishop called up all his servants, and took with him the great seal, and came before day to the queen, about whom he found much heaviness, rumble, haste, business, conveyance, and carriage of her stuff into sanctuary; every man was busy to carry, bear, and convey stuff, chests, and fardells; no man was unoccupied, and some carried more than they were commanded to another place. The queen sat alone below on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed, whom the archbishop comforted in the best manner that he could.”



[Edward Prince of Wales]

## ACT III.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE I.—“Welcome, sweet prince, to London,  
to your chamber.”

AN extract from Ben Jonson's ‘Part of King James's Entertainment in passing to his Coronation,’ will explain this passage:—“The scene presented itself in a square and flat upright, like to the side of a city: the top thereof, above the vent and crest, adorned with houses, towers, and steeples, set off in prospective. Upon the battlements in a great capital letter was inscribed

LONDINIUM:

... Beneath that, in a less and different character, was written

CAMERA REGIA,

which title immediately after the Norman Conquest it began to have; and, by the indulgence of succeeding princes, hath been hitherto continued. In the frieze over the gate it seemeth to speak this verse:—

PAR DOMUS HEC CÆLO,  
SED MINOR EST DOMINO,

taken out of Martial, and implying, that though this city (for the state and magnificence) might by hyperbole be said to touch the stars, and reach up to heaven, yet was it far inferior to the master thereof, who was His

Majesty; and in that respect unworthy to receive him. The highest person advanced therein was

MONARCHICA BRITANNICA;

and fitly; applying to the above-mentioned title of the city, *The King's Chamber*, and therefore here placed as in the proper seat of the empire.”

<sup>5</sup> SCENE I.

“Thus, like the formal Vice Iniquity.”

In an Illustration of ‘Henry IV., Part II.,’ Act III., we have given a brief notice of the Vice of the old drama. Gifford has thus described him, with his usual good sense; and his description may spare our readers the trouble of wading through the elaborate dissertations which generally accompany the passage before us:—“He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the Harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office; to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend;



or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender." This note is appended to a passage in the first scene of Ben Jonson's 'The Devil is an Ass.' We learn from this scene that there were Vices of various ranks, which had their proper appellations:—

"*Sat.* What Vice?

What kind wouldst thou have it of?

"*Pug.* Why are: Fraud,  
Or Covetousness, or Lady Vanity,  
Or old Iniquity."

We have here then the very personage to which Richard refers; and Jonson brings him upon the scene to proclaim his own excellencies, in a style of which the following is a specimen:—

"What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?  
Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice:  
Here, there, and everywhere, as the cat is with the mice:  
True Vetus Iniquitas. Lack'st thou cards, friend, or dice?  
I will teach thee to cheat, child, to cog, lie, and swagger,  
And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy dagger:  
To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty Juventus,  
In a cloak to thy heel, and a hat like a pent-house."

Satan, however, will have nothing to do with Iniquity, whom he holds to be obsolete:—

"They are other things

That are received now upon earth, for Vices;  
Stranger and newer: and changed every hour."

In 'The Staple of News' there is a sort of Chorus or 'Intermean' between each Act, in which the previous scenes are remarked upon. We learn again from this, that the Vice had become obsolete in Jonson's time. The Vices of the play are explained to be the vicious characters; but *Tattle*, one of the performers in the Intermean, objects to this; which *Mirth*, another performer, defends:—

"*Tat.* But here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I would not give a rush for a Vice that has not a wooden dagger to snap at everybody he meets.

"*Mirth.* That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like Hokus Pokos, in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the Knave of Clubs; but now they are attired like men and women of the time, the Vices male and female."

Iniquity, then, was no doubt a character whose attributes were always essentially the same; who was dressed always according to one fashion; who constantly went through the same round of action; who had his own peculiar cant words;—something, in fact, very similar to that most interesting relic of antiquity, Punch, who, in spite of meddling legislation, still beats his wife and still defies the devil. It is to this

fixed character of the "Vice Iniquity" that we think Shakspeare alludes when he calls him "the *formal* Vice,"—the Vice who conducts himself according to a set form. It was his custom, no doubt, to

"Moralise two meanings in one word."

It is to this *formal* character that Hamlet alludes:—

"A vice of kings—

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!"

"A king

Of shreds and patches."

#### \* SCENE I.

"*At Crosby-house, there shall you find us both.*"

No historical fact can be better ascertained than the connection of Richard III. with Crosby House<sup>a</sup>. It was the mansion of Sir John Crosby, an eminent citizen, who was sheriff in 1470. The temporary occupation of this splendid house by Richard was probably owing to the favour in which he was held in the city, where he had many zealous, and, no doubt, conscientious partisans. This fine specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century has been singularly fortunate in partially escaping the accidents of time, and the more ruthless devastation of modern improvement. What remains to us has been judiciously restored; and we have no doubt that the national love of whatever is connected with the name of Shakspeare has thus secured to us one of the most interesting places associated with his immortal scenes.

#### 7 SCENE IV.

"*My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you send for some of them.*"

Sir Thomas More, no doubt, had this circumstance, of the remarkable scene which preceded the death of Hastings, from some well-authenticated report. It was not a thing to be invented<sup>b</sup>. Ely Place, a century afterwards, was surrounded with fields and gardens; and in the time of Richard III. strawberries were an article of ordinary consumption in London. In Lyd-

<sup>a</sup> It is called Crosby House in the folio edition; Crosby Place in the quartos.

<sup>b</sup> See Historical Illustration.

gate's poem of 'London Lyckpeny' we have the following lines :—

"Then unto London I dyde me hye,  
Of all the land it bearyeth the pryse;  
'Gode pescode,' owne began to cry—  
'*Strabery rype, and cherrys on the ryse.*'"

\* SCENE V.—"*If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle.*"

Baynard's Castle, which stood on the bank of

the river in Thames Street, has been swept away by the commercial necessities of London. The dingy barge is moored in the place of the splendid galley: and porters and carmen squabble on the spot where princes held their state. The Baynard's Castle of the time of Richard III. was built by Humphrey Duke of Gloster; and it was subsequently granted by Henry VI. to Richard's father, the Duke of York.

## HISTORICAL.

Sir Thomas More's 'Tragical History of Richard III.' (otherwise called 'The History of the pitiful Life and unfortunate Death of King Edward V.') ought to be regarded with veneration, for it has given to Shakspeare the materials for some of the most spirited of these scenes. Hall copied More verbatim; and in that he showed his good sense. The scenes described by More have a wonderful air of truth,—probably, in great part, from the notice of little incidents that could only have been derived from actual observation. It is supposed that he obtained these minute particulars from Morton Bishop of Ely,—the same bishop who had very good strawberries in his garden at Holborn. However the transactions of the reign of Richard may have been coloured, the colouring must remain. The scenes which More has recorded, and Shakspeare rendered perpetual, must continue to be received as true. They may not be the literal truth,—but they involve, there can be little doubt, the higher general truth, with reference to the mysterious events of this turbulent period. We have little more to do here than indicate the connection between the old narrative and the action of this drama.

The following is the foundation of the first scene of this Act :—

"When the cardinal and the other lords had received the young duke, they brought him into the Star Chamber, where the protector took him into his arms and kissed him with these words: Now welcome, my lord, with all my very heart; and he said in that of likelihood even as he inwardly thought, and thereupon forthwith brought him to the king his brother into the bishop's palace at Paul's, and from thence through the city honourably into the Tower, out of which after that day they never came abroad. When

the protector had both the children in his possession, yea, and that they were in a sure place, he then began to thirst to see the end of his enterprise. And to avoid all suspicion he caused all the lords which he knew to be faithful to the king to assemble at Baynard's castle to commune of the order of the coronation, while he and other of his complices and of his affinity at Crosby's place contrived the contrary, and to make the protector king: to which counsel there were adhibit very few, and they very secret."

With what skill Shakspeare has caught the dramatic situation of the old History may be seen by a comparison of the following extract from Hall with Scene 2 :—

"A marvellous case it is to hear, either the warnings that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the next night before his death the Lord Stanley sent to him a trusty messenger at midnight in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer for to abide, for he had a fearful dream, in the which he thought that a boar with his tusks so rased them both by the heads that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and for as much as the protector gave the boar for his cognisance, he imagined that it should be he. This dream made such a fearful impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the Lord Hastings would go with him; so that they would ride so far that night that they should be out of danger by the next day. Ah! good lord (q<sup>d</sup>a the Lord Hastings to the messenger): leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which

\* q<sup>d</sup>a, quoth.

either his own fear phantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of the day's thought? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams, which, if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might as likely make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought back (as friends fail fliers), for then had the boar a cause likely to rase us with his tusks, as folks that fled for some falsehood, wherefore either is there peril, nor none there is deed, or if any be it is rather in going than abiding. And if we should needs fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liefer that men should say it were by other men's falsehood, than think it were either our own fault or faint feeble heart; and therefore go to thy master and commend me to him, and say that I pray him to be merry and have no fear, for I assure him I am assured of the man he wotteth of, as I am sure of mine own hand. God send grace (q<sup>d</sup> the messenger); and so departed. Certain it is also that in riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse that he accustomed to ride on stumbled with him twice or thrice almost to the falling; which thing, although it happeth to them daily to whom no mischance is toward, yet hath it been as an old evil token observed as a going toward mischief. Now this that followeth was no warning, but an envious scorn. The same morning, ere he were up from his bed, there came to him Sir Thomas Haward, son to the Lord Haward (which lord was one of the priviest of the lord protector's council and doing), as it were of courtesy, to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the lord protector to haste him hitherward.

"This Sir Thomas, while the Lord Hastings staid a while communing with a priest, whom he met in the Tower-street, brake the lord's tale, saying to him merely, What, my lord? I pray you come on; wherefore talk you so long with that priest? you have no need of a priest yet: and laughed upon him, as though he would say, You shall have need of one soon. But little wist the other what he meant (but or night these words were well remembered by them that heard them); so the true Lord Hastings little mistrusted, and was never merrier, nor thought his life in more surety in all his days, which thing is often a sign of change: but I shall rather let any thing pass me than the vain surety of man's mind so near his death; for upon the very Tower wharf, so near the

place where his head was off so soon after as a man might well cast a ball, a pursuivant of his own, called Hastings, met with him, and of their meeting in that place he was put in remembrance of another time in which it happened them to meet before together in the place, at which time the Lord Hastings had been accused to King Edward by the Lord Rivers, the queen's brother, insomuch that he was for a while, which lasted not long, highly in the king's indignation. As he now met the same pursuivant in the same place, the jeopardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof, with whom he had talked in the same place of that matter, and therefore he said, Ah, Hastings, art thou remembered when I met thee here once with an heavy heart? Yea, my lord, (q<sup>d</sup> he,) that I remember well, and thanked be to God they gat no good nor you no harm thereby. Thou wouldst say so (q<sup>d</sup> he) if thou knewest so much as I do, which few know yet, and more shall shortly. That meant he, that the Earl Rivers and the Lord Richard and Sir Thomas Vaughan should that day be beheaded at Pomfret, as they were indeed; which act he wist well should be done, but nothing ware that the axe hung so near his own head. In faith, man, (q<sup>d</sup> he,) I was never so sorry, nor never stood in so great danger of my life, as I did when thou and I met here; and lo! the world is turned now; now stand mine enemies in the danger, as thou mayest hap to hear more hereafter, and I never in my life merrier, nor never in so great surety. I pray God it prove so (q<sup>d</sup> Hastings). Prove! (q<sup>d</sup> he :) doubtst thou that? nay, nay, I warrant thee. And so in manner displeased he entered into the Tower."

So, more especially, with the great scene (Scene 4) of the arrest of Hastings:—

"The lord protector caused a council, to be set at the Tower on the Friday the thirteenth day of June, where was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed which afterward was cast away.

"These lords thus sitting communing of this matter, the protector came in among them, about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been a sleeper that day; and after a little talking with



them he said to the Bishop of Ely, My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn, I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly, my lord, (q<sup>d</sup> he,) I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that: and with that in all haste he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock into the chamber all changed, with a sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed, and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm? At which question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

"Then the Lord Hastings, as he that for the familiarity that was between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, That they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were: and all the other affirmed the same. That is (q<sup>d</sup> he) yonder sorceress my brother's wife, and other with her: meaning the queen. At these words many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better, albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this self-same day, in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. Then, said the protector, in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel, as Shore's wife with her affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft thus wasted my body: and therewith plucked up his doublet-sleeve to his elbow on his left arm, where he showed a wearish withered arm, and small, as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel, for well they wist that the queen was both too wise to go about any

such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated as that concubine whom the king her husband most loved.

"Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saying, it is said, that he forbore her for reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity toward his friend; yet now his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that, as he knew well, untruly; therefore he answered and said, Certainly, my lord, if they have so done they be worthy of heinous punishment. What! (q<sup>d</sup> the protector,) thou servest me, I ween, with if and with and: I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor: and therewith (as in a great anger) he clapped his fist on the board a great rap; at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold; and anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, I arrest thee, traitor! What, me, my lord? q<sup>d</sup> he. Yea, the traitor, q<sup>d</sup> the protector; and one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth, for as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the Archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton, Bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley, taken, and divers other, which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings (whom the protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace), For by Saint Paul (q<sup>d</sup> he) I will not dine till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off, and after his body and head were interred at Windsor by his master, King Edward the Fourth, whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen."

The scene upon the Tower walls, where Gloster

and Buckingham appear in "rotten armour, marvellous ill favoured," has its origin in the following description of their practice upon the credulity of the citizens, showing themselves in "old evil-favoured briganders, such as no man would ween that they would have vouchsafed to put on their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them :"—

"Now flew the fame of this lord's death through the city and farther about, like a wind in every man's ear; but the protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all the haste for many substantial men out of the city into the Tower, and at their coming himself with the Duke of Buckingham stood harnessed in old evil-favoured briganders, such as no man would ween that they would have vouchsafed to have put on their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them. Then the lord protector showed them that the Lord Hastings and other of his conspiracy had contrived to have suddenly destroyed him and the Duke of Buckingham there the same day in counsel, and what they intended farther was yet not well known: of which their treason he had never knowledge before x of the clock the same forenoon, which sudden fear drave them to put on such harness as came next to their hands for their defence, and so God help them! that the mischief turned upon them that would have done it, and thus he required them to report. Every man answered fair, as though no man mistrusted the matter, which of truth no man believed."

The seventh scene, one of the most skilfully-conducted of the whole play, may be traced in very minute particulars to the graphic historian :—

"When the duke had said, and looked that the people, whom he hoped that the mayor had framed before, should, after this flattering proposition made, have cried King Richard! King Richard! all was still and mute, and not one word answer'd to; wherewith the duke was marvellously abashed, and taking the mayor near to him, with other that were about him privy to the matter, said unto them softly, What meaneth this that the people be so still? Sir, quod the mayor, percase they perceive you not well. That shall we amend, quod he, if be that will help; and therewith somewhat louder rehearsed the same matter again, in other order and other words, so well and ornately, and

nevertheless so evidently and plain, with voice, gesture, and countenance so comely and so convenient, that every man much marvelled that heard him, and thought that they never heard in their lives so evil a tale so well told. But were it for wonder, or fear, or that each looked that other should speak first, not one word was there answered of all the people that stood before; but all were as still as the midnight, not so much rouning<sup>a</sup> among them, by which they might seem once to commune what was best to do. When the mayor saw this, he, with other partners of the counsel, drew about the duke, and said that the people had not been accustomed there to be spoken to but by the recorder, which is the mouth of the city, and haply to him they will answer. With that the recorder, called Thomas Fitz William, a sad man and an honest, which was but newly come to the office, and never had spoken to the people before, and loth was with that matter to begin, notwithstanding, thereunto commanded by the mayor, made rehearsal to the commons of that which the duke had twice purposed himself; but the recorder so tempered his tale that he showed everything as the duke his words were, and no part of his own: but all this no change made in the people, which alway after one stood as they had been amazed. Whereupon the duke rouned with the mayor, and said, This is a marvellous obstinate silence; and therewith turned to the people again, with these words:—Dear friends, we come to move you to that thing which peradventure we so greatly needed not, but that the lords of this realm and commons of other parts might have sufficed, saying such love we bear you, and so much set by you, that we would not gladly do without you that thing in which to be partners is your weal and honour, which as to us seemeth you see not or weigh not; wherefore we require you to give us an answer, one or other, whether ye be minded, as all the nobles of the realm be, to have this noble prince, now protector, to be your king? And at these words the people began to whisper among themselves secretly, that the voice was neither loud nor base, but like a swarm of bees, till at the last, at the nether end of the hall, a bushment of the duke's servants, and one Nashfield, and other belonging to the protector, with some prentices and lads that thrustured into the hall amongst the press, began suddenly at men's backs to cry

<sup>a</sup> To roun, or roun, is to speak privately.



out as loud as they could, King Richard ! King Richard ! and then threw up their caps in token of joy, and they that stood before cast back their heads marvelling thereat, but nothing they said. And when the duke and the mayor saw this manner, they wisely turned it to their purpose, and said it was a goodly cry and a joyful to hear every man with one voice, and no man saying nay. Wherefore friends, (quod the duke,) sith we perceive that it is all your whole minds to have this noble man for your king, whereof we shall make his grace so effectual report that we doubt not but that it shall redound to your great wealth and commodity. We therefore require you that tomorrow ye go with us, and we with you, to his noble grace, to make our humble petition and request to him in manner before remembered.

"Then on the morrow the mayor and aldermen and chief commoners of the city, in their best manner appareled, assembling them together at Paul's, resorted to Baynard's castle, where the protector lay, to which place also, according to the appointment, repaired the Duke of Buckingham, and divers nobles with him, besides many knights and gentlemen. And thereupon the duke sent word to the lord protector of the being there of a great honourable company to move a great matter to his grace. Whereupon the protector made great difficulty to come down to them, except he knew some part of their errand, as though he doubted, and partly mistrusted the coming of such a number to him so suddenly, without any warning or knowledge whether they came for good or harm. Then, when the duke had showed this to the mayor and other, that they might thereby see how little the protector looked for this matter, they sent again by the messenger such loving message, and therewith so humbly besought him to vouchsafe that they might resort to his presence to purpose their intent, of which they would to none other person any part disclose. At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not down to them, but in a gallery over them, with a bishop on every hand of him, where they beneath might see him and speak to him, as though he would not yet come near them till he wist what they meant. And thereupon the duke of Buckingham first made humble petition to him, on the behalf of them all, that his grace would pardon them, and license them to purpose unto his grace the intent of their coming without his

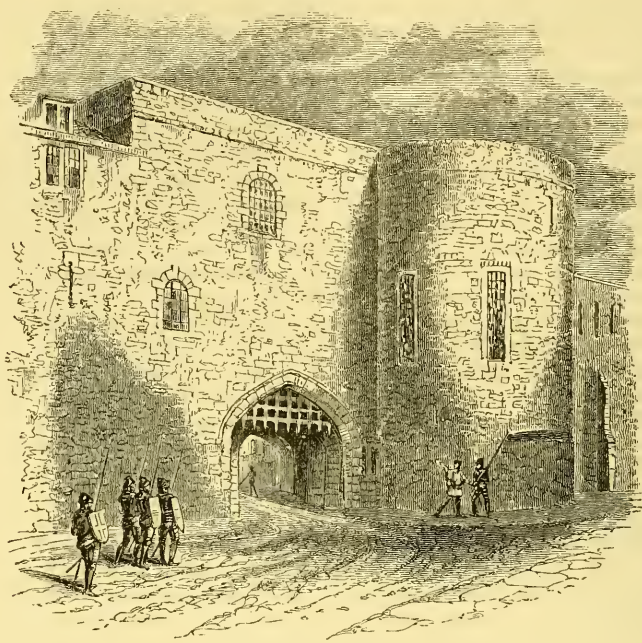
displeasure, without which pardon obtained they durst not be so bold to move him of that matter; in which, albeit they meant as much honour to his grace as wealth to all the realm beside, yet were they not sure how his grace would take it, whom they would in no wise offend. Then the protector, as he was very gentle of himself, and also longed sore apparently to know what they meant, gave him leave to purpose what him liked, verily trusting for the good mind that he bare them all, none of them anything would intend to himward, wherewith he thought to be grieved. When the duke had this leave and pardon to speak, then waxed he bold to show him their intent and purpose, with all the causes moving them thereto, as ye before have heard; and finally, to beseech his grace that it would like him, of his accustomed goodness and zeal unto the realm, now with his eye of pity to behold the long continued distress and decay of the same, and to set his gracious hand to the redress and amendment thereof, by taking upon him the crown and governance of the realm according to his right and title lawfully descended unto him, and to the laud of God, profit and surety of the land, and unto his grace so much the more honour and less pain, in that that never prince reigned upon any people that were so glad to live under his obeisance as the people of this realm under his.

"When the protector had heard the proposition he looked very strangely thereat, and made answer, that albeit he knew partly the things by them alleged to be true, yet such entire love he bare to King Edward and his children, and so much more regarded his honour in other realms about than the crown of any one, of which he was never desirous, so that he could not find in his heart in this point to induce to their desire, for in all other nations where the truth were not well known it should peradventure be thought that it were his own ambitious mind and device to depose the prince and to take himself the crown, with which infamy he would in no wise have his honour stained for any crown, in which he had ever perchance perceived much more labour and pain than pleasure to him that so would use it, as he that would not and were not worthy to have it. Notwithstanding, he not only pardoned them of the motion that they made him, but also thanked them for the love and hearty favour they bare him, praying them for his

sake to bear the same to the prince under whom he was and would be content to live, and with his labour and counsel, as far as it should like the king to use it, he would do his uttermost devoir to set the realm in good estate, which was already in the little time of his protectorship (lauded be God!) well begun, in that the malice of such as were before the occasion of the contrary, and of new intended to be, were now, partly by good policy, partly more by God his special providence than man's provision, repressed and put under.

"Upon this answer given, the Duke of Buckingham by the protector his licence a little rounded, as well with other noble men about him as with the mayor and recorder of London. And after that (upon like pardon desired and obtained) he showed aloud unto the protector, for a final conclusion, that the realm was appointed that King Edward his line should no longer reign upon them, both that, they had so far gone that it was now no surety to retreat, as for that they thought it for the weal universal to take that way, although they had not yet begun it. Wherefore, if it would like his grace to take the crown upon him, they would humbly beseech him thereunto, and if he would give them a resolute answer to the contrary, (which they would be loth to hear,) then must they seek, and should not fail to find, some other nobleman that would. These words much moved the protector, which, as

every man of small intelligence may wit, would never have inclined thereto; but when he saw there was none other way but that he must take it, or else he and his both to go from it, he said to the lords and commons, Sith it is we perceive well that all the realm is so set (whereof we be very sorry), that they will not suffer in any wise King Edward his line to govern them, whom no man earthly can govern against their wills: and we also perceive that no man is there to whom the crown can by so just title appertain as to ourself, as very right heir lawfully begotten of the body of our most dread and dear father Richard late Duke of York, to which title is now joined your election, the nobles and commons of the realm, which we of all titles possible take for most effectual, we be content and agree favourably to incline to your petition and request, and according to the same here we take upon us the royal estate of pre-eminence and kingdom of the two noble realms England and France; the one, from this day forward by us and our heirs to rule, govern, and defend; the other, by God his grace and your good help, to get again, subdue, and establish for ever in due obedience unto this realm of England, the advancement whereof we never ask of God longer to live than we intend to procure and set forth. With this there was a great cry and shout, crying King Richard! and so the lords went up to the king, and so he was after that day called."



[The Bloody Tower.]

## ACT IV.

## ° SCENE I.

*"Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain."*

It is probable that Shakspeare had access to the story which is detailed in Goulart's 'Admirable and Memorable Histories,' 1607, how John, the son of Vaivode Stephen, having defeated an

army of Hungarian peasants, in 1514, caused their general, "called George, to be stripped naked, upon whose head the executioner set a crown of hot burning iron." This is the "Luke's iron crown" of Goldsmith. In Wyncott's Chronicle we have the like punishment assigned to "Jak Bonhowne."

## HISTORICAL.

The tragic story of the murder of Richard's nephews thus presented itself to Shakspeare:—

"And forasmuch as his mind gave him that, his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen might end his cause and make him kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Green, whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert in any wise should put the two

children to death. This John Green did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before Our Lady in the Tower; who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With the which answer Green returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at



my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the palet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse: meaning by this James Tyrrel.

"James Tyrrel devised that they should be murdered in their beds, and no blood shed: to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow flesh bred in murder beforetime; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horsekeeper, a big, broad, square and strong knave. Then all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton about midnight, the sely children lying in their beds, came into the chamber, and suddenly lapped them up amongst the clothes, and so bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them; and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed; which after the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pangs of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid the bodies out upon the bed, and fetched James Tyrrel to see them; which when he saw them perfectly dead, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair

foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

"Then rode James Tyrrel in great haste to King Richard, and showed him all the manner of the murder; who gave him great thanks, and, as men say, there made him knight."

It forms no part of our duty to enter into the inquiry whether the narrative of More is supported by other authorities; nor, further, whether the bones which were found in the reign of Charles II. were those of the unfortunate princes. Tradition represents the event to have taken place in what is still called 'The Bloody Tower.' Upon these old legends little historical reliance can be placed; but they still belong to the province of poetry.

The remarkable scene (Scene 4) between Richard and the widow of Edward IV. has its foundation in the following narrative of Hall:—

"There came into his ungracious mind a thing not only detestable to be spoken of in the remembrance of man, but much more cruel and abominable to be put in execution: for when he resolved in his wavering mind how great a fountain of mischief toward him should spring if the Earl of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his niece, (which thing he heard say by the rumour of the people that no small number of wise and witty personages enterprised to compass and bring to



[Queen Elizabeth, Widow of Edward IV.]



conclusion,) he clearly determined to reconcile to his favour his brother's wife, Queen Elizabeth, either by fair words or liberal promises, firmly believing, her favour once obtained, that she would not stick to commit and lovingly credit to him the rule and governance both of her and her daughters; and so by that means the Earl of Richmond of the affinity of his niece should be utterly defrauded and beguiled. And if no ingenious remedy could be otherwise invented to save the innumerable mischiefs which were even at hand and like to fall, if it should happen Queen Anne his wife to depart out of this present world, then he himself would rather take to wife his cousin and niece the Lady Elizabeth, than for lack of that affinity the whole realm should run to ruin, as who said, that if he once fell from his estate and dignity the ruin of the realm must needs shortly ensue and follow. Wherefore he sent to the queen, being in sanctuary, divers and often messages, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against her attempted or procured, and after should so largely promise promotions innumerable and benefits, not only to her, but also to her son Lord Thomas Marquis Dorset, that they should bring her, if it were possible, into some wan-hope, or, as some men say, into a fool's paradise. The messengers, being men both of wit and gravity,

so persuaded the queen with great and pregnant reasons, then with fair and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent and to give to them no deaf ear, insomuch that she faithfully promised to submit and yield herself fully and frankly to the king's will and pleasure."

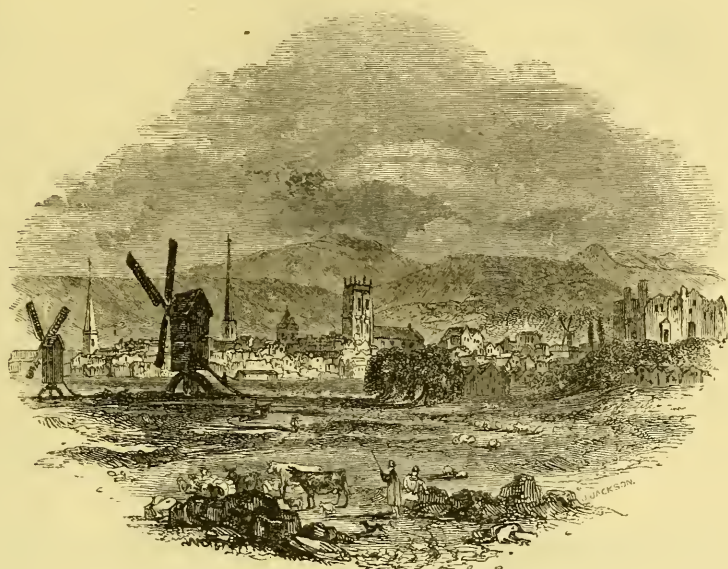
The suspicions of Richard increased as his dangers thickened around him. Hall says:—

"Amongst the noblemen whom he most mistrusted, these were the principal:—Thomas Lord Stanley, Sir William Stanley his brother, Gilbert Talbot, and vi hundred other, of whose purposes although King Richard were ignorant, yet he gave neither confidence nor credence to any one of them, and least of all to the Lord Stanley, because he was joined in matrimony with the Lady Margaret, mother to the Earl of Richmond, as afterward apparently ye may perceive. For when the said Lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his family, and to recreate and refresh his spirits (as he openly said), but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfect readiness to receive the Earl of Richmond at his first arrival in England, the king in no wise would suffer him to depart before that he had left as an hostage in the court George Stanley, Lord Strange, his first-begotten son and heir."

This appears the foundation of the spirited scene between Stanley and Richard.



[Lord Stanley.]



[Leicester.]

## ACT V.

## HISTORICAL.

THE execution of Buckingham is briefly detailed by the Chroniclers. They hasten on to the retribution which was preparing for Richard. "Tidings came that the Earl of Richmond was passed Severn, and come to Shrewsbury without any detriment or encumbrance. At which message he (Richard) was sore moved and broiled with melancholy and dolour; and cried out, asking vengeance of them that contrary to their oath and promise had fraudulently deceived him." But with his wonted energy "he determined himself out of hand the same day to occur and resist his adversaries." He was then "keeping his house in the castle of Nottingham." The Chronicler proceeds: "Then he, environed with his satellites and yeomen of the crown, with a frowning countenance and truculent aspect, mounted on a great white courser, followed with his footmen, the wings of horsemen coasting and ranging on every side. And keeping this array, he with great pomp entered the town of Leicester after the sunset." At Leicester Richard

slept at a house which still remains. Hutton, in his 'Battle of Bosworth Field,' thus describes the old house and its appurtenances:—"In the Northgate Street yet stands a large handsome half-timber house, with one story projecting over the other, formerly an inn, the *Blue Boar*; hence an adjoining street derived its name, now corrupted into *Blubber-lane*. In one of the apartments Richard rested that night. The room seems to have been once elegant, though now in disuse. He brought his own bedstead, of wood, large, and in some places gilt. It continued there 200 years after he left the place, and its remains are now in the possession of Alderman Drake. It had a wooden bottom, and under that a false one, of the same materials, like a floor and its under ceiling. Between these two bottoms was concealed a quantity of gold coin, worth about 300*l.* of our present money, but then worth many times that sum. Thus he personally watched his treasure, and slept on his military chest."



[Old Blue Boar Inn at Leicester.]

"The Earl of Richmond," says the Chronicler, "raised his camp, and departed from Lichfield to the town of Tamworth." Shakspeare carefully follows the localities of the historians:—

"This foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march."

We continue the narrative of Hall:—

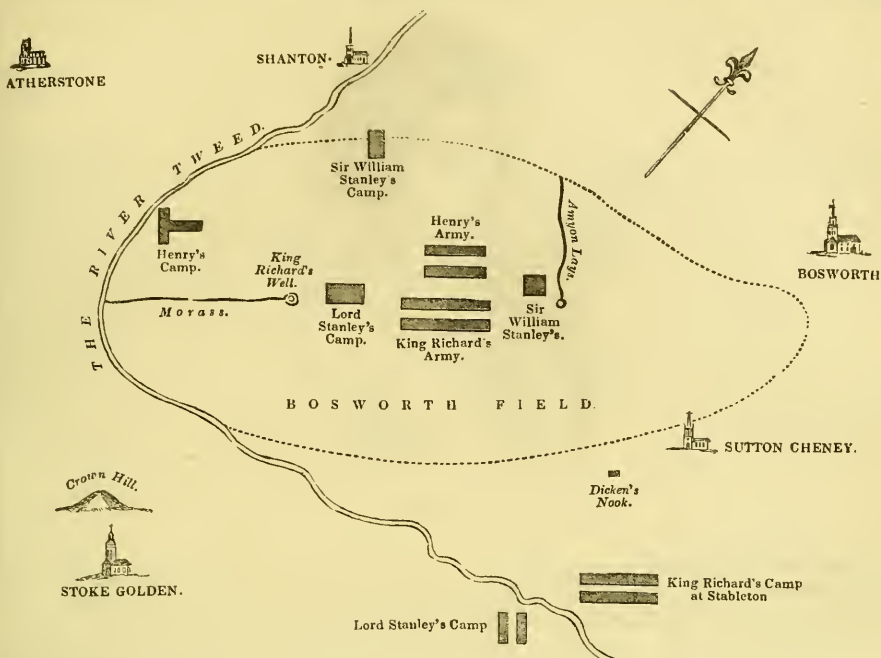
"In the mean season King Richard (which was appointed now to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate merits and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter, by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and hauled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful

and busy imaginations; for incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. And lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and terrible dream."

The plan of the battle is minutely detailed in the narratives; and Shakspeare has availed himself with wonderful accuracy and spirit of the circumstances attending the disposition of the field. As a matter of curiosity we subjoin a plan copied from Nichols' 'Leicestershire.'

According to the usual practice of the Chroniclers they give us long orations, by the respective leaders, previous to the battle being joined. Shakspeare has availed himself of some of the most prominent parts of these apparently fictitious compositions. The legend of 'Jocky of Norfolk' is told thus by Hall:—"Of the nobility were slain John Duke of Norfolk, which was warned by divers to refrain from the





field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king one wrote on his gate,

“ ‘ Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,  
For Dykon, thy master, is bought and sold.’ ”

The battle and the victory are thus described by Hall with the accustomed spirit of these old masters of our language :—

“ He had scanty finished his saying but the one army espied the other. Lord ! how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms ! how quickly the archers bent their bows and frushed their feathers ! how readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves ! ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death. Between both armies there was a great morass, which the Earl of Richmond left on his right hand, for this intent, that it should be on that side a defence for his part ; and in so doing he had the sun at his back and in the faces of his enemies. When King Richard saw the earl's company was passed the morass, he commanded with all haste to set upon them ; then the trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows : the earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them

home again. The terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared ; at which encounter the Lord Stanley joined with the earl. The Earl of Oxford in the mean season, fearing lest while his company was fighting they should be compassed and circumvented with the multitude of his enemies, gave commandment in every rank that no man should be so hardy as go above ten foot from the standard ; which commandment once known, they knit themselves together, and ceased a little from fighting. The adversaries, suddenly abashed at the matter, and mistrusting some fraud or deceit, began also to pause, and left striking, and not against the wills of many, which had liefer had the king destroyed than saved, and therefore they fought very faintly or stood still. The Earl of Oxford, bringing all his band together on the one part, set on his enemies freshly. Again, the adversaries perceiving that, placed their men slender and thin before, and thick and broad behind, beginning again hardily the battle. While the two forwards thus mortally fought, each intending to vanquish and convince the other, King Richard was admonished by his explorators and espials

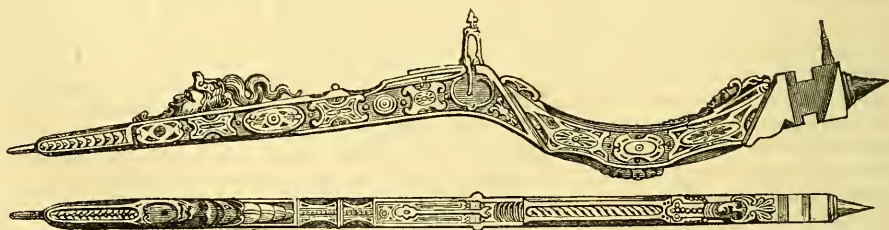




[Duke of Norfolk.]

that the Earl of Richmond, accompanied with a small number of men of arms, was not far off; and as he approached and marched toward him, he perfectly knew his personage by certain demonstrations and tokens which he had learnt and known of other; and being inflamed with ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his spurs to his horse and rode out of the side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest toward him. The Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiously coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope of his wealth and purpose was to be determined by battle, he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to body and man to man. King Richard set on so sharply at the first brunt that he overthrew the earl's standard and slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer, (which

was father to Sir Charles Brandon, by King Henry the Eighth created Duke of Suffolk,) and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheinye, a man of great force and strength, which would have resisted him, and the said John was by him manfully overthrown, and so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence and kept him at the sword's point without advantage longer than his companions other thought or judged; which, being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to succours with iii thousand tall men, at which very instant King Richard's men were driven back and fled, and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he worthily had deserved."



[Weapons found in Bosworth Field.]

## COSTUME.

THE Monk of Croyland informs us that "the new fashion" Edward IV. "chose for his last state dresses was to have very full hanging sleeves, like a monk's, lined with most sumptuous furs, and so rolled over his shoulders as to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur." This fashion was continued during the remainder of the century, and was not altogether abandoned in the reign of Henry VIII. By a sumptuary law enacted in the last year of Edward's reign, we find also that purple cloth of gold and silk of a purple colour were confined to the use of the royal family, while none under the degree of a duke might wear cloth of gold of tissue. Inferior noblemen were restricted to plain cloth of gold, knights to velvet, esquires to satin, &c. Short gowns and upper-dresses of various descriptions were worn at this time, with long sleeves, having an opening in front, through which the arm came, leaving the outer sleeve to hang as an ornament from the shoulder. Feathers became more frequent towards the close of this reign, one or more being worn in the cap, behind, and jewelled up the stem. The hair was worn in large square masses on each side of the head, and low on the forehead.

There are two portraits of Richard III., painted on board, in the meeting room of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House. Both were bequeathed to the society by the late Mr. Kerrich. The first has been lithographed for the fifth volume of the 'Paston Letters.' It represents the king attired in a robe of cloth of gold over a close dress of scarlet, a black cap with a pearl ornament. His hair brown and long. His right hand is engaged in placing a ring upon, or drawing it off, the third finger of the left hand. In the other, Richard is portrayed with a short sword or dagger in his hand, dressed in a black robe, with sleeves of black and crimson, an under-dress of cloth of gold, and a small black cap. In the absence of any well-authenticated portrait or effigy of Richard these paintings are certainly very interesting, as there can be little doubt that they were executed during or immediately subsequent to his reign, and may therefore be presumed to convey a general idea of the style of person and dress, if

not an absolute likeness. In both he is represented as a hard-featured man, with rather a forbidding countenance, and certainly not bearing out the flattering description of the old Countess of Desmond, who had danced with him when Duke of Gloster, and is stated to have declared that he was the handsomest man in the room except his brother King Edward IV<sup>a</sup>. Sir Thomas More, however, says "his face was hard-favoured or warlike," which latter word Grafton renders "warlike;" and unless these pictures were painted purposely with the view of creating or confirming a popular prejudice, they may be considered as fully warranting the historian's description<sup>b</sup>.

Richard and the Duke of Buckingham were both remarkable for their love of finery. A list of the king's dresses exists amongst the Harleian MSS. (No. 433, p. 126), which was sent by Richard himself from York to the keeper of his wardrobe in London, August 31st, 1483; and in 'The Antiquarian Repertory' is published a wardrobe account of the first year of his reign, in which there is a detailed description of the magnificent dresses worn by the king, queen, and court, at the coronation. On the day preceding that gorgeous ceremony the Duke of Buckingham, in the royal progress through the city, rode a courser caparisoned with blue velvet, embroidered with axles or wheels in gold (a badge of the Stafford family), the trappings being held out by pages for the better display of them<sup>c</sup>.

In the Warwick Roll is a figure of Richard in armour, and surrounded by the crests of France, England, Ireland, Gascony, and Wales; the latter being a greyhound in a cradle—a curious allusion to the well-known legend of 'Beth-Gellert.' In the same most interesting docu-

<sup>a</sup> Walpole's 'Hist. Doubts,' p. 102.

<sup>b</sup> It is said by Polydore Virgil that Richard had a trick of fidgeting with his dagger, continually half drawing and sheathing it again, while in conversation. One might imagine the painter of the second picture had intended to represent this peculiarity. The opinion of Mr. Sharon Turner also, that this habit was but "the mark of a restless impatience of spirit which would not let even the fingers be quiet," is singularly supported by the first portrait, in which Richard appears to be playing in the same manner with his ring by drawing it off and on his finger.

<sup>c</sup> Grafton's 'Chronicle.'

ment is a drawing of Richard's queen, Anne, which presents us with the peculiar head-dress characterising this period, namely, a cap or caul

representation previous to his ascending the throne.

Two portraits of John, the first Howard Duke of Norfolk, and one of his son the Earl of Surrey, are given in the privately-printed work, 'Memorials of the Howard Family,' a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.

Sir Thomas Vaughan lies buried in Westminster Abbey, and the brass plate on his tomb presents us with a good specimen of the armour



[John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk.]

of gold embroidery, covered by a veil of some very transparent material, stiffened out in the form of wings.

Of Henry Earl of Richmond we know no



[Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey.]

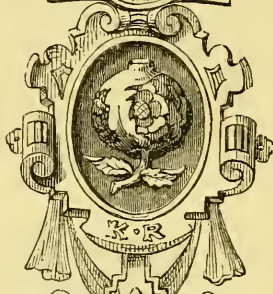
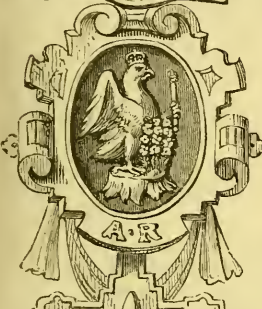
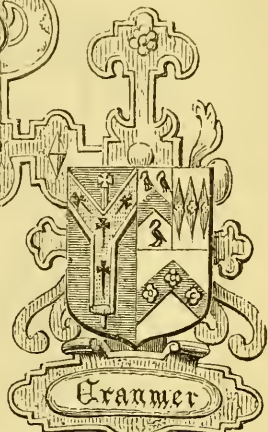
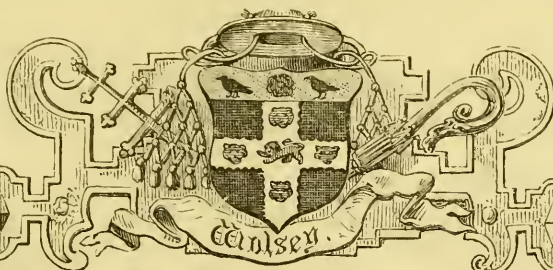


[Sir Thomas Vaughan.]

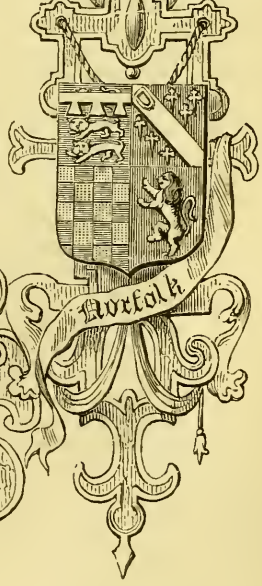
of this period, with its large pauldrons, elbow-plates, and genouillères. A portrait of Lord Stanley (as Earl of Derby) is to be found in Lodge's 'Series of Illustrious Personages.'

The livery colours of the Tudor family were white and green. One of the standards of Henry Earl of Richmond at Bosworth field was a red dragon upon white and green sarcenet. Another was a dun cow upon "yellow tarterne." Richard's armorial supporters were white boars. A white boar was also his favourite badge. In his letter from York he orders "four standards of sarcenet and thirteen gonfanons of fustian, with boars." Richard's favourite badge of cognizance was worn by the higher order of his partisans appendant to a collar of roses and suns.

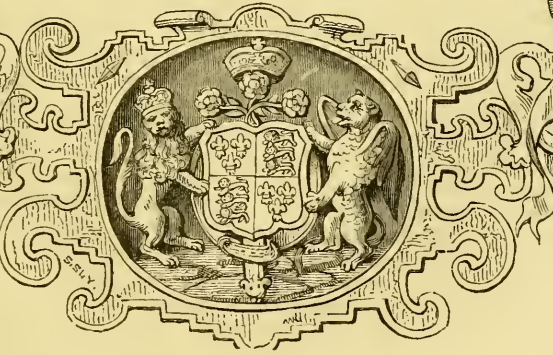




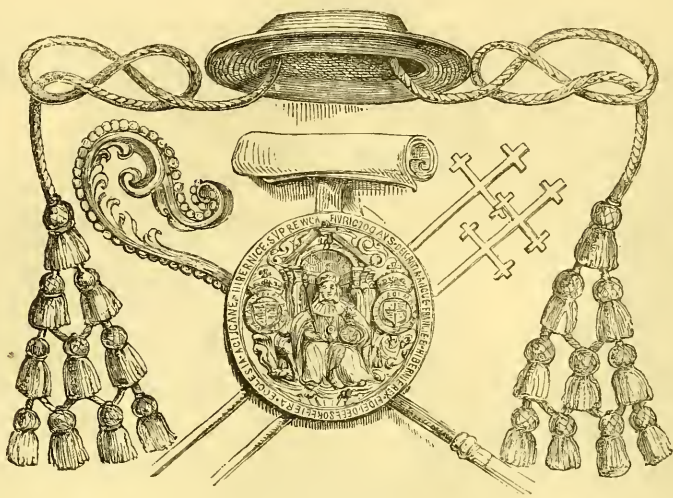
[Cardinal Wolsey.]



# KING HENRY VIII







[Cardinal's Hat, &c.]

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE famous 'History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth' was first published in the folio collection of Shakspeare's works in 1623. The text, taken as a whole, is singularly correct: it contains, no doubt, some few typographical errors, but certainly not so many as those which deform the ordinary reprints.

The date of the original production of this drama has been a subject of much discussion. The opinions in favour of its having been produced in the reign of Elizabeth are far more numerous than those which hold it to be a later production. But the accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 6th of July, 1613, gives a minute and graphic account of the fire at the Globe in that year:—"Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bank-side. The king's players had a *new play*, called *All is True*, representing some *principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garter, the

guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale." Here, then, is a *new play* described, "representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII.;" and further, the passage of Shakspeare's play in which the "chambers" are discharged, being the "entry" of the king to the "mask at the cardinal's house," is the

same to the letter. But the title which Sir Henry Wotton gives the *new play* is '*All is True*.' Other persons call the play so represented 'Henry VIII.' Howes, in his continuation of Stow's 'Chronicle,' so calls it. He writes some time after the destruction of the Globe, for he adds to his account of the fire, "and the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before." He speaks of the title of the play as a familiar thing:—"the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz., of Henry the Eighth." When Howes wrote, was the title '*All is True*' merged in the more obvious title derived from the subject of the play, and following the character of the titles of Shakspeare's other historical plays?

The commentators also hold that the Prologue was written by Ben Jonson, to allow him an occasion of sneering at Shakspeare's fools and battle-scenes. But we hold that the Prologue is a complete exposition of the *idea* of this drama. The Prologue is fastened upon Jonson, upon the theory that he wrote it after Shakspeare's retirement from the stage, when the old play was *revived* in his absence. We believe in the *one* piece of external evidence,—that a 'Henry VIII.' was produced in 1613, when the Globe was burned; that it was a *new play*; that it was then called '*All is True*;'—and that this title agrees with the idea upon which Shakspeare wrote the 'Henry VIII.' Those who believe that it was written in the time of Elizabeth have to reject this one piece of *external* evidence. We further believe, from the *internal* evidence, that the play, as it stands, was written in the time of James I., and that we have received it in its original form. Those who assert the contrary have to resort to the hypothesis of interpolation; and, further, have to explain how many things which are, to a plain understanding, inconsistent with their theory, may be interpreted, by great ingenuity, to be consistent. We believe that Shakspeare, amongst his latest dramas, constructed an historical drama to complete his great series,—one that was agreeable to the tone of his mind after his fiftieth year:—

"Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe."

Those who take the opposite view hold that the chief object of the poet was to produce something which might be acceptable to Queen Elizabeth. Our belief is the obvious one; the contrary belief may be the more ingenious.

Shakspeare has in this play closed his great series of 'Chronicle Histories.' This last of them was to be "sad, high, and working." It has laid bare the hollowness of worldly glory; it has shown the heavy "load" of "too much honour." It has given us a picture of the times which succeeded the feudal strifes of the other 'Histories.' Were they better times? To the mind of the poet the age of corruption was as "sad" as the age of force. The one tyrant rides over the obligations of justice, wielding a power more terrible than that of the sword. The poet's consolation is to be found in the prophetic views of the future.

We have a few words to add on the style of this drama. It is remarkable for the elliptical construction of many of the sentences, and for an occasional peculiarity in the versification, which is not found in any other of Shakspeare's works.

A theory has been set up that Jonson "tampered" with the versification. We hold this notion to be utterly untenable; for there is no play of Shakspeare's which has a more decided character of unity, no one from which any passage could be less easily struck out. We believe that Shakspeare worked in this particular upon a principle of art which he had proposed to himself to adhere to, wherever the nature of the scene would allow. The elliptical construction, and the licence of versification, brought the dialogue, whenever the speaker was not necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of common life. Of all his historical plays, the 'Henry VIII.' is the nearest in its story to his own times. It professed to be a "truth." It belongs to his own country. It has no poetical indistinctness about it, either of time or place: all is defined. If the diction and the versification had been more artificial, it would have been less a reality.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

### KING HENRY VIII.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

### CARDINAL WOLSEY.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4.

Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.

### CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

CAPUCIUS, *ambassador from the Emperor*

Charles V.

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

CRANMER, *archbishop of Canterbury.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

### DUKE OF NORFOLK.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

### DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1.

### DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

### EARL OF SURREY.

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.

### Lord Chamberlain.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

### Lord Chancellor.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.

GARDINER, *bishop of Winchester.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

### BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4.

### LORD ABERGAVENNY.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

### LORD SANDS.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1.

### SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4.

### SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1.

Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

### SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.

### SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 1.

### Secretaries to Wolsey.

*Appear*, Act I. sc. 1.

### CROMWELL, *servant to Wolsey.*

*Appears*, Act III. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 2.

### GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2.

### Three Gentlemen.

*Appear*, Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

### DOCTOR BUTTS, *physician to the King.*

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.

### Garter King at Arms.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 3.

### Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2.

### BRANDON.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

### A Sergeant at Arms.

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 1.

### Door-Keeper of the Council Chamber.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 2.

### Porter, and his Man.

*Appear*, Act V. sc. 3.

### Page to Gardiner.

*Appears*, Act V. sc. 1.

### A Crier.

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 4.

### QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 2.

### ANNE BULLEN, *maid of honour to Queen Katharine, and afterwards Queen.*

*Appears*, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 3.

### An old Lady, *friend to Anne Bullen.*

*Appears*, Act II. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

### PATIENCE, *woman to Queen Katharine.*

*Appears*, Act IV. sc. 2.

*Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—CHIEFLY IN LONDON AND WESTMINSTER; ONCE, AT KIMBOLTON.

## PROLOGUE.

---

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,  
Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
(To make that only true we now intend,)  
I will leave us never an understanding friend.  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make you : Think, ye see  
The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living ; think, you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery !  
And if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.





[SCENE IV. *Presence Chamber in York Place.*]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY<sup>1</sup>.*

BUCK. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done  
Since last we saw in France?

NOR. I thank your grace:  
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

BUCK. An untimely ague

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Andren<sup>a</sup>.

NOR. Twixt Guynes and Arde:  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement as they grew together;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one?

BUCK. All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

NOR. Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,  
Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,  
All clinquant<sup>b</sup>, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain, India: every man that stood  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting: Now this mask  
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them; him in eye  
Still him in praise: and, being present both,  
'T was said they saw but one; and no discernor  
Durst wag his tongue in censure<sup>c</sup>. When these suns  
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,  
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That Bevis was believ'd.

BUCK. O, you go far.

NOR. As I belong to worship, and affect

<sup>a</sup> *Andren*. So the original; so the Chroniclers. But the modern editors write "the vale of Arde." *Arde*, or *Ardres*, is the town, which in the next line is spelt *Arde* in the original. *Andren*, or *Ardren*, is the village near the place of meeting.

<sup>b</sup> *Clinquant*—bright with glistening ornaments.

<sup>c</sup> *Censure*—not in dispraise—but in comparative judgment.

In honour honesty, the tract of everything  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to.

BUCK. All was royal;  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,  
Order gave each thing view; the office did  
Distinctly his full function<sup>a</sup>. Who did guide?  
I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together?

NOR. As you guess:  
One, certes, that promises no element<sup>b</sup>  
In such a business.

BUCK. I pray you, who, my lord?

NOR. All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

BUCK. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder  
That such a keech<sup>c</sup> can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

NOR. Surely, sir,  
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied  
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web,—O! give us note!—  
The force of his own merit makes his way

<sup>a</sup> It is usual, contrary to the original, to give to Norfolk the sentence beginning "All was royal," and then make Buckingham ask the question, "Who did guide?" &c. Theobald made the change, and Warburton says it was improperly given to Buckingham, "for he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity." But what *information* does he communicate? After the eloquent description by Norfolk of the various shows of the pageant, he makes a *general observation* that "order" must have presided over these complicated arrangements—"gave each thing view." He then asks, "Who did guide?"—who made the body and the limbs work together? Norfolk then answers, "As you guess;"—(which words have been transferred to Buckingham by the revisers of the text)—according to your guess, *one* did guide:—"one, certes," &c.

<sup>b</sup> *Element*—constituent quality of mind. Thus in 'Twelfth Night' (Act III., Scene 4) Malvolio says, "Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your *element*."

<sup>c</sup> *Keech*. Steevens thinks this term has a peculiar application to Wolsey, as the son of a butcher;—as a butcher's wife is called in 'Henry IV., Part II.,' "Goody Keech." But Falstaff, in the First Part, is called by Prince Henry "a greasy tallow keech." A "keech" is a lump of fat; and it appears to us that Buckingham here denounces Wolsey, not as a butcher's son, but as an overgrown bloated favourite, that

"can with his very *bulk*  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun."

A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king <sup>a</sup>.

ABER. I cannot tell  
What Heaven hath given him, let some graver eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

BUCK. Why the devil,  
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file  
Of all the gentry; for the most part such  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon <sup>b</sup>: and his own letter  
(The honourable board of council out)  
Must fetch him in he papers <sup>c</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> This passage has been corrupted by the modern editors, and, as we think, misunderstood. It is ordinarily printed thus:—

“ spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, *he gives us note*,  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that Heaven gives for him,” &c.

“*O! give us note*,” the original reading, is one of Shakspeare's happy parentheses to break a long sentence, and meaning only, *mark what I say*. The whole speech is intended to render the ironical close emphatic. Wolsey is without ancestry, without the credit of great service, without eminent assistants; but, spider-like, deriving everything from himself, the force of his own self-sustained merit *makes his way*—his course—his good fortune—a gift from Heaven, which buys, &c. If we were to receive the passage in the sense of the revisers of the text, we ought to read “his own merit makes *its way*.” To “make way,” in Shakspeare, is to go away, as in ‘The Taming of the Shrew:’—

“ While I *make way* from hence to save my life.”

To *make way*, in the colloquial sense of *to get on in the world*, is, we think, a forced and unauthorised meaning of the words before us. That Wolsey should *give note* that he made his way only by his own merit would have been utterly at variance with the stately pomp and haughtiness of his ambition.

<sup>b</sup> This is ordinarily read,

“ for the most part such,  
*Too*, whom,” &c.

To, the preposition of the original, appeared to the editors a redundancy, because we have “lay upon.” But if *lay upon* has not here the force of a compound verb, examples of redundant prepositions are most common in Shakspeare; for example, in ‘Coriolanus:’—

“ In what commodity is Marcius poor *in* ? ”

The feeble expletive *too*, with its unmetrical pause, appears to us a corruption, though unnoticed altogether by the editors.

<sup>c</sup> The construction of this passage is difficult; the meaning is in Holinshed:—“The peers of the realm, receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessary cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand, without consent of the whole board of the council.” In Wolsey's letter the “board of council” was “out”—omitted; the letter alone “must fetch *him* in [whom] *he papers*”



- ABER. I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.
- BUCK. O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them  
For this great journey. What did this vanity,  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?
- NOR. Grievingly I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.
- BUCK. Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on 't.
- NOR. Which is budded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
- ABER. Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenc'd?
- NOR. Marry, is 't.
- ABER. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate!
- BUCK. Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.
- NOR. 'Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together: to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power: You know his nature,  
That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and 't may be said,  
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,

—whom he sets down in the paper. Ben Jonson, in his 'English Grammar,' gives examples of a similar "want of the relative," adding, "in Greek and Latin this want were barbarous." Amongst other instances he has the passage of the 118th Psalm—"the stone the builders refused"—a parallel case with the sentence before us.

You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and Two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

WOL. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?  
Where 's his examination?

I SECR. Here, so please you.

WOL. Is he in person ready?

I SECR. Ay, please your grace.

WOL. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look.

*[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.]*

BUCK. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Out-worths a noble's blood.

NOR. What, are you chaf'd?  
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only  
Which your disease requires.

BUCK. I read in his looks  
Matter against me; and his eye revild  
Me, as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores<sup>a</sup> me with some trick: He 's gone to the king;  
I 'll follow, and out-stare him.

NOR. Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 't is you go about: To climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like  
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you: be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

BUCK. I 'll to the king:  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim  
There 's difference in no persons.

NOR. Be advis'd.  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,  
By violent swiftmess, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not

<sup>a</sup> Bores—wounds—thrusts. So in the 'Winter's Tale:' "Now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast."

The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,  
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:  
 I say again, there is no English soul  
 More stronger to direct you than yourself;  
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

BUCK. Sir,  
 I am thankful to you; and I'll go along  
 By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,  
 (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
 From sincere motions<sup>a</sup>.) by intelligence,  
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

NOR. Say not treasonous.

BUCK. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong  
 As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
 Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous  
 As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,  
 As able to perform it: his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),  
 Only to show his pomp as well in France  
 As here at home, suggests<sup>b</sup> the king our master  
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i' the rinsing<sup>c</sup>.

NOR. 'Faith, and so it did.

BUCK. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal  
 The articles o' the combination drew  
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,  
 As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,  
 As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal  
 Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,  
 (For 't was, indeed, his colour; but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:  
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
 England and France might, through their amity,  
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

<sup>a</sup> *Motions*—impulses.

<sup>b</sup> *Suggests*—excites.

<sup>c</sup> *Rinsing*—in the original *wrenching*.

Peep'd harms that menac'd him ; He privily  
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—  
 Which I do well ; for I am sure the emperor  
 Paid ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted  
 Ere it was ask'd ;—but when the way was made,  
 And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,  
 That he would please to alter the king's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
 (As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

NOR. I am sorry  
 To hear this of him ; and could wish he were  
 Something mistaken<sup>a</sup> in 't.

BUCK. No, not a syllable ;  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape  
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Sergeant-at-Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

BRAN. Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

SERG. Sir,  
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl  
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
 Of our most sovereign king.

BUCK. Lo you, my lord,  
 The net has fallen upon me ; I shall perish  
 Under device and practice<sup>b</sup>.

BRAN. I am sorry  
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
 The business present : 'T is his highness' pleasure,  
 You shall to the Tower.

BUCK. It will help me nothing  
 To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,  
 Which makes my whitest part black. The will of Heaven  
 Be done in this and all things !—I obey.—  
 O my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

BRAN. Nay, he must bear you company :—The king  
 Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know  
 How he determines further.

ABER. As the duke said,

<sup>a</sup> *Mistaken*—misapprehended.

<sup>b</sup> *Practice*—artifice. So in 'Othello':—

“ Fallen in the *practice* of a cursed slave.”



The will of Heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

BRAN. Here is a warrant from  
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car<sup>a</sup>,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

BUCK. So, so;  
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

BRAN. A monk o' the Chartreux.

BUCK. O, Michael Hopkins<sup>b</sup>?

BRAN. He.

BUCK. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By dark'ning my clear sun<sup>c</sup>.—My lords, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Council-Chamber.*

*Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The KING enters, leaning on the CARDINAL's shoulder.*

K. HEN. My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us

<sup>a</sup> *John de la Car*—the name of the original and of the 'Chronicles;' but ordinarily printed John de la Court.

<sup>b</sup> *Michael Hopkins*. So the original. The same person—the "Chartreux friar"—is in the next scene called by "the Surveyor" *Nicholas Henton*: in both these passages the name is changed by the modern editors to *Nicholas Hopkins*. Some confusion is probably saved by this; but we also think that the poet might intend Buckingham to give the *Nicholas Hopkins* of the 'Chronicles' a wrong Christian-name in his precipitation; and that the Surveyor might call him by his more formal surname, *Nicholas Henton*—*Nicholas of Henton*—to which convent he belonged. With this explanation we retain the original text, in both cases.

<sup>c</sup> This passage is not easy to be understood. Is the comparison a single or a double one? Douce says it is *double*: "Buckingham is first made to say that he is but a shadow; in other terms, a dead man. He then adverts to the *sudden* cloud of misfortune that overwhelms him, and, like a shadow, obscures his prosperity." Johnson treats the comparison as *single*: "I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, whose post and dignity is assumed by the cardinal that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place by darkening my clear sun." Offering another explanation, Johnson would read *puts out*; and Steevens inclines to *pouts on*. We think the comparison is *continuous*, though not exactly single: I am the shadow of poor Buckingham—Buckingham is no longer a reality—but *even* this figure of himself is absorbed, annihilated, by the instant cloud. The metaphor, however, forgets that

"the shadow proves the substance true."

That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify;  
And point by point the treasours of his master  
He shall again relate.

*The KING takes his State. The LORDS of the Council take their several places.  
The CARDINAL places himself under the KING's feet, on his right side.*

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen! Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the  
DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his  
State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. KATH. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. HEN. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit  
Never name to us; you have half our power;  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. KATH. Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and, in that love,  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

K. HEN. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. KATH. I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions  
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,  
(Whose honour Heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not  
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

NOR. Not almost appears,  
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And Danger serves among them<sup>a</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> Danger is often personified by our old poets.

K. HEN. Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

WOL. Please you, sir,  
I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file<sup>a</sup>  
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. KATH. No, my lord,  
You know no more than others: but you frame  
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say  
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

K. HEN. Still exaction!  
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction?

Q. KATH. I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths;  
Tongues spit their duties out; and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; their curses now  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,  
This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer baseness<sup>b</sup>.

K. HEN. By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

WOL. And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but

<sup>a</sup> Johnson explains this—"I am but first in the row of counsellors." But Wolsey disclaims any priority. He uses *front* as a verb;—he *faces* in that file, &c.

<sup>b</sup> *Baseness*. So the original; Warburton changed it to *business*, which is the ordinary reading, —and a much feeblere one.

By learned approbation of the judges. If I am <sup>a</sup>  
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say  
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters, once <sup>b</sup> weak ones, is  
 Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
 State statues only.

K. HEN. Things done well,  
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
 Things done without example, in their issue  
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
 Of this commission? I believe not any.  
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take  
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;  
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd  
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied  
 The force of this commission: Pray, look to 't;  
 I put it to your care.

WO. L. A word with you. [To the Secretary.]

Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,  
 That through our intercession this revokement  
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you  
 Further in the proceeding.

[Exit Secretary.]

<sup>a</sup> To avoid the Alexandrine in this line Steevens leaves out "ignorant" in the next; and so we get a text.

<sup>b</sup> Once is here used in the sense of *sometimes*.



*Enter Surveyor.*

Q. KATH. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

K. HEN. It grieves many :  
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,  
To nature none more bound ; his training such  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear  
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices ; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

WOL. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. HEN. Speak freely.

SURV. First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, That if the king  
Should without issue die, he 'd carry it so  
To make the sceptre his : These very words  
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Abergany ; to whom by oath he menac'd  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

WOL. Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. KATH. My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

K. HEN. Speak on :  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught ?

SURV. He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton <sup>a</sup>.

K. HEN. What was that Henton?

SURV. Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

K. HEN. How know'st thou this?

SURV. Not long before your highness sped to France,  
The duke, being at the Rose, within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey: I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'T was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,  
'T would prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk: "that oft," says he,  
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after under the confession's seal <sup>b</sup>  
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,  
My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued—Neither the king, nor his heirs,  
(Tell you the duke,) shall prosper: bid him strive  
To gain <sup>c</sup> the love of the commonalty; the duke  
Shall govern England."

Q. KATH. If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. HEN. Let him on:—  
Go forward.

SURV. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dangerous for him <sup>d</sup>  
To ruminate on this so far, until

<sup>a</sup> See Note b, p. 442.

<sup>b</sup> *The confession's seal*. In the original "the commission's seal"—evidently a mistake. The monk, according to Holinshed, bound the chaplain "under the seal of confession."

<sup>c</sup> *Gain* is not in the original. It was first inserted in the fourth folio.

<sup>d</sup> *For him*. In the original *for this*.

It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do: He answer'd, "Tush!  
It can do me no damage:" adding further,  
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

K. HEN. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!  
There's mischief in this man: Canst thou say further?

SURV. I can, my liege.

K. HEN. Proceed.

SURV. Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reprov'd the duke  
About sir William Blomer,—

K. HEN. I remember of such a time—Being my sworn servant,  
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

SURV. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,  
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him."

K. HEN. A giant traitor!

WOL. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,  
And this man out of prison?

Q. KATH. God mend all!

K. HEN. There's something more would out of thee? what say'st?

SURV. After—"the duke his father,"—with "the knife,"—  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor  
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. HEN. There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;  
Call him to present trial: if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,  
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,  
He's traitor to the height.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.**Enter the Lord Chamberlain and LORD SANDS.*

CHAM. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries<sup>a</sup>?

SANDS. New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

CHAM. As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;  
For when they hold them, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

SANDS. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,  
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,  
A springhalt reign'd among them.

CHAM. Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How now?  
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

LOV. 'Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

CHAM. What is 't for?

LOV. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

CHAM. I am glad 't is there; now I would pray our monsieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

LOV. They must either  
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
Of fool, and feather<sup>2</sup>, that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,

<sup>a</sup> *Mysteries*—artificial fashions.



Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men ;  
Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.  
SANDS. 'T is time to give them physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

CHAM. What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities !

LOV. Ay, marry,  
There will be woe, indeed, lords ; the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;  
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

SANDS. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad they are going ;  
(For, sure, there 's no converting of them ;) now,  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,  
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by 'r lady,  
Held current music too.

CHAM. Well said, lord Sands ;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

SANDS. No, my lord ;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

CHAM. Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a-going ?

LOV. To the cardinal's ;  
Your lordship is a guest too.

CHAM. O, 't is true :  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies ; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.

LOV. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;  
His dews fall everywhere.

CHAM. No doubt he 's noble ;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

SANDS. He may, my lord ; he has wherewithal ; in him,  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They are set here for examples.

CHAM. True, they are so ;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;  
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

SANDS.

I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.*

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

GUILD. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy<sup>a</sup>, has brought with her  
One care abroad: he would have all as merry  
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people. O, my lord, you are tardy;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

CHAM. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

SANDS. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think would better please them: By my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

LOV. O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these!

SANDS. I would I were;  
They should find easy penance.

LOV. 'Faith, how easy?

SANDS. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

CHAM. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:  
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;  
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—  
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

SANDS. By my faith,

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and another lady.*]

<sup>a</sup> So Spenser ('Shepherd's Calendar'):

"A lovely bevy of fair ladies sat."

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

ANNE. Was he mad, sir ?

SANDS. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :

But he would bite none ; just as I do now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

CHAM. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

SANDS. For my little cure,

Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, attended ; and takes his state.*

WOL. You are welcome, my fair guests ; that noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,

Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;

And to you all good health.

[*Drinks.*]

SANDS. Your grace is noble :—

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

WOL. My lord Sands,

I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.

Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,

Whose fault is this ?

SANDS. The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have them

Talk us to silence.

ANNE. You are a merry gamester,

My lord Sands.

SANDS. Yes, if I make my play.

Here 's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,

For 't is to such a thing,—

ANNE. You cannot show me.

SANDS. I told your grace they would talk anon. [*Drum and trumpets within :*

*Chambers discharged*<sup>a</sup>.

WOL. What 's that ?

CHAM. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

WOL. What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;

By all the laws of war ye are privileg'd.

<sup>a</sup> See Introductory Notice.

*Re-enter Servant.*

CHAM. How now? what is 't?

SERV. A noble troop of strangers;  
For so they seem; they have left their barge, and landed;  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

WOL. Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;  
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

*[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more,

I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING, and twelve others, as maskers, habited like shepherds, with sixteen torchbearers; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

CHAM. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd  
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

WOL. Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them  
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

*[Ladies chosen for the dance. The KING chooses ANNE BULLEN.]*

K. HEN. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee.

*[Music. Dance.]*

WOL. My lord.

CHAM. Your grace?

WOL. Pray, tell them thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst them, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

CHAM. I will, my lord.

*[Chamberlain goes to the company, and returns.]*



WOL. What say they?

CHAM. Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

WOL. Let me see then.— [*Comes from his state.*  
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I 'll make  
My royal choice.

K. HEN. You have found him, cardinal: [*Unmasking.*  
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:  
You are a churchman, or I 'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.

WOL. I am glad  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. HEN. My lord chamberlain,  
Prithee, come hither: What fair lady 's that?

CHAM. An 't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,  
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. HEN. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out,  
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,  
Let it go round.

WOL. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber?

LOV. Yes, my lord.

WOL. Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. HEN. I fear, too much.

WOL. There 's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

K. HEN. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,  
I must not yet forsake you:—Let 's be merry;—  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure  
To lead them once again; and then let 's dream  
Who 's best in favour.—Let the music knock it. [*Exeunt with trumpets.*



[SCENE I. "*The duke is coming.*"]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 GENT. Whither away so fast?

2 GENT. O,—God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 GENT. I 'll save you  
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

- 2 GENT. Were you there?
- 1 GENT. Yes, indeed, was I.
- 2 GENT. Pray speak what has happen'd<sup>a</sup>.
- 1 GENT. You may guess quickly what.
- 2 GENT. Is he found guilty?
- 1 GENT. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
- 2 GENT. I am sorry for 't.
- 1 GENT. So are a number more.
- 2 GENT. But, pray, how pass'd it?
- 1 GENT. I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
 Came to the bar; where to his accusations  
 He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd  
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
 The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
 Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
 Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd  
 To have<sup>b</sup> brought *vid voce*, to his face:  
 At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;  
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,  
 Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,  
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.
- 2 GENT. That was he  
 That fed him with his prophecies?
- 1 GENT. The same.  
 All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain  
 Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:  
 And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all  
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
- 2 GENT. After all this, how did he bear himself?
- 1 GENT. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear  
 His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd  
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
 And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:  
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
- 2 GENT. I do not think he fears death.
- 1 GENT. Sure, he does not.  
 He never was so womanish; the cause  
 He may a little grieve at.
- 2 GENT. Certainly  
 The cardinal is the end of this.

<sup>a</sup> This is usually pointed thus:—"Pray, speak, what has happened?"

<sup>b</sup> In the original, "to him brought."

- 1 GENT. "T is likely,  
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainer,  
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.
- 2 GENT. That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.
- 1 GENT. At his return,  
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally, whoever the king favours,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment<sup>a</sup>,  
And far enough from court too.
- 2 GENT. All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much  
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.*

- 1 GENT. Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.
- 2 GENT. Let 's stand close, and behold him.
- BUCK. All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die: Yet, Heaven bear witness,  
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:  
But those that sought it I could wish more christians:  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:  
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,

<sup>a</sup> There are many similar instances in Shakspeare of this construction;—*for* being here understood;—as in 'The Merchant of Venice':—

"How good a gentleman you sent relief" (*to*).



And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

LOV. I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

BUCK. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you  
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with : No black envy  
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace ;  
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,  
You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers  
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake <sup>a</sup>,  
Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !  
And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

LOV. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;  
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

VAUX. Prepare there,  
The duke is coming ; see the barge be ready ;  
And fit it with such furniture as suits  
The greatness of his person.

BUCK. Nay, sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither I was lord high constable,  
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :  
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;  
And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.  
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !

<sup>a</sup> Rowe here stuck in *me*—"till my soul forsake *me*." It is not difficult to see that Shakspeare had a different metaphysical notion from that of his editors: the *me* places the individuality in the body alone.

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father:  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service!  
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain:  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
 Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell:  
 And when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

- 1 GENT. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads  
 That were the authors.
- 2 GENT. If the duke be guiltless,  
 'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this.
- 1 GENT. Good angels keep it from us!  
 What may it be?<sup>a</sup> You do not doubt my faith, sir?
- 2 GENT. This secret is so weighty, 't will require  
 A strong faith to conceal it.
- 1 GENT. Let me have it;  
 I do not talk much.
- 2 GENT. I am confident;  
 You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear  
 A buzzing, of a separation  
 Between the king and Katherine?

<sup>a</sup> *What may it be?* All the modern editors, without any authority, read, "*where may it be?*"

1 GENT. Yes, but it held not :

For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2 GENT. But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now : for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her : To confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;  
As all think, for this business.

1 GENT. 'T is the cardinal ;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 GENT. I think you have hit the mark : But is 't not cruel  
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 GENT. 'T is woful.  
We are too open here to argue this ;  
Let 's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

CHAM. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome ; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king ; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them :  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

NOR. Well met, my lord chamberlain<sup>a</sup>.

CHAM. Good day to both your graces.

<sup>a</sup> *Good*—"my good lord chamberlain"—has been here thrust into the text.

SUF. How is the king employ'd ?

CHAM. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

NOR. What 's the cause ?

CHAM. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

SUF. No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

NOR. 'T is so :

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,

Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

SUF. Pray God he do ! he 'll never know himself else.

NOR. How holily he works in all his business !

And with what zeal ! For now he has crack'd the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew :

He dives into the king's soul ; and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,

Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage :

And out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce : a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre :

Of her that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with ; even of her

That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls

Will bless the king : And is not this course pious ?

CHAM. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'T is most true

These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for 't : All that dare

Look into these affairs see this main end,—

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon

This bold bad man.

SUF. And free us from his slavery.

NOR. We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance ;

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages : all men's honours

Lie like<sup>a</sup> one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please.

SUF. For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him ; there 's my creed :

<sup>a</sup> In the same way *like* has been changed into *in*—"in one lump."



As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,  
 If the king please; his curses and his blessings  
 Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.  
 I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him  
 To him that made him proud, the pope.

NOR. Let 's in;  
 And, with some other business, put the king  
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:  
 My lord, you 'll bear us company?

CHAM. Excuse me;  
 The king hath sent me other-where: besides,  
 You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:  
 Health to your lordships.

NOR. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The KING is discovered sitting, and reading pensively*<sup>a</sup>.

SUF. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. HEN. Who is there? ha?

NOR. 'Pray God he be not angry.

K. HEN. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves  
 Into my private meditations?  
 Who am I? ha?

NOR. A gracious king, that pardons all offences  
 Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,  
 Is business of estate; in which, we come  
 To know your royal pleasure.

K. HEN. Ye are too bold;  
 Go to; I 'll make ye know your times of business:  
 Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal?—O, my Wolsey,  
 The quiet of my wounded conscience,  
 Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You 're welcome,  
 Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;  
 Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care  
 I be not found a talker.

[To CAMPEIUS.]

[To WOLSEY.]

WOL. Sir, you cannot.  
 I would your grace would give us but an hour  
 Of private conference.

<sup>a</sup> The old stage-direction is, "The king *draws the curtain*, and sits reading pensively." See Note on the construction of the ancient stage, 'Othello,' Act V., Illustration.

K. HEN. We are busy ; go.

[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

NOR. This priest has no pride in him?

SUF. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his place :

But this cannot continue.

NOR. If it do,

I 'll venture one ;—have at him <sup>a</sup>.

SUF. I another.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

WOL. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :

Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices <sup>b</sup>—Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius ;

Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. HEN. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

CAM. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble : To your highness' hand

I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,

(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. HEN. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted,

Forthwith, for what you come :—Where 's Gardiner ?

WOL. I know your majesty has always lov'd her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that

A woman of less place might ask by law,

Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. HEN. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour

To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,

<sup>a</sup> This is ordinarily printed, "I 'll venture one have at him." *Have at you*, as Douce properly says, is a common phrase ; and it is used in two other passages of this play. But in following the old punctuation it is not less a common phrase. It appears to us that Norfolk means by "I 'll venture one"—"I 'll risk myself ; and that Suffolk is ready to encounter the same danger—"I *another*." Steevens reads, "I 'll venture one *have* at him"—a metaphor of the wharfs.

<sup>b</sup> By a great freedom of construction the verb *sent* applies to this first member of the sentence, as well as to the second.

Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;  
I find him a fit fellow.

[*Exit* WOLSEY.

*Re-enter* WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

WOL. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;  
You are the king's now.

GARD. But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

[*Aside.*

K. HEN. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*

CAM. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

WOL. Yes, he was.

CAM. Was he not held a learned man?

WOL. Yes, surely.

CAM. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then  
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

WOL. How! of me?

CAM. They will not stick to say you envied him;  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad, and died.

WOL. Heaven's peace be with him!

That 's christian care enough: for living murmurers

There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;

For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. HEN. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER.

The most convenient place that I can think of,

For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars;

There ye shall meet about this weighty business:

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,

Would it not grieve an able man, to leave

So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—

O, 't is a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter* ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.

ANNE. Not for that neither:—Here 's the pang that pinches:  
His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
 Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,  
 She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after  
 So many courses of the sun enthron'd,  
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—  
 The which to leave <sup>a</sup> a thousand-fold more bitter  
 Than 't is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process <sup>b</sup>,  
 To give her the avaunt! it is a pity  
 Would move a monster.

OLD L.                               Hearts of most hard temper  
 Melt and lament for her.

ANNE.                               O, God's will! much better  
 She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,  
 Yet, if that quarrel<sup>c</sup>, fortune, do divorce  
 It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, panging  
 As soul and body's severing.

OLD L.                               Alas, poor lady!  
 She 's a stranger now again<sup>d</sup>.

ANNE.                               So much the more  
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
 I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,  
 And range with humble livers in content,  
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
 And wear a golden sorrow.

OLD L.                               Our content  
 Is our best having.

ANNE.                               By my troth, and maidenhead,  
 I would not be a queen.

OLD L.                               Beshrew me, I would,  
 And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,  
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy:  
 You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
 Have too a woman's heart: which ever yet  
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts  
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity  
 Of your soft cheveril<sup>e</sup> conscience would receive,  
 If you might please to stretch it.

ANNE.                               Nay, good troth,—

<sup>a</sup> The ordinary reading is "to leave is a thousand-fold," &c. The verb is understood.

<sup>b</sup> We adopt a metrical arrangement suggested by Mr. Dyce.

<sup>c</sup> *Quarrel*. Some would read *quarreller*. The expression is metaphorical: *Quarrel* is an arrow.

<sup>d</sup> She is a *foreigner* again.

<sup>e</sup> *Cheveril*—kid-skin. So in 'Romeo and Juliet,' "O, here 's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad."



OLD L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

ANNE. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

OLD L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

ANNE. No, in truth.

OLD L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little<sup>a</sup>;  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 't is too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

ANNE. How you do talk!  
I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

OLD L. In faith, for little England  
You 'd venture an emballing: I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire<sup>b</sup>, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

CHAM. Good morrow, ladies. What wer 't worth to know  
The secret of your conference?

ANNE. My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

CHAM. It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope  
All will be well.

ANNE. Now I pray God, amen!

CHAM. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note<sup>c</sup>  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and<sup>d</sup>  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title

<sup>a</sup> *Pluck off a little*—descend a little: You refuse to be a queen, a duchess, try a count.

<sup>b</sup> Anne would not be a queen "for all the world;" but you would, says the old lady, "for little England;"—I "would for Carnarvonshire"—for one Welsh county.

<sup>c</sup> *High note* 's. In the original, *high notes*;—we understand it "that high note is taken," &c.

<sup>d</sup> We print this line as in the original. The modern editors have silently dropped "of you." They hate the twelve-syllable verse,—one of the most marked peculiarities of our dramatic poetry when it threw off the shackles of the blank-verse which preceded Shakspeare.

A thousand pound a-year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

ANNE. I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender,  
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,  
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

CHAM. Lady,  
I shall not fail to improve the fair conceit  
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well; [Aside.  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,  
But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten all this isle!—I'll to the king,  
And say, I spoke with you.

ANNE. My honour'd lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

OLD L. Why, this it is; see, see!  
I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)  
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie<sup>a</sup> upon  
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,  
Before you open it.

ANNE. This is strange to me.

OLD L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no<sup>b</sup>.  
There was a lady once, ('t is an old story,)  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt: Have you heard it?

ANNE. Come, you are pleasant.

OLD L. With your theme, I could  
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!  
A thousand pounds a-year! for pure respect;  
No other obligation: By my life,  
That promises more thousands: Honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

ANNE. Good lady,

<sup>a</sup> The third *fie* has been rejected from the same love of monotony.

<sup>b</sup> The old lady, whose gossip is most characteristic, would lay a wager of forty pence.

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being  
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me  
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver  
What here you have heard, to her.

OLD L.

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Blackfriars.*

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter Two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, Two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then Two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a silver mace; then Two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the Two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; Two Noblemen with the sword and mace. [Then enter the KING and QUEEN, and their Trains.] The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the Two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place at some distance from the KING. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

WOL. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

K. HEN. What 's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

WOL. Be 't so:—Proceed.

SCRIBE. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

CRIER. Henry king of England, &c.

K. HEN. Here.

SCRIBE. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

CRIER. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. KATH. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;  
And to bestow your pity on me: for

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you: If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person<sup>a</sup>, in God's name,  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
A year before: It is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel  
I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

<sup>a</sup> There is a licence of construction here—one of the many elliptical expressions with which the play abounds. *Aught* is required to be repeated—*Aught* “against your sacred person.”



WOL. You have here, lady,  
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men  
 Of singular integrity and learning,  
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled  
 To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,  
 That longer you desire the court; as well  
 For your own quiet, as to rectify  
 What is unsettled in the king.

CAM. His grace  
 Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,  
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;  
 And that, without delay, their arguments  
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. KATH. Lord cardinal,  
 To you I speak.

WOL. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. KATH. Sir,  
 I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
 We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain ]  
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOL. Be patient yet.

Q. KATH. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy; and make my challenge  
 You shall not be my judge: for it is you  
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,  
 Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,  
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
 Refuse you<sup>a</sup> for my judge: whom, yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.

WOL. I do profess  
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:  
 I have no spleen against you; nor injustice  
 For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the consistory,

<sup>a</sup> Sir W. Blackstone, who contributed a few notes to Shakspeare, says that *abhor* and *refuse* are, in such a case, technical terms of the canon-law—*Detestor* and *Recuso*. The very words occur in Holinshed. *Challenge* has been previously used by the queen technically.

Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me  
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. If he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you: The which, before  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

Q. KATH. My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;  
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming  
With meekness and humility: but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers: and your words<sup>a</sup>,  
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual: That again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
And to be judg'd by him. [*She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.*]

CAM. The queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by it; 't is not well.  
She 's going away.

K. HEN. Call her again.

CRIER. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

GRIF. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. KATH. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:  
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,  
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:

<sup>a</sup> Tyrwhitt would read, as we think most unpoetically, "your *wards*,"—persons subject to him as to the care of their fortunes, and treated as "servants." This is to convert high poetry into matter of fact. What an image is presented of an unscrupulous but most able man, to say that his *powers* are used as the mere agents of his pleasure, and his *words*, without regard to the general obligation of truth, are "domestics" who serve but his will!

I will not tarry : no, nor ever more,  
Upon this business, my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.]

K. HEN.                   Go thy ways, Kate :  
That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that : Thou art, alone,  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—  
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)  
The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born ;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

WOL.                   Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears, (for, where I am robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloos'd ; although not there  
At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness ; or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on 't ? or ever  
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady,—spake one the least word that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person ?

K. HEN.                   My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these  
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :  
But will you be more justified ? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never  
Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made toward it :—on my honour,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,  
I will be bold with time, and your attention :—  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give heed to 't :  
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd

By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary : I' the progress of this business,  
Ere a determinate resolution, he  
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite ;  
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,  
That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,  
I stood not in the smile of Heaven ; who had  
Commanded Nature, that my lady's womb,  
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to 't, than  
The grave does to the dead : for her male issue  
Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought  
This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
Be gladdened in 't by me : Then follows, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail : and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together ; that 's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private  
With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first mov'd you.

LIN. Very well, my liege.

K. HEN. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say  
How far you satisfied me.

LIN. So please your highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,—  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,  
And consequence of dread,—that I committed



The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;  
And did entreat your highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

K. HEN. I then mov'd you,  
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave  
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court;  
But by particular consent proceeded,  
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;  
For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature  
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

CAM. So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness,  
That we adjourn this court till further day:  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness.

*[They rise to depart.]*

K. HEN. I may perceive,  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Prithee, return! with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:  
I say, set on.

*[Aside.]*

*[Exeunt in manner as they entered.]*



[*Palace at Bridewell.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

*The QUEEN, and some of her Women, at work.*

Q. KATH. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with troubles :  
Sing, and disperse them if thou canst : leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing :  
To his music, plants and flowers  
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers  
There had made<sup>a</sup> a lasting spring.

<sup>a</sup> The modern editors, without the slightest authority, read—

“ There had *been* a lasting spring.”

Everything that heard him play,  
 Even the billows of the sea,  
     Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
 In sweet music is such art :  
 Killing care and grief of heart.  
     Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

Q. KATH. How now ?

GENT. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals  
     Wait in the presence.

Q. KATH.                      Would they speak with me ?

GENT. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. KATH.                      Pray their graces  
     To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business  
     With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour ?  
     I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,  
     They should be good men <sup>a</sup>; their affairs as righteous :  
     But all hoods make not monks <sup>b</sup>.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

WOL.                              Peace to your highness !

Q. KATH. Your graces find me here part of a housewife ;  
     I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
     What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

WOL. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
     Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
     The full cause of our coming.

Q. KATH.                      Speak it here ;  
     There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
     Deserves a corner : 'Would all other women  
     Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
     My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy  
     Above a number,) if my actions  
     Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,  
     Envy and base opinion set against them,  
     I know my life so even : If your business  
     Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,  
     Out with it boldly : Truth loves open dealing.

WOL. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

<sup>a</sup> We follow the punctuation of the original. The ordinary reading is—  
     " I do not like their coming, now I think on 't."

<sup>b</sup> The old Latin proverb—"Cucullus non facit monachum."

Q. KATH. O good my lord, no Latin;  
I am not such a truant since my coming.  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;  
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;  
Believe me she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolv'd in English.

WOL. Noble lady,  
I am sorry my integrity should breed,  
And service to his majesty and you,  
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;  
You have too much, good lady: but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the king and you; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
And comforts to your cause.

CAM. Most honour'd madam,  
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

Q. KATH. To betray me. [Aside.]  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;  
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning.  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,  
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

WOL. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. KATH. In England



But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest.)  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out<sup>a</sup> my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

CAM. I would your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. KATH. How, sir?

CAM. Put your main cause into the king's protection;  
He 's loving, and most gracious; 't will be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause;  
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
You 'll part away disgrac'd.

WOL. He tells you rightly.

Q. KATH. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:  
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge  
That no king can corrupt.

CAM. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. KATH. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:  
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed; for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

WOL. Madam, this is a mere distraction;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. KATH. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors! Would ye have me  
(If you have any justice, any pity;  
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;  
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him

<sup>a</sup> *Weigh out*—outweigh.

Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

CAM. Your fears are worse.

Q. KATH. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?  
A woman (I dare say, without vainglory)  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov'd him next Heaven? obey'd him?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

WOL. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. KATH. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

WOL. Pray, hear me.

Q. KATH. Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.  
What will become of me now, wretched lady?  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?  
Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;  
Almost no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

[To her Women.

WOL. If your grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,  
The way of our profession is against it;  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A soul as even as a calm: Pray, think us  
 Those we profess, peacemakers, friends, and servants.

CAM. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues  
 With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,  
 As yours was put into you, ever casts  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;  
 Beware you lose it not: For us, if you please  
 To trust us in your business, we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. KATH. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,  
 If I have us'd myself<sup>a</sup> unmannerly;  
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray, do my service to his majesty:  
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,  
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
 Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Antechamber to the King's Apartment.*

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY,  
 and the Lord Chamberlain.*

NOR. If you will now unite in your complaints  
 And force<sup>b</sup> them with a constancy, the cardinal  
 Cannot stand under them: If you omit  
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
 With these you bear already.

SUR. I am joyful  
 To meet the least occasion that may give me  
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
 To be reveng'd on him.

SUF. Which of the peers  
 Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least

<sup>a</sup> *Us'd myself*—deported myself.

<sup>b</sup> *Force*—enforce. So in 'Measure for Measure':—

"Has he affections in him,  
 That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
 When he would *force* it?"

Strangely neglected? when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
Out of himself?

CHAM. My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
What he deserves of you and me I know;  
What we can do to him, (though now the time  
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in his tongue.

NOR. O, fear him not;  
His spell in that is out; the king hath found  
Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

SUR. Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

NOR. Believe it, this is true:  
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,  
As I would wish mine enemy.

SUR. How came  
His practices to light?

SUF. Most strangely.

SUR. O, how, how?

SUF. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,  
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce: For if  
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive,  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."

SUR. Has the king this?

SUF. Believe it.

SUR. Will this work?

CHAM. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,  
And hedges, his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death; the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

SUR. 'Would he had!

SUF. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!  
For, I profess, you have it.



SUR. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction!

SUF. My amen to 't!

NOR. All men's!

SUF. There 's order given for her coronation:

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoris'd.

SUR. But, will the king

Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

NOR. Marry, amen!

SUF. No, no;

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The king cried Ha! at this.

CHAM. Now, God incense him,

And let him cry Ha! louder!

NOR. But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer?

SUF. He is return'd, in his opinions; which

Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom<sup>a</sup>: shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Katharine no more  
Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,  
And widow to prince Arthur.

NOR. This same Cranmer 's

A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

SUF. He has; and we shall see him,

For it, an archbishop.

NOR. So I hear.

<sup>a</sup> The construction is here difficult, and the meaning equivocal. The passage means, probably, that Cranmer is actually return'd *in his opinions*—in the same opinions which he formerly maintained—supported by the opinions of "all famous colleges."

SUF.

'T is so.

The cardinal—

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

NOR.

Observe, observe, he 's moody.

WOL. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

CROM. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

WOL. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

CROM.

Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance: You, he bade

Attend him here this morning.

WOL.

Is he ready

To come abroad?

CROM.

I think, by this he is.

WOL. Leave me a while.—

[Exit CROMWELL.]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we 'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!—

NOR. He 's discontented.

SUF.

May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

SUR.

Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

WOL. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear; 't is I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,

And well deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

NOR.

He is vex'd at something.

SUF. I would 't were something that would fret the string,

The master-cord of his heart!

*Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.*

SUF.

The king, the king.

K. HEN. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour  
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,  
Saw you the cardinal?

NOR. My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground;  
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,  
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts  
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

K. HEN. It may well be;  
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd: And wot you what I found  
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

NOR. It 's Heaven's will;  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet  
To bless your eye withal.

K. HEN. If we did think  
His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.*]

WOL. Heaven forgive me!  
Ever God bless your highness!

K. HEN. Good my lord,  
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind; the which  
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span  
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband: and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

WOL. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time ; a time  
To think upon the part of business, which  
I bear i' the state ; and Nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

K. HEN. You have said well.

WOL. And ever may your highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well-saying !

K. HEN. 'T is well said again ;  
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :  
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

WOL. What should this mean ?

SUR. The Lord increase this business !

[*Aside.*

K. HEN. Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true :  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

WOL. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite ; which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours :—my endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet, fil'd with my abilities : Mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person, and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;  
My prayers to Heaven for you ; my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. HEN. Fairly answer'd ;  
A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated : The honour of it  
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume



That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
 On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your power,  
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
 As 't were in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.

WOL. I do profess  
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will be<sup>a</sup>.  
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
 Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and  
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken yours.

K. HEN. 'T is nobly spoken :  
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
 For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this; [Giving him papers.  
 And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with  
 What appetite you have.

[Exit KING, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY: the Nobles throng after  
 him, smiling, and whispering.]

WOL. What should this mean?  
 What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?  
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion  
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;  
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:  
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so:  
 This paper has undone me: 'T is the account  
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together  
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,  
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains?  
 I know 't will stir him strongly; Yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What 's this—"To the Pope"?

<sup>a</sup> *That am, have, and will be.* There is certainly some corruption in this passage; for no ellipsis can have taken this very obscure form. Z. Jackson suggests "that aim has and will be." This is very harsh. We might read "That aim I have, and will"—*will* being a noun.

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and  
the Lord Chamberlain.*

NOR. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you  
To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands; and to confine yourself  
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

WOL. Stay,  
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
Authority so weighty.

SUF. Who dare cross them,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?  
WOL. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,  
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal  
You ask with such a violence, the king,  
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters patent: Now, who'll take it?

SUR. The king, that gave it.

WOL. It must be himself then.

SUR. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

WOL. Proud lord, thou liest;  
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

SUR. Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals



NOR. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

WOL. So much fairer,

And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,

When the king knows my truth.

SUR. This cannot save you :

I thank my memory, I yet remember

Some of these articles ; and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,

You 'll show a little honesty.

WOL. Speak on, sir ;

I dare your worst objections : if I blush,

It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

SUF. I 'd rather want those than my head. Have at you.

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,

You wrought to be a legate ; by which power

You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

NOR. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*

Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king

To be your servant.

SUF. Then, that, without the knowledge

Either of king or council, when you went

Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold

To carry into Flanders the great seal.

SUR. Item, you sent a large commission

To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,

Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,

A league between his highness and Ferrara.

SUF. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

SUR. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,  
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways

You have for dignities ; to the mere<sup>a</sup> undoing

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;

Which, since they are of you, and odious,

I will not taint my mouth with.

CHAM. O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far ; 't is virtue :

His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him

So little of his great self.

SUR. I forgive him.

<sup>a</sup> Mere—absolute.



SUF. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—  
 Because all those things, you have done of late  
 By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
 Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—  
 That therefore such a writ be sued against you;  
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
 Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
 Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

NOR. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations  
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
 About the giving back the great seal to us,  
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal. [*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

WOL. So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
 This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory;  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin<sup>a</sup>,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer<sup>b</sup>,  
 Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.

WOL.

What, amaz'd

<sup>a</sup> *Their ruin*—the ruin which princes inflict.

<sup>b</sup> This passage was probably suggested by the noble apostrophe in Isaiah:—"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

CROM. How does your grace?

WOL. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,  
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:  
O, 't is a burthen, Cromwell, 't is a burthen,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

CROM. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

WOL. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

CROM. The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.

WOL. God bless him!

CROM. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord chancellor in your place.

WOL. That 's somewhat sudden:  
But he 's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!  
What more?

CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That 's news indeed.

CROM. Last, that the lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

WOL. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,  
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever:  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;  
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him  
What, and how true, thou art: he will advance thee;  
Some little memory of me will stir him,  
(I know his noble nature,) not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

CROM. O, my lord,  
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—  
The king shall have my service; but my prayers  
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me  
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;  
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
\* To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
And,—Prithee, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]



[*York Place.*]





[Scene I.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1 GENT. You are well met once again.

2 GENT. So are you.

1 GENT. You come to take your stand here, and behold  
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 GENT. 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,  
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 GENT. 'T is very true: but that time offer'd sorrow:  
This, general joy.

2 GENT. 'T is well: The citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,  
(As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward,)  
In celebration of this day with shows<sup>a</sup>,  
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 GENT. Never greater,  
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 GENT. May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

1 GENT. Yes; 't is the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the coronation.  
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high-steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 GENT. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,  
I should have been beholding<sup>b</sup> to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine.  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 GENT. That I can tell you too. The archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage made of none effect:  
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now, sick.

2 GENT. Alas, good lady! —  
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[*Trumpets.*]

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

*A lively flourish of trumpets: then, enter*

1. *Two Judges.*

2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*

3. *Choristers singing.*

[*Music.*]

<sup>a</sup> We have punctuated this according to a suggestion by Boswell.

<sup>b</sup> *Beholding*. This is not a corrupt word, but one constantly used by the writers of Shakspeare's day. We have an example of it in Greene's 'Groat's Worth of Wit.'

4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 GENT. A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—  
Who's that that bears the sceptre?

1 GENT. Marquis Dorset:  
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 GENT. A bold brave gentleman. That should be  
The duke of Suffolk.

1 GENT. 'T is the same; high-steward.

2 GENT. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 GENT. Yes.

2 GENT. Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the QUEEN.*]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady;

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 GENT. They that bear  
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 GENT. Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 GENT. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 GENT. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;  
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 GENT. No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter a Third Gentleman.*

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 GENT. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled  
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 GENT. You saw the ceremony?

3 GENT. That I did.

1 GENT. How was it?

3 GENT. Well worth the seeing.

2 GENT. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 GENT. As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her: while her grace sat down  
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man: which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,  
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams<sup>a</sup>  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make them reel before them. No man living  
Could say "This is my wife," there; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 GENT. But, what follow'd?

3 GENT. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces  
Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:  
When by the archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,  
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full state pac'd back again  
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 GENT. Sir,

<sup>a</sup> Rams—battering-rams.



You must no more call it York-place, that is past :  
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost ;  
 'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 GENT. I know it ;  
 But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name  
 Is fresh about me.

2 GENT. What two reverend bishops  
 Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3 GENT. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of Winchester,  
 (Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)  
 The other, London.

2 GENT. He of Winchester  
 Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
 The virtuous Cranmer.

3 GENT. All the land knows that :  
 However, yet there 's no great breach ; when it comes,  
 Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 GENT. Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 GENT. Thomas Cromwell ;  
 A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
 A worthy friend.—The king  
 Has made him master o' the jewel-house,  
 And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 GENT. He will deserve more.

3 GENT. Yes, without all doubt.  
 Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
 Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests ;  
 Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
 I 'll tell ye more.

BOTH. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

GRIFF. How does your grace ?

KATH. O, Griffith, sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
 Willing to leave their burthen : reach a chair ;—  
 So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,  
 That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,  
 Was dead ?

GRIF. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

KATH. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,  
For my example.

GRIF. Well, the voice goes, madam:  
For after the stout earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule.

KATH. Alas, poor man!

GRIF. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;  
To whom he gave these words,—“O, father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity!”  
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

KATH. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity:—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion  
Tied<sup>a</sup> all the kingdom: simony was fair play;  
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence  
He would say untruths; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

GRIF. Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

<sup>a</sup> *Tied*. There is a great controversy amongst the commentators whether this word means *limited*—infringing the liberties—or *titled*. We have no doubt that the allusion is to the acquisition of wealth by the Cardinal.

We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

KATH. Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

GRIF. This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle<sup>a</sup>.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:  
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely: Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,  
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

KATH. After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth, and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!  
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:  
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.

*Sad and solemn music.*

GRIF. She is asleep: Good wench, let 's sit down quiet,  
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

<sup>a</sup> We have not followed the punctuation of the old copy; for that a man should be not only a scholar from his cradle, but a ripe and good one, is more than remarkable. We have no doubt that the passage was formed upon a sentence in Holinshed:—"This cardinal was a man undoubtedly *born to honour*."

*The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping, one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

KATH. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

GRIF. Madam, we are here.

KATH. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

GRIF. None, madam.

KATH. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,

Assuredly.

GRIF. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

KATH. Bid the music leave,

They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.*]

PAT. Do you note,

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

GRIF. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

PAT. Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESS. An 't like your grace,—

KATH. You are a saucy fellow:

Deserve we no more reverence?

GRIF. You are to blame,

Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To use so rude behaviour! go to, kneel.

MESS. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;



My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

KATH. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

CAP. Madam, the same, your servant.

KATH. O my lord,

The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely

With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,

What is your pleasuré with me?

CAP. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace; the next,

The king's request that I would visit you;

Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations,

And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

KATH. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;

'T is like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;

But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

How does his highness?

CAP. Madam, in good health.

KATH. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

PAT. No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATH.*]

KATH. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the king.

CAP. Most willing, madam.

KATH. In which I have commended to his goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;

(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;

I hope she will deserve well;) and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty, and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.  
The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—  
That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
And something over to remember me by ;  
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,  
And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
To do me this last right.

CAP.

By Heaven, I will ;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

KATH. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me

In all humility unto his highness :

Say, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,

My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;

Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over

With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,

Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more.

[*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*]



[SCENE IV. *Palace at Greenwich. Returning from the Christening.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him.*

GAR. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

BOY. It hath struck.

GAR. These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times.—

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

Good hour of night, sir Thomas!

Whither so late?

LOV. Came you from the king, my lord?

GAR. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero -

With the duke of Suffolk.

LOV. I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.

GAR. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?

It seems you are in haste: an if there be

No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business: Affairs that walk

(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have

In them a wilder nature, than the business

That seeks despatch by day.

LOV. My lord, I love you;

And durst commend a secret to your ear

Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,

She 'll with the labour end.

GAR. The fruit she goes with,

I pray for heartily; that it may find

Good time, and live; but for the stock, sir Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

LOV. Methinks, I could

Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says

She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does

Deserve our better wishes.

GAR. But, sir, sir,—

Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman

Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—

'T will not, sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,—

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,

Sleep in their graves.

LOV. Now, sir, you speak of two

The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he 's made master

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,

Stands in the gap and trade<sup>a</sup> of more preferments,

With which the time will load him: The archbishop

Is the king's hand and tongue: And who dare speak

One syllable against him?

GAR. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,

There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd

To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,

Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have

<sup>a</sup> Trade—habitual course, path trodden. See 'Richard II.,' Act III., Scene 4.



Insens'd the lords o' the council, that he is  
 (For so I know he is, they know he is)  
 A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
 That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,  
 Have broken with<sup>a</sup> the king; who hath so far  
 Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace  
 And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
 Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,  
 To-morrow morning to the council-board  
 He be convented<sup>b</sup>. He 's a rank weed, sir Thomas,  
 And we must root him out. From your affairs  
 I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

LOV. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the KING, and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK.*

K. HEN. Charles, I will play no more to-night;  
 My mind 's not on 't, you are too hard for me.

SUF. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. HEN. But little, Charles;  
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—  
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

LOV. I could not personally deliver to her  
 What you commanded me, but by her woman  
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks  
 In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness  
 Most heartily to pray for her.

K. HEN. What say'st thou? ha!  
 To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

LOV. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made  
 Almost each pang a death.

K. HEN. Alas, good lady!

SUF. God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
 With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
 Your highness with an heir!

K. HEN. 'T is midnight, Charles,  
 Prithee to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
 The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;  
 For I must think of that which company  
 Will not be friendly to.

<sup>a</sup> *Broken with*—communicated with. So in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

"I am to *break* with thee of some affairs."

<sup>b</sup> *Convented*—summoned.

SUF. I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

K. HEN. Charles, good night. [Exit-SUFFOLK.]

*Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows?

DEN. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

K. HEN. Ha! Canterbury?

DEN. Ay, my good lord.

K. HEN. 'T is true: Where is he, Denny?

DEN. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. HEN. Bring him to us. [Exit DENNY.]

LOV. This is about that which the bishop spake;  
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.*

K. HEN. Avoid the gallery. [LOVELL seems to stay.]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.]

CRAN. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'T is his aspect of terror. All 's not well.

K. HEN. How now, my lord? You do desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

CRAN. It is my duty  
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. HEN. Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;  
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.  
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows;  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you; which, being considered,  
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

CRAN. I humbly thank your highness ;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know  
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues  
Than I myself, poor man.

K. HEN. Stand up, good Canterbury ;  
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
In us thy friend : Give me thy hand, stand up ;  
Prithee, let 's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,  
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you  
Without indurance further.

CRAN. Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty ;  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

K. HEN. Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world ?  
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it : At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you ? such things have been done.  
You are potently oppos'd ; and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

CRAN. God, and your majesty,  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me !

K. HEN. Be of good cheer ;  
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see  
You do appear before them ; if they shall chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!  
He's honest, on mine honour. God's bless'd mother!  
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,  
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.*]—He has strangled  
His language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady.*

GENT. [*Within.*] Come back. What mean you?

LADY. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring  
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings!

K. HEN. Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?  
Say, ay; and of a boy.

LADY. Ay, ay, my liege;  
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her—'t is a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger; 't is as like you  
As cherry is to cherry.

K. HEN. Lovell,—

*Enter LOVELL.*

LOV. Sir.

K. HEN. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

[*Exit KING.*]

LADY. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.  
An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this the girl is like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council-Chamber.**Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c., attending.*

CRAN. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!  
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. KEEP. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

CRAN. Why?

D. KEEP. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

*Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.*

CRAN.

So.

BUTTS. This is a piece of malice. I am glad  
I came this way so happily: The king  
Shall understand it presently.

*[Exit BUTTS.]*

CRAN. *[Aside.]* 'T is Butts,  
The king's physician; as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)  
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me  
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,  
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter, at a window above<sup>3</sup>, the KING and BUTTS.*

BUTTS. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. HEN. What 's that, Butts?

BUTTS. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. HEN. Body o' me, where is it?

BUTTS. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

K. HEN. Ha! 'T is he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'T is well there 's one above them yet. I had thought  
They had parted<sup>a</sup> so much honesty among them,

<sup>a</sup> Parted—shared.

(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer  
 A man of his place, and so near our favour,  
 To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
 By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery :  
 Let them alone, and draw the curtain close ;  
 We shall hear more anon.

[*Exeunt.*]*The Council-Chamber.*

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.*

CHAN. Speak to the business, master secretary :

Why are we met in council ?

CROM. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

GAR. Has he had knowledge of it ?

CROM. Yes.

NOR. Who waits there ?

D. KEEP. Without, my noble lords ?

GAR. Yes.

D. KEEP. My lord archbishop ;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

CHAN. Let him come in.

D. KEEP. Your grace may enter now.

[*CRANMER approaches the council-table.*]

CHAN. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty : But we all are men,

In our natures frail, and capable

Of our flesh ; few are angels<sup>a</sup> : out of which frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,

<sup>a</sup> We follow the original. Malone reads—

“ But we are all men,  
 In our own natures frail, *incapable* ;  
 Of our flesh, few are angels.”

The text of the original is not clear, but it is not mended by this dilution. We believe that the poet attached a definite meaning to the expression “ capable of our flesh.”

Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

GAR. Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords : for those that tame wild horses  
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle ;  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,  
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
Farewell, all physic ; and what follows then ?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

CRAN. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress,  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority,  
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
Was ever to do well : nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience and his place,  
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
'Pray Heaven the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make  
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

SUF. Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

GAR. My lord, because we have business of more moment,  
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower,  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

CRAN. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,  
You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful : I see your end,

'T is my undoing: Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition;  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

GAR. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
That 's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

CROM. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,  
To load a falling man.

GAR. Good master secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

CROM. Why, my lord?

GAR. Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

CROM. Not sound?

GAR. Not sound, I say.

CROM. 'Would you were half so honest!  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

GAR. I shall remember this bold language.

CROM. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

CHAN. This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

GAR. I have done.

CROM. And I.

CHAN. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;

There to remain, till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

ALL. We are.

CRAN. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

GAR. What other

Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:

Let some o' the guard be ready there.



*Enter Guard.*

CRAN. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

GAR. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

CRAN. Stay, good my lords;

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

CHAM. This is the king's ring.

SUF. 'T is no counterfeit.

SUF. 'T is the right ring, by Heaven: I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,

'T would fall upon ourselves.

NOR. Do you think, my lords,

The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

CHAM. 'T is now too certain:

How much more is his life in value with him?

'Would I were fairly out on 't.

CROM. My mind gave me,

In seeking tales and informations

Against this man, (whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at,)

Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

*Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.*

GAR. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;

Not only good and wise, but most religious:

One that, in all obedience, makes the church

The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

His royal self in judgment comes to hear

The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. HEN. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not

To hear such flattery now; and in my presence,

They are too thin and base<sup>a</sup> to hide offences.

To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

<sup>a</sup> *Base*. Mr. Dyce would read *bare*—we think rightly so.

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,  
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.  
Good man [*to CRANMER*], sit down. Now let me see the proudest  
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :  
By all that 's holy, he had better starve,  
Than but once think this<sup>a</sup> place becomes thee not.

SUR. May it please your grace,—

K. HEN. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought I had had men of some understanding  
And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)  
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?  
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission  
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye  
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
Not as a groom ; There 's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;  
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

CHAN. Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,  
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather  
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;  
I am sure, in me.

K. HEN. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;  
Take him, and use him well, he 's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him, if a prince  
May be beholden to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;  
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,  
I have a suit which you must not deny me ;  
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

CRAN. The greatest monarch now alive may glory

In such an honour : How may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

K. HEN. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons<sup>†</sup> ; you shall have

<sup>a</sup> *This*—his in the original ; but doubtless Rowe's reading of *this* is absolutely necessary to the sense, and we adopt it, from Mr. Dyce.

Two noble partners with you ; the old duchess of Norfolk,  
 And lady marquis Dorset : Will these please you ?  
 Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
 Embrace, and love this man.

GAR. With a true heart,

And brother-love, I do it.

CRAN. And let Heaven  
 Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. HEN. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified

Of thee, which says thus, " Do my lord of Canterbury  
 A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long

To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.*

PORT. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : Do you take the court for  
 Paris-garden<sup>a</sup> ? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping<sup>a</sup>.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

PORT. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue : Is this a place to roar  
 in ?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones ; these are but  
 switches to them.—I 'll scratch your heads : You must be seeing christen-  
 ings ? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

MAN. Pray, sir, be patient ; 't is as much impossible  
 (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)

To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep

On May-day morning ; which will never be :

We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

PORT. How got they in, and be hang'd ?

MAN. Alas, I know not : How gets the tide in ?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot

(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,

I made no spare, sir.

PORT. You did nothing, sir.

MAN. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow them down before  
 me : but if I spared any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or  
 she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again ; and  
 that I would not for a cow, God save her.

<sup>a</sup> *Gaping*—shouting. The "gaping pig" of Shylock meant probably the roaring pig.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

PORT. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

MAN. What would you have me do?

PORT. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

MAN. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake<sup>a</sup> did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her piuk'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *Clubs*<sup>6</sup>! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

PORT. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse<sup>7</sup>, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beades, that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

CHAM. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,  
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,  
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.  
There 's a trim rabble let in: Are all these  
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have  
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,  
When they pass back from the christening.

PORT. An 't please your honour,  
We are but men; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:  
An army cannot rule them.

<sup>a</sup> *Fire-drake*. An *ignis-fatuus* was so called; and the name was also given to any artificial firework.



CHAM.

As I live,

If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all  
 By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads  
 Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;  
 And here ye lie baiting of bumbards<sup>a</sup>, when  
 Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;  
 They are come already from the christening:  
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
 To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find

A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

PORT. Make way there for the princess.

MAN. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

PORT. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick<sup>b</sup> you o'er the pates else.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then Two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, Two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then Four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

GART. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

*Flourish. Enter KING and Train.*

CRAN. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—

All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,

Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,

May hourly fall upon ye!

K. HEN.

Thank you, good lord archbishop:

What is her name?

CRAN.

Elizabeth.

K. HEN.

Stand up, lord.—

[*The KING kisses the child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hands I give thy life.

<sup>a</sup> *Bumbards*—ale barrels.

<sup>b</sup> *Pick*, or *peck*, as in the original. But the old copies have *pales*. Mr. Collier says that *pick* is *pitch*. A friend has suggested that *pales* is a misprint for *pates*. We have no hesitation in adopting the reading.

CRAN.

Amen.

K. HEN. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal :

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,

When she has so much English.

CRAN.

Let me speak, sir,

For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter

Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.

This royal infant, (Heaven still move about her !)

Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be

(But few now living can behold that goodness)

A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed : Saba was never

More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,

Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,

With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall bless her :

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows with her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,

Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :

God shall be truly known ; and those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,

Her ashes new create another heir,

As great in admiration as herself ;

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,

(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness.)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,

Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,

And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,

Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,

His honour, and the greatness of his name,

Shall be, and make new nations : He shall flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches



EPILOGUE.

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'T is ten to one, this play can never please  
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,  
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,  
They 'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—“That 's witty!”  
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,  
All the expected good we are like to hear,  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women;  
For such a one we show'd them: If they smile,  
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

### ACT I.

#### <sup>1</sup> SCENE I.

*"Enter the Duke of Norfolk," &c.*

MANY of the stage directions in this play are very remarkable, and are evidently written with great care. The modern editors have for the most part retained their substance, and in some cases their words. We shall more closely follow the original, with such slight

changes as are absolutely necessary to make the scene intelligible.

#### <sup>2</sup> SCENE III.—*"Of fool, and feather."*

It appears from Nashe's 'Life of Jacke Wilton,' that amongst other French fashions in the court of Henry VIII. the hero of the biography says, "I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop."

### HISTORICAL.

The drama of 'Henry VIII.' is essentially one of pageantry. Coleridge calls it "a sort of historical masque, or show-play." With this view nothing can be finer than the opening. Hall, who was a contemporary of Henry VIII., and was present at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," has filled his chronicle of this reign with the most elaborate accounts of tournaments, and processions, and marriages, and christenings. A judicial murder is despatched by him in a few lines. It is easy to trace Shakspeare to Hall in the "show" parts of 'Henry VIII.,' and to Holinshed for the more serious passages. Cavendish, however, has described the masque at York Place, and Holinshed has evidently had the advantage of consulting that admirable piece of biography, 'The Life of Wolsey.' We prefer, however, in those places where the chronicler follows the authority of Wolsey's 'Gentleman Usher,' to transcribe from the truly graphic original. It has been asserted by Bishop Nicholson that an edition of Cavendish's 'Life' was published in 1590; but Mr. Hunter<sup>a</sup> inclines to the more general opinion that it was first printed in 1641. Shakspeare has unquestionably followed Cavendish in some of the most important scenes, either from an acquaint-

ance with his book, or through Holinshed. Assuming that he was not the idle and incurious person that it has been the fashion to represent him, we cannot hold it to be impossible that, if the book were not printed, he was acquainted with one of the several manuscript copies of 'The Life of Master Thomas Wolsey,' the collation of which by Mr. Singer has given us the admirable edition of 1827.

Hall's description of the meeting between Henry and Francis is a singular specimen of the minute mind of the young chronicler, who was some twenty years old at the time of this memorable interview. He revels in all the luxuriance of the details of man-millinery and horse-millinery; he describes the dress of the two princes even to the smallest button; chambers of blue velvet and cloth of gold dazzle our eyes in every page; and of "the great and goodly plate," and "the noble feasting and cheer," the accounts would furnish out a dozen degenerate modern court-historians.

From his processions and his maskings Hall turns without an effort to more serious matter—the arrest of Buckingham. In the account of this event Shakspeare has followed Holinshed:—

"The cardinal, boiling in hatred against the

<sup>a</sup> Who wrote 'Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.'



[Henry VIII.]

Duke of Buckingham, and thirsting for his blood, devised to make Charles Knevet, that had been the duke's surveyor, and put from him (as ye have heard), an instrument to bring the duke to destruction. This Knevet being had in examination before the cardinal, disclosed all the duke's life. And first he uttered that the duke was accustomed, by way of talk, to say how he meant so to use the matter that he would attain to the crown if king Henry chanced to die without issue; and that he had talk and conference of that matter on a time with George Nevill, Lord of Abergavenny, unto whom he had given his daughter in marriage; and also that he threatened to punish the cardinal for his manifold misdoings, being without cause his mortal enemy.

"The cardinal, having gotten that which he sought for, encouraged, comforted, and procured Knevet, with many comfortable words and great promises, that he should with a bold spirit and countenance object and lay these things to the duke's charge, with more if he knew it, when time required. Then Knevet,

partly provoked with desire to be revenged, and partly moved with hope of reward, openly confessed that the duke had once fully determined to devise means how to make the king away, being brought into a full hope that he should be king, by a vain prophecy which one Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order beside Bristow, called Henton, sometime his confessor, had opened unto him.

\* \* \* \* \* The king, hearing the accusation, enforced the uttermost by the cardinal, made this answer: If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts."

The scene where the king lays upon Wolsey the blame of having taxed the commons is also from Holinshed. But Cavendish supplies the details of the masque at York House:—

"And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friend-



[Duke of Buckingham.]

ship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk: having sixteen torchbearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise; where against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort:

First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my lord cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, lord chamberlain to the king; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and



conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the lord chamberlain for them said: 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: They having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mummance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all,' quoth the cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if

your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to diselose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal afterwards desired his highness to take the place of estate; to whom the king answered that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

Shakspeare, with great dramatic skill, has here first introduced Anne Bullen upon the scene.



## ACT II.

## HISTORICAL.

THE condemnation and subsequent demeanour of Buckingham are thus given by Hall. The outline has been beautifully filled up in the poet's picture :—

"The duke was brought to the bar sore chafing, and sweat marvellously; after he had made his reverence he paused awhile." \* \* \* \* \*

After his sentence "the Duke of Buckingham said,—‘My lord of Norfolk, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never none; but, my lords, I nothing malign for that you have done to me, but the eternal God forgive you my death, as I do: I shall never sue to the king for life, howbeit he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords, and all my fellows to pray for me.’

"Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and so led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpet ordained for him; he said, ‘Nay, for when I went to Westminster, I was Duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff of the world.’ Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him Sir Nicolas Vawse and Sir William Sandes, Baronets, and led him through the city, who desired ever the people to pray for him, of whom some wept and lamented, and said, This is the end of evil life. God forgive him! he was a proud prince; it is a pity that he behaved him so against his king and liege lord, whom God preserve. Thus about iiii of the clock he was brought as a cast man to the Tower."

Holinshed thus narrates the circumstance which suggests the dialogue between Campeius and Wolsey in the second scene:—"About this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecy and weight: admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abroad in ambassades, and the same oftentimes not much necessary, by the cardinal's appointment, at length he took such grief therewith that he fell out of his right wits."

The great trial-scene is fully described by Cavendish, in one of the most interesting

pieces of memoir-writing which our language furnishes. We track Shakspeare at every step:—

"Ye shall understand, as I said before, that there was a court erected in the Blackfriars in London, where these two cardinals sat for judges. Now will I set you out the manner and order of the court there. First, there was a court placed with tables, benches, and bars like a consistory, a place judicial (for the judges to sit on). There was also a cloth of estate, under the which sat the king; and the queen sat some distance beneath the king: under the judges' feet sat the officers of the court. The chief scribe there was Dr. Stephens (who was after Bishop of Winchester); the apparitor was one Cooke, most commonly called Cooke of Winchester. Then sat there within the said court, directly before the king and the judges, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Warham, and all the other bishops. Then at both the ends, with a bar made for them, the counsellors on both sides. The doctors for the king were Doctor Sampson, that was after Bishop of Chichester, and Doctor Bell, who after was Bishop of Worcester, with divers other. The proctors on the king's part were Doctor Peter, who was after made the king's chief secretary, and Doctor Tregonell, and divers other.

"Now on the other side stood the counsel for the queen,—Doctor Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Doctor Standish, some time a grey friar, and then Bishop of St. Asaph in Wales; two notable clerks in divinity, and in especial, the Bishop of Rochester, a very godly man and a devout person, who after suffered death at Tower Hill; the which was greatly lamented through all the foreign universities of Christendom. There was also another ancient doctor, called, as I remember, Doctor Ridley, a very small person in stature, but surely a great and excellent clerk in divinity.

"The court being thus furnished and ordered, the judges commanded the erier to proclaim silence; then was the judges' commission, which they had of the pope, published and read openly before all the audience there assembled: that done, the erier called the king by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into

the court,' &c. With that the king answered and said, 'Here, my lords.' Then he called also the queen, by the name of 'Katherine queen of England, come into the court,' &c.; who made no answer to the same, but rose up incontinent out of her chair, where as she sat; and because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and assembly, to whom she said in effect, in broken English, as followeth:—

" 'Sir,' quoth she, 'I beseech you for all the loves that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right; take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger born out of your dominion; I have here no assured friend, and much less indifferent counsel; I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure? Have I designed against your will and pleasure; intending, as I perceive, to put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never said or did anything to the contrary thereof, being always well pleased and contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or much; I never grudged in word or countenance, or showed a visage or spark of discontentation. I loved all those whom ye loved, only for your sake, whether I had cause or no, and whether they were my friends or my enemies. This twenty years I have been your true wife, or more, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of this world, which hath been no default in me.

" 'And when ye had me at the first, I take God to be my judge, I was a true maid without touch of man; and whether it be true or no, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause by the law that ye can allege against me either of dishonesty or any other impediment to banish and put me from you, I am well content to depart to my great shame and dishonour; and if there be none, then here I most lowly beseech you let me remain in my former estate, and receive justice at your hands. The king your father was in the time of his reign of such estimation through the world for his excellent wisdom, that he was accounted

and called of all men the second Solomon; and my father Ferdinand King of Spain, who was esteemed to be one of the wittiest princes that reigned in Spain many years before, were both wise and excellent kings in wisdom and princely behaviour. It is not therefore to be doubted but that they elected and gathered as wise councillors about them as to their high discretions was thought meet. Also, as me seemeth, there was in those days as wise, as well-learned men, and men of as good judgment, as be at this present in both realms, who thought then the marriage between you and me good and lawful; therefore it is a wonder to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty, and cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this new court, wherein ye may do me much wrong, if ye intend any cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, having no indifferent counsel, but such as be assigned me, with whose wisdom and learning I am not acquainted. Ye must consider that they cannot be indifferent counsellors for my part which be your subjects, and taken out of your own council before, wherein they be made privy, and dare not, for your displeasure, disobey your will and intent, being once made privy thereto. Therefore, I most humbly require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God, who is the best judge, to spare me the extremity of this new court, until I may be advertised what way and order my friends in Spain will advise me to take; and if ye will not extend to me so much indifferent favour, your pleasure then be fulfilled, and to God I commit my cause!'

" And with that she rose up, making a low curtsy to the king, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her general receiver, called Master Griffith. And the king being advertised of her departure, commanded the crier to call her again, who called her by the name of 'Katherine queen of England, come into the court,' &c. With that quoth Master Griffith, '*Madam, ye be called again.*' 'On, on,' quoth she, 'it maketh no matter, for it is no indifferent court for me, therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways.' And thus she departed out of that court without any farther answer at that time, or at any

other, nor would never appear at any other court after.

"The king, perceiving that she was departed in such sort, calling to his grace's memory all her lament words that she had pronounced before him and all the audience, said thus in effect:—'Forasmuch,' quoth he, 'as the queen is gone, I will, in her absence, declare unto you all my lords here present assembled, she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife as I could in my fantasy wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity, or in any other of baser estate. Surely she is also a noblewoman born: if nothing were in her but only her conditions, will well declare the same.' With that quoth my lord cardinal, —'Sir, I most humbly beseech your highness to declare me before all this audience, whether I have been the chief inventor or first mover of this matter unto your majesty: for I am greatly suspected of all men herein.' 'My lord cardinal,' quoth the king, 'I can well excuse you herein. Marry,' quoth he, 'ye have been rather against me in attempting or setting forth thereof. And to put you all out of doubt, I will declare unto you the special cause that moved me hereunto; it was a certain scrupulosity that pricked my conscience upon divers words that were spoken at a certain time by the Bishop of Bayonne, the French king's ambassador, who had been here long upon the debating for the conclusion of a marriage to be concluded between the princess, our daughter Mary and the Duke of Orleans, the French king's second son.

"And upon the resolution and determination thereof, he desired respite to advertise the king his master thereof, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate in respect of the marriage which was sometime between the queen here and my brother the late prince Arthur. These words were so conceived within my scrupulous conscience, that it bred a doubt within my breast, which doubt pricked, vexed, and troubled so my mind, and so disquieted me, that I was in great doubt of God's indignation; which, as seemed me, appeared right well; much the rather for that he hath not sent me any issue male; for all such issue male as I have received of the queen died incontinent after they were born; so that I doubt the punishment of God in that behalf. Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience, and partly in

despair of any issue male by her, it drave me at last to consider the estate of this realm, and the danger it stood in for lack of issue male to succeed me in this imperial dignity. I thought it good, therefore, in relief of the weighty burden of scrupulous conscience, and the quiet estate of this noble realm, to attempt the law therein, and whether I might take another wife in case that my first copulation with this gentlewoman were not lawful; which I intend not for any carnal concupiscence, nor for any displeasure or mislike of the queen's person or age, with whom I could be as well content to continue during my life, if our marriage may stand with God's laws, as with any woman alive; in which point consisteth all this doubt that we go now about to try by the learned wisdom and judgment of you our prelates and pastors of this realm here assembled for that purpose: to whose conscience and judgment I have committed the charge, according to the which, God willing, we will be right well contented to submit myself, to obey the same for our part. Wherein after I once perceived my conscience wounded with the doubtful case herein, I moved first this matter in confession to you, my Lord of Lincoln, my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then yourself were in some doubt to give me counsel, moved me to ask further counsel of all you, my lords; wherein I moved you first, my Lord of Canterbury, axing your licence (forasmuch as you were our metropolitan) to put this matter in question; and so I did of all you, my lords, to the which ye have all granted by writing under all your seals, the which I have here to be showed.' 'That is truth, if it please your highness,' quoth the Bishop of Canterbury; 'I doubt not but all my brethren here present will affirm the same.' 'No, sir, not I,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'ye have not my consent thereto.' 'No! ha! the!' quoth the king: 'look here upon this: is not this your hand and seal?' and showed him the instrument with seals. 'No, forsooth, sire,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'it is not my hand nor seal!' To that quoth the king to my Lord of Canterbury, 'Sir, how say ye? is it not his hand and seal?' 'Yes, sir,' quoth my Lord of Canterbury. 'That is not so,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'for indeed you were in hand with me to have both my hand and seal, as other of my lords had already done; but then I said to you that I would never consent to no such act, for it were much against my conscience; nor my hand and



seal should never be seen at any such instrument, God willing; with much more matter touching the same communication between us.' 'You say truth,' quoth the Bishop of Canterbury; 'such words ye said unto me; but at the last ye were fully persuaded that I should for you subscribe your name, and put to a seal myself, and ye would allow the same.' 'All which

words and matter,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'under your correction, my lord, and supportation of this noble audience, there is nothing more untrue.' 'Well, well,' quoth the king, 'it shall make no matter; we will not stand with you in argument herein, for you are but one man.' And with that the court was adjourned until the next day of this session."



[Queen Katharine]

### ACT III.

#### HISTORICAL.

THE scene of the visit of the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius to Queen Katharine has its origin in the narrative of Cavendish:—

"And then my lord rose up and made him ready, taking his barge, and went straight to Bath Place to the other cardinal, and so went together unto Bridewell, directly to the queen's lodging; and they, being in her chamber of presence, showed to the gentleman usher that they came to speak with the queen's grace. The gentleman usher advertised the queen thereof incontinent. With that she came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck, into the chamber of presence, where the cardinals were giving of

attendance upon her coming. At whose coming quoth she, 'Alack, my lords, I am very sorry to cause you to attend upon me; what is your pleasure with me?' 'If it please you,' quoth my lord cardinal, 'to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming.' 'My lord,' quoth she, 'if you have anything to say, speak it openly before all these folks, for I fear nothing that ye can say or allege against me, but that I would all the world should both hear and see it; therefore I pray you speak your minds openly.' Then began my lord to speak to her in Latin. 'Nay, good my lord,' quoth she, 'speak to me in English, I beseech you; although I understand Latin.' 'Forsooth, then,'





[Cardinal Campeius.]

quoth my lord, 'Madam, if it please your grace, we come both to know your mind, how ye be disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and our counsel unto you, which we have intended of very zeal and obedience that we bear to your grace.' 'My lords, I thank you then,' quoth she, 'of your good wills; but to make answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maidens at work, thinking full little of any such matter, wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine, to make answer to so noble wise men as ye be; I had need of good counsel in this case, which toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England they are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishman counsel or be friendly unto me against the king's pleasure, they being his subjects? Nay, forsooth, my lords! and for my counsel in whom I do intend to put my trust be not here; they be in Spain, in my native country. Alas, my lords; I am a poor woman lacking both wit and understanding sufficiently to answer such approved wise men as ye be both, in so weighty a matter. I pray you to extend your good and indifferent minds in your authority unto me, for I am a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel here in a foreign region: and as for your counsel, I will not refuse, but be glad to hear.'

"And with that she took my lord by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber, with the other cardinal, where they were in long communication: we, in the other chamber, might sometime hear the queen speak very loud, but what it was we could not understand. The communication ended, the cardinals departed and went directly to the king, making to him relation of their talk with the queen, and after resorted home to their houses to supper."

The circumstance of Wolsey incurring the king's displeasure through the accidental discovery of a "schedule" of his wealth is not supported by historical authority. The story is told somewhat differently of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham; who sent to the king, through Wolsey, a book upon his private affairs, instead of a 'Treatise on the Estate of the Kingdom,' each having been bound in white vellum.

The dramatic condensation of the action has produced some historical confusion. The Duke of Norfolk, whom we met in the first scene, before Buckingham's arrest in 1521, died in 1525. The Duke of Norfolk who succeeded him is the same person as the Earl of Surrey of the present scene, for Buckingham was his "father-in-law." Between the arrest of Wolsey, and the christening scene, Shakspeare meant, probably, to change the persons: for we have in the procession "the old Duchess of Norfolk." The Earl of Surrey is then Henry Howard.

The demand of the great seal from Wolsey



[Duke of Suffolk.]

was made by the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk; and the proceeding is thus detailed by Cavendish:—

“After Cardinal Campeggio was thus departed and gone, Michaelmas Term drew near, against the which my lord returned unto his house at Westminster; and when the term began he went to the hall in such-like sort and gesture as he was wont most commonly to do, and sat in the chancery, being chancellor. After which day he never sat there more. The next day he tarried at home, expecting the coming of the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, who came not that day, but the next day came thither unto him; to whom they declared how the king’s pleasure was that he should surrender and deliver up the great seal into their hands, and to depart simply unto Asher, a house situate nigh Hampton Court, belonging to the bishopric of Winchester. My lord, understanding their message, demanded of them what commission they had to give him any such commandment? Who answered him again, that they were sufficient commissioners in that behalf, having the king’s commandment by his mouth so to do. ‘Yet,’ quoth he, ‘that is not sufficient for me, without farther commandment of the king’s pleasure; for the great seal of England was

delivered me by the king’s own person, to enjoy during my life, with the ministration of the office and high room of chancellorship of England: for my surety whereof, I have the king’s letters patent to show.’ Which matter was greatly debated between the dukes and him, with many stout words between them; whose words and cheeks he took in patience for the time; in so much that the dukes were fain to depart again without their purpose at that present, and returned again unto Windsor to the king; and what report they made I cannot tell: howbeit the next day they came again from the king, bringing with them the king’s letters. After the receipt and reading of the same by my lord, which was done with much reverence, he delivered unto them the great seal, contented to obey the king’s high commandment; and seeing that the king’s pleasure was to take his house, with the contents, was well pleased simply to depart to Asher, taking nothing but only some provision for his house.

“And after long talk between the dukes and him, they departed, with the great seal of England, to Windsor, unto the king. Then went my lord cardinal and called all officers in every office in his house before him, to take

account of all such stuff as they had in charge."

The articles of accusation against Wolsey are given at length in the old historians; but they were first correctly printed by Lord Coke in his 'Institutes.' The more important of them are found in the charges heaped upon the fallen man by Surrey, Suffolk, and Norfolk.

The touching exclamation of Wolsey—

"Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies"—

is found in Cavendish:—

"Well, well, Master Kingston," quoth he, "I see the matter against me how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs."



[Wolsey surrendering the Great Seal.]

## ACT IV.

### HISTORICAL.

THE ceremonies attending the coronation of Anne Bullen are most minutely described by Hall. From that source Shakspeare derived not only the narration in the first scene of this Act, but "the Order of the Procession." Sir Thomas More was the chancellor on this occasion; and he is introduced again in the fifth Act.

The circumstances which preceded the death of Wolsey are described by Cavendish:—

"And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes, whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times by the way, as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one and

sometime with another. At night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, called Hardwick Hall, very ill at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where, at his coming in at the gates, the abbot of the place, with all his convent, met him with the light of many torches; whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;' whom they brought on his mule



to the stairs' foot of his chamber, and there alighted; and Master Kingston then took him by the arm and led him up the stairs, who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber he went incontinent to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday at night; and there he continued sicker and sicker.

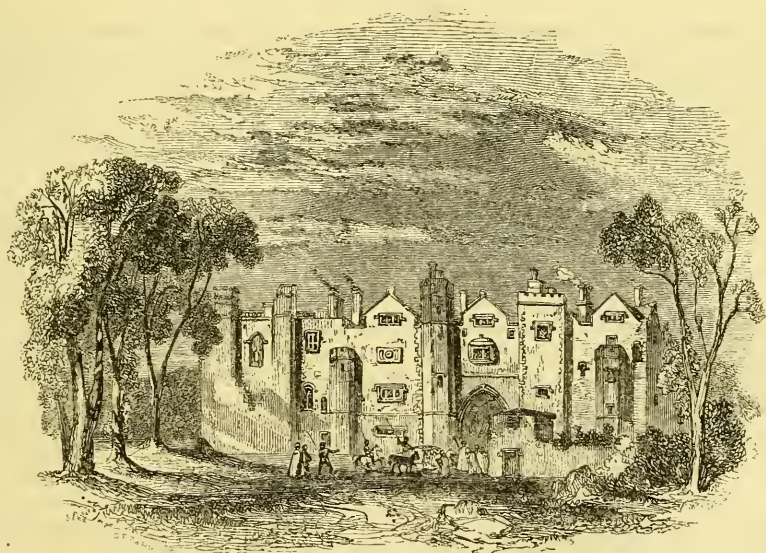
"Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there? 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I. 'How do you?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your grace well.' 'What is it of the clock?' said he to me. 'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock?' quoth he; 'that cannot be:' rehearsing divers times 'eight of the clock—eight of the clock—nay, nay,' quoth he at the last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master, for my time

draweth near that I must depart out of this world.'"

The letter of Katharine to the king, of which the substance is in Holinshed, was first published by Polydore Virgil, and was translated by Lord Herbert:—

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,—

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever; for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage (which is not much, they being but three), and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."



[Leicester Abbey.]





[Queen Anne Bullen.]

## ACT V.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—“*At a window above.*”

THE old mode of building castles or mansions, by which a principal room could be commanded from a window opening into it, is illustrated by a letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1573:—“And if it please her Majesty, she may come in through my gallery, and see the disposition of the hall in dinner-time, at a window opening thereunto.”

<sup>4</sup> SCENE II.—“*You'd spare your spoons.*”

The allusion is to the practice of sponsors at a christening presenting the child with spoons, called apostle spoons. The old plays contain many allusions to this custom; as in a comedy of Middleton's:—

“2 Gos. What has he given her?—what is it, gossip?

3 Gos. A fair high standing cup, and two great *'postle spoons*, one of them gilt.”

<sup>5</sup> SCENE III.—“*Paris-garden.*”

The bear-garden on the Bankside, remarkable enough to be distinguished in the maps of London in the time of Elizabeth.

<sup>6</sup> SCENE III.—“*Who cried out, Clubs!*”

The cry of *clubs* was sure to draw together the London “truncheoners;” and the appear-

ance of “the hope of the Strand” cannot fail to remind us of the heroic apprentices of the watchmaker of Fleet Street, in that inimitable picture of ancient manners, ‘The Fortunes of Nigel.’ See Illustrations of ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ Act I., Sc. 1.

<sup>7</sup> SCENE III.

“*The Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*”

These allusions are perhaps now inexplicable. Johnson supposed *the Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. But why should the “youths that thunder at a playhouse” be endurable by the frequenters of the *Tribulation*? Because, says Steevens, such an audience was familiarized to excess of noise by the bellowings of their preachers. Is it not, that the puritans, hating playhouses, approved of the uproar of those who “fight for bitten apples,” because it disturbed those that came to hear? A judicious critic calls this suggestion “subtle;” and is of opinion that Shakspeare “meant to say that no audience, except it consisted of downright saints, could tolerate the noisy youths in question.” Were the “downright saints” of these days so patient of popular excesses?



[Cromwell, Earl of Essex.]

## HISTORICAL.

Shakspeare, who, according to Malone, read no history but Holinshed's, may now be traced to another source—to one of the most popular books in our language, 'Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs,' printed in 1563. Our poet saw the dramatic power of this scene, though the occurrence took place long after the birth of Elizabeth:—

"When night came, the king sent sir Anthony Denny about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himself to the court, and coming into the gallery where the king walked and tarried for him, his highness said, 'Ah, my lord of Canterbury, I can tell you news. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the council, that you to-morrow at nine of the clock shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplains (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realm such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared, the whole realm being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late days the like was in divers parts of Germany, and therefore the council have requested

me, for the trial of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth as witness in those matters, you being a counsellor.'

"When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, 'I am content, if it please your grace, with all my heart, to go thither at your highness' commandment; and I must humbly thank your Majesty that I may come to my trial, for there be that have many ways slandered me, and now this way I hope to try myself not worthy of such report.'

"The king, perceiving the man's uprightness, joined with such simplicity, said, 'Oh Lord, what manner o' man be you? What simplicity is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such indurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easy thing it is to procure three or four false knaves to witness against you? Think you to have better luck that way than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevail against you; for I have otherwise de-

vised with myself to keep you out of their hands. Yet, notwithstanding, to-morrow when the council shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if, in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourself as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no entreaty or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop), and say unto them, If there be no remedy, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeal to the king's own person by this token unto you all; for (said the king then unto the archbishop) so soon as they shall see this my ring, they know it so well that they shall understand that I have reserved the whole cause into mine own hands and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.'

"The archbishop, perceiving the king's benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear tears. 'Well,' said the king, 'go your ways, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.' My lord, humbling himself with thanks, took his leave of the king's highness for that night.

"On the morrow about nine of the clock before noon, the council sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when he came to the council-chamber door, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackeys, and servingmen all alone. D. Butts, the king's physician, resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highness, and said, 'My Lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted: for now he is become a lackey or a servingman, for yonder he standeth this half-hour at the council-chamber door amongst them.' 'It is not so (quoth the king), I trow, nor the council hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall hear more soon.'

"Anon the archbishop was called into the council-chamber, to whom was alleged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or entreaty could serve, he delivered

them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole council being thereat somewhat amazed, the earl of Bedford, with a loud voice, confirming his words with a solemn oath, said, 'When you first began the matter, my lords, I told you what would become of it. Do you think that the king would suffer this man's finger to ache? Much more (I warrant you) will he defend his life against brabbling varlets. You do but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him.' And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

"When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them, 'Ah, my lords, I thought I had had wiser men of my council than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to wait at the council-chamber door amongst servingmen? You might have considered that he was a counsellor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should try him as a counsellor and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I do you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may be beholding unto his subject (and so solemnly laying his hand upon his breast, said), by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my Lord of Canterbury, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whom we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise.' And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his trial and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords (quoth the king), take him, and well use him, as he is worthy to be, and make no more ado.' And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made fair weather of altogether, which might easily be done with that man."

The christening of the Princess Elizabeth at Greenwich is the last "show" of this "historical masque." In the description of this ceremony Hall is again superb. The most important



part of the day's proceeding is briefly despatched by the chronicler:—

"The godfather was the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; the godmothers were the old Duchess of Norfolk and the old Marchioness of Dorset, widows; and the child was named Elizabeth: and after that all thing was done, at the church-door the child was brought to the font, and christened, and this done, Garter chief king of arms cried aloud, 'God, of his infinite goodness, send prosperous life and long to the high and mighty Princess of England

Elizabeth:' and then the trumpets blew, then the child was brought up to the altar, and the Gospel said over it: and after that immediately the Archbishop of Canterbury confirmed it, the Marchioness of Exeter being godmother, then the Archbishop of Canterbury gave to the Princess a standing cup of gold: the Duchess of Norfolk gave to her a standing cup of gold, fretted with pearl: the Marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced, with a cover: and the Marchioness of Exeter gave three standing bowls, graven, all gilt, with a cover."



[Cranmer.]

## COSTUME.

THE male costume of the reign of Henry VIII. has been rendered familiar to our very children by the innumerable portraits of "Bluff King Hal," principally copied from the paintings by Holbein, and the female costume scarcely less so by those of his six wives. Henry VIII. was born in 1491, and was therefore just thirty years of age at the period at which the play opens (the arrest and impeachment of Buckingham having taken place in 1521), and forty-two at the time it is supposed to close, as above mentioned. The best authorities, therefore, for the dress of the monarch and his nobles at the commencement of this play would be the

curious old painting of the meeting of Henry and Francis, preserved at Hampton Court, and the bas-reliefs representing the same occurrence, at Rouen. The profusion of feathers in the latter—a fashion of the previous reign, and still raging in 1520—adds greatly to the picturesque effect of the general costume. For the later period, the full-length by Holbein engraved in 'Lodge's Portraits,' or the print by Vertue, in which Henry is seen granting a charter to the barber-surgeons, would be preferable. Of Cardinal Wolsey there is a fine painting by Holbein at Christ Church, Oxford, engraved in Lodge's work. Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' de-



scribes him as issuing out in his cardinal's habit of fine scarlet or crimson satin, his cap being of black velvet: and in a MS. copy of that interesting work, formerly in the possession of the late Francis Douce, Esq., F.S.A., are three very curious drawings, representing—1st, The cardinal's progress on his way to France, with his archers, spearmen, cross, pillar, and purse bearers, &c.; 2ndly, The cardinal surrendering the great seal to the Dukes of Norfolk and

Suffolk; and, 3rdly, Dr. Butts sent by the king and Anne Bullen to the sick cardinal with tokens of favour. The gentlemen in the cardinal's train wore, we are told, black velvet livery-coats, the most part with great chains of gold about their necks; and all his yeomen following were clad in French tawny livery-coats, having embroidered upon the backs and breasts of the said coats the letters T and C under the cardinal's hat.



[Henry and Anne sending Dr. Butts with tokens of favour to the sick Cardinal.]

In the same beautiful work by Lodge, before mentioned, the portraits will be found of the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, Cromwell, Sir Thomas More, and Sir Anthony Denny, by Holbein; and Cranmer by Flick, the original painting being in the British Museum. Also a most interesting one of the gallant and accomplished Henry Earl of Surrey, by Titian, who has represented him in a magnificent suit of armour, and thereby given us a splendid specimen of the military costume of the period. In addition to the information conveyed to the eye by this collection of authentic portraits, it will be sufficient to quote, from the sumptuary law passed in the 24th year of Henry's reign, such passages as will describe the materials of which the dresses were made, and which were, indeed, at this time of the most costly kind. The royal family alone were permitted to use the fur of the black genet; and sables could only be worn by noblemen above the rank of a viscount. Crimson or blue velvet, embroidered apparel, or garments bordered "with gold sunken work," were forbidden to any person beneath the quality of a baron or knight's son or heir; and velvet dresses of any colour, furs

of martens, chains, bracelets, and collars of gold, were prohibited to all persons possessing less than two hundred marks per annum. The sons and heirs of such persons were, however, permitted the use of black velvet or damask, and tawny-coloured russet or camlet. Satin and damask gowns were confined to the use of persons possessing at least one hundred marks per annum; and the wearing of plaited shirts, garnished with gold, silver, or silk, was permitted to none below the rank of knighthood. The hair was cut remarkably close, a peremptory order having been issued by Henry to all his attendants and courtiers to "poll their heads." Beards and moustaches were worn at pleasure.

The portraits of Anne Bullen and Queen Katharine will convey a sufficient idea of the costume of ladies of rank at this period. The jewelled cap and feather with which Holbein has represented Anne in the portraits engraved in Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey' are exceedingly picturesque and becoming. The other head-dress, which was probably the often-talked-of "French hood," is better known, nearly all Henry's wives being represented in it. The gown was cut square at the bosom, as in the



[Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk.]

preceding reign; but instead of the neck being bare, it was covered almost to the throat by the *partlet*, a sort of habit-shirt, much like the modern one, embroidered with gold and silk. The sleeves of the gowns were frequently of a different material from that which composed the rest of the dress, and generally of a richer stuff. The gown was open in front to the waist, showing the kirtle or petticoat, and with or without a train, according to the prevailing fashion of France or Holland. Anne of Cleves is described as wearing a gown made round without any train, after the Dutch fashion; while the train of Catherine Parr is stated to have been more than two yards long. Anne Bullen, while Countess of Pembroke, danced at Calais with Francis I. in a masque consisting of seven ladies besides herself, who were attired in masking apparel of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold compassed with crimson tinsel satin, formed with cloth of silver, lying loose and knit with laces of gold. They were brought into the chamber with four damsels in crimson satin, with tabards of fine cypress. Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' says—"I have seen the

king suddenly come thither (*i. e.*, to the cardinal's) in a mask, with a dozen other maskers in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and crimson satin; their hairs and beards, of fine gold wire, or silver, or some of black silk, with sixteen torchbearers and drums all in satin." A minute account is given by Hall of the coronation of Queen Anne Bullen; and also by Cavendish, who has described the procession and the ceremony. We must be careful, however, not to confound the procession from the Tower to Westminster, on the day previous to the coronation, with that introduced in the play, which is the procession from the palace to the Abbey. On the first occasion she wore a surcoat of white cloth of tissue, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, her hair hanging down from under a coif, with a circlet about it full of rich stones. On the second (that in the play) she wore a surcoat and robe of purple velvet, furred with ermine, the coif and circlet as before. The barons of the Cinque Ports, who carried the canopy over her, were "all in crimson, with points of blue and red hanging on their sleeves." The ladies, "being

lords' wives," that followed her, "had surcoats of scarlet with narrow sleeves, the breast all lettice (fur), with bars of borders (*i. e.*, rows of ermine) according to their degrees, and over that they had mantles of scarlet furred, and every mantle had lettice about the neck, like a neckercher, likewise powdered (with ermine), so that by the powderings their degree was known. Then followed ladies, being knights' wives, in gowns of scarlet with narrow sleeves, without trains, only edged with lettice." The queen's gentlewomen were similarly attired with the last. The lord chancellor wore a robe of scarlet, open before, and bordered with lettice. The dukes were in crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and powdered according to their degrees. The Duke of Suffolk's doublet and jacket were set with orient pearl; his gown of crimson velvet, richly embroidered; and he carried a white rod in his hand, being that day high steward of England. The knights of the Bath wore "violet gowns, with hoods purpled with miniver, like doctors."



[Chancellor's Costume.]

END OF HISTORIES, VOL. II.

















